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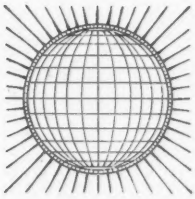
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Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LIII October, 1912 No. 5



We want to congratulate you very heartily and ourselves—very modestly—on the fact that ***to-day Cosmopolitan has more readers every month than any two of our monthly competitors combined.*** *We have tried to live up to our slogan—the best, and only the best, at any price. You have been willing to appreciate the result—and tell a friend. It is great cooperation—the kind that makes Cosmopolitan*

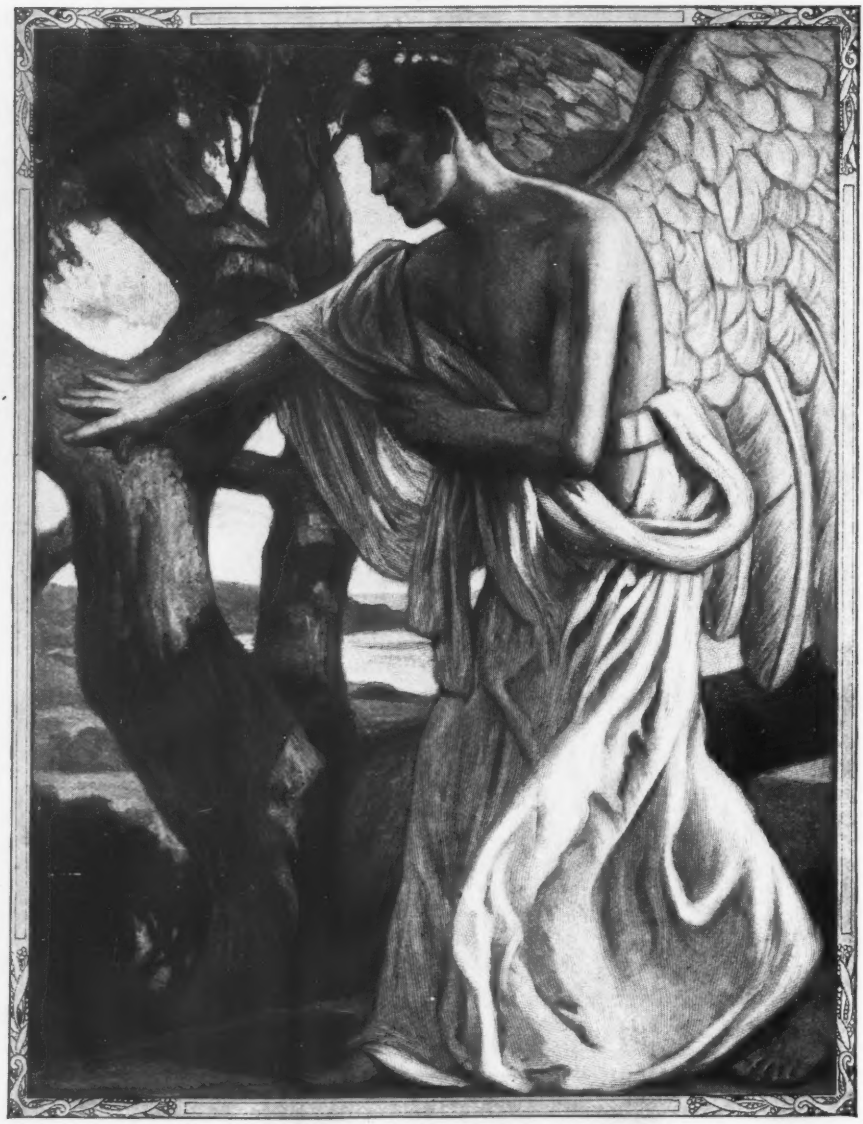
America's Greatest Magazine

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NATURE'S SUPREME DESIRE

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



The desire of nature is to produce a seeing eye and an understanding heart, and nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her

NATURE'S SUPREME DESIRE

MAN is a product of nature.

Nature is the great ocean of intelligence in which we are bathed. It is the Spirit of Life that is everywhere manifest—in animals, birds, bees, butterflies, trees, plants, flowers, and even in the rocks.

We are strong only as we lay hold on the forces of nature, and move with them. Happiness, health, efficiency, and long life are possible only to the individual who obeys the laws of nature. All our difficulties, heartaches, tears and fears and diseases come from violation of nature's rules.

If a man is sent to the penitentiary, it is because he has broken the laws of the land. If he is sent to the hospital, it is because he has violated the laws of nature. In case of being sent to the penitentiary, the man is disgraced, and his one wish is to have society forget. In case he is sent to the hospital, he is supplied a topic of conversation, and often is boastful.

To violate the laws of nature marks the man as criminal just as much as if he violated the laws of the state. And the world is rapidly coming to this view.

As man evolves out of savagery, the manifestations of nature alarm him and fill his soul with fear. He gives personality to the elements, and talks of the God of thunder, of lightning, of the rain, the wind, the snow. And these things are appealed to in an endeavor to placate, cajole, and propitiate. Here we get the basis of all superstition.

Later, instead of praying for rain, we build irrigating ditches, and lo, the prayers of labor are answered. And the desert blossoms like the rose, and the waste places are made green.

From fearing the lightnings and trembling in dread and awe, we harness the electric current, and, in fact, produce it at will.

So we get the proposition: First we fear nature; next, in degree, we understand nature; then we manipulate nature and think for her; and finally we control nature.

The desire of nature is to produce a seeing eye and an understanding heart, and nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her.

It is nature that plants in the mother-heart the love that is forever loyal, that cares for the unborn babe, feeds it, watches over it, fights for it, protects it, teaches and loves it, not only into being, but into manhood. And nature is with us in old age, and sings us to sleep with a lullaby, as we dream again the dreams of childhood.

At times man has substituted his intellect for nature's promptings. Intellect is a bright blade, newly discovered, which so far man has not fully accustomed himself to. And so, instead of using intellect for his advancement, he has used it to his disadvantage and has cut himself with the tool that was designed to serve him.

Nature rewards her votaries with every blessing. She penalizes those who disregard her, flout her, and despise her, and for them misery and woe await. And these things are now being proclaimed from all pulpits, and all schools and colleges.

This general reverence of nature, now everywhere in evidence, is slowly but surely evolving a new race. It presages that nature's wish to be loved and understood will eventually be achieved.

What man's life will be when, as a people, we have studied the laws of nature and learned to obey them automatically and through habit, no man can possibly say. And when, at last, nature has produced a being that is a part of herself and yet seemingly stands outside of herself and understands her and loves her, the object of the universe, seemingly, will have been attained.

A complete understanding of nature would be Omnipotence. A man is a god in the chrysalis. And it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

My Recollections of Antietam

By General Nelson A. Miles



FROM BROWN'S COLLECTION

Major-General George B. McClellan, who at Antietam checked Lee's invasion of the North



The bloodiest day in American history—September 100,000 men, with 500 pieces of artillery, fought Gray to beat a way to the North, McClellan bined losses on this bloody, heroic

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Lee's invasion of the North in the the Civil War. After the first Bull Run the Confederates by a further advance. But in the year that followed, the war their desperate rescue of Richmond in mind Lee's veterans could gain. A victory on Northern soil would probably deperate fighting at Antietam was the result. The following story graphic an account of that bloody day as could be written by fighting, succeeding the gallant Barlow while the sunken road

THE battle of Antietam was one of the most important battles in the Civil War, as well as one of the most sanguinary. It is said that more men were killed and wounded that day than on any other one day of the war.

General Lee, realizing that it was impossible to do anything against the forces in the fortified lines protecting Washington, determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. Campaigning in Maryland would keep the Federal troops away and allow the crops to be gathered in the rich valleys of Virginia. If successful in a general battle with the Army of the Potomac, the result would be of great advantage and possibly decisive for the Southern cause. Lee began his movement via Leesburg on September 3d, crossed the Potomac at the fords near that place on the 4th and 7th of September, and encamped the bulk of his army in the vicinity of Frederick, Maryland, on the 8th. His army was composed of three corps—Longstreet's, Jackson's, and Hood's—with D. H. Hill's separate division and a considerable force of cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, and artillery, numbering in all approximately forty-five thousand men.

General McClellan, after the second battle of Bull Run, had been placed in command of all the troops in the defense of Washing-



17, 1862. Fifty years ago this month more than for eighteen hours at Antietam—Lee and the and the Blue to keep them back. The com- day were more than 25,000 men

summer of 1862 was the first grave crisis of were not in a temper to crown their victory had been carried to their very doors, and with were prepared to press every advantage they stroy the Union. Both sides knew it. The des- of the battle by General Miles is perhaps as any survivor. He was in the thickest of the was getting its baptism as "Bloody Lane."

ton and, discovering that Lee had left his immediate front, crossed three corps to the Maryland side of the Potomac on the 3d of September and followed on the 7th with the rest of the army assigned to active service against Lee. This force consisted of the First Corps under General Hooker, the Second under General Sumner, a division of the Fourth under General Couch, the Fifth under General F. J. Porter, the Sixth under General Franklin, the Ninth under General Burnside,



FROM MESERVE COLLECTION

General Robert E. Lee

and the Twelfth under General Mansfield—in all, eighty-seven thousand men. Our army was so maneuvered as to cover Washington and Baltimore and to intercept and destroy, if possible, the invading army.

During that campaign I was a lieutenant-colonel of the 61st New York Volunteers, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division of the Second Corps, and had served several months with Colonel Francis C. Barlow, a brilliant young lawyer and distinguished soldier. I remember as we were marching from different positions in the defense of Washington the gloom that overshadowed us and the thought that only the heroic efforts and sacrifice of brave men could save our national capital and possibly our government; and as we marched away to the northward, leaving Washington to the south of us,

we wondered if we would ever look upon it again. We had left tens of thousands of our comrades in unknown graves or abandoned upon the battlefields of Virginia, and now our capital was left to the south while we went forth to meet a victorious army confident in the success of its invasion. It was one of the saddest periods of the war and one that tended to create in us the strongest feelings of patriotism.

The army was placed in motion on the ninth with its advance covered by the cavalry under Pleasonton. By the night of the 13th of September the main part of the army was at Frederick, a part of the Ninth Corps some eight miles in advance at Middletown, while the Sixth Corps was five miles to the left and rear at Buckeystown, and Couch in the angle formed by the junction of the Monocacy with the Potomac. When we were at Frederick I first heard the story of Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie that Whittier afterward immortalized in verse.

McCLELLAN LEARNS LEE'S PLANS

General Lee's lines of communication through the valley of the Shenandoah were obstructed by a detached command of about nine thousand men under Colonel Dixon S. Miles of the regular army at Harper's Ferry and about twenty-five hundred under General White at Martinsburg. He naturally expected these commands to be withdrawn on his advance into Maryland, and finding that no movement had been made to retire them from their exposed and unsupported positions, determined on their capture and issued the following celebrated special order:

Special Orders No. 191.
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1862.

The Army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portions as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro, where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, cooperate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear-guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve, artillery, ordnance, and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsboro or Hagerstown.

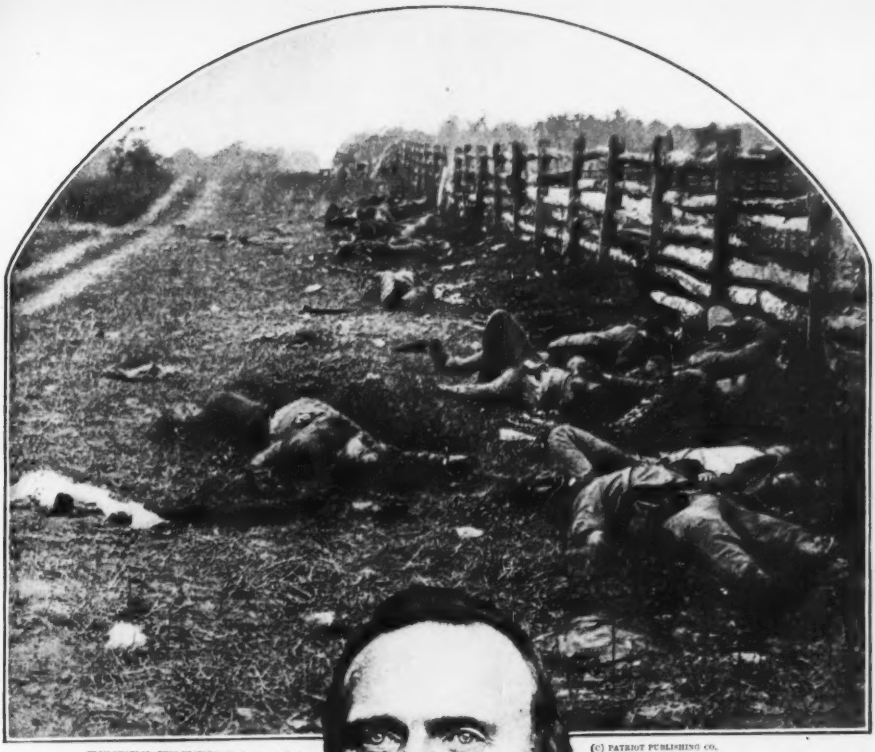
Each regiment will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL R. E. LEE.
R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.
MAJOR-GENERAL D. H. HILL,
Commanding Division.

A copy of this order came into General McClellan's possession on the afternoon of the 13th of September. Seldom in the history of warfare has such a stroke of good fortune fallen to the lot of a commanding general—to have the complete plans of an enemy come into his possession in ample time to take full advantage of them. The Army of Northern Virginia had been completely separated, and had McClellan acted with promptitude it never could have been concentrated on the banks of the Antietam, as it should have been defeated in detail. Had McClellan pushed rapidly through Crampton's Gap he would have been directly on McLaws's rear and saved Harper's Ferry. Had he pushed his right through Turner's Gap he would have separated Longstreet from Hill on the one side and the troops across the Potomac on the other. The maximum distance that any of his columns would have had to move to accomplish the above was about twenty miles, and as Harper's Ferry did not surrender until the morning of the 15th, the period of time in which the march could have been made was thirty-eight hours.

THE BLUNDER BEFORE ANTIETAM

After getting possession of General Lee's order McClellan, instead of directing an

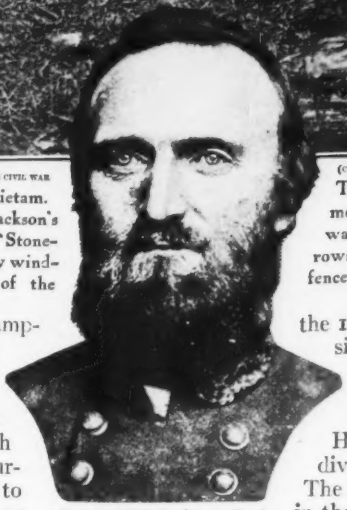


FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Some of the first to fall at Antietam. The successive stands of "Stonewall's" veterans as they were driven back were marked by windrows of dead and dying. These are Confederates back of the fence on the Hagerstown pike

(c) PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

The sun had scarcely risen before the men had met a charge by Hooker.



"Stonewall" Jackson, Lee's ablest lieutenant

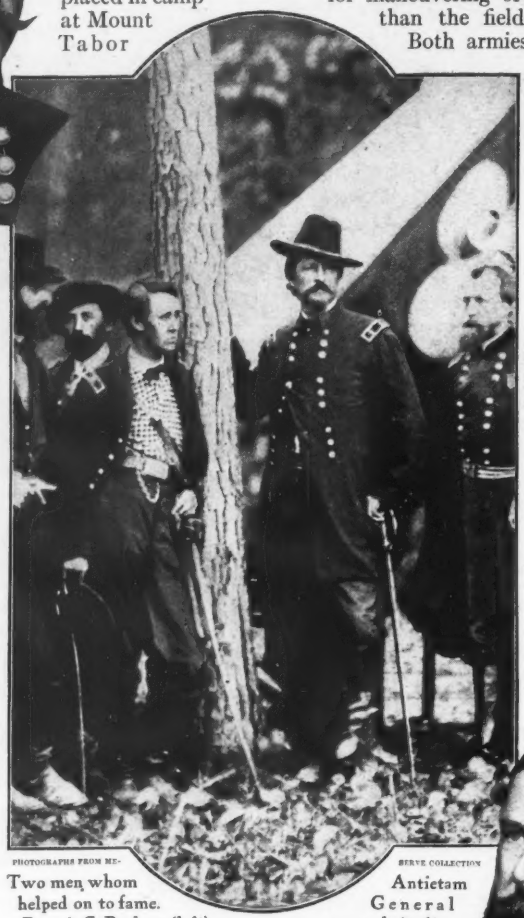
immediate advance to Crampton's and Turner's gaps, ordered Franklin, who was then at Buckeystown, to move at daylight the following morning with Couch by Jefferson and Burkittsville upon the road to Rohrersville and to cut off or destroy McLaws's command. Hooker was directed to move at the same hour toward Middletown. Franklin arrived at Crampton's Gap, in the South Mountain, about noon of the 14th, and after a spirited action carried the gap and passed into Pleasant Valley. Lee, having heard on the 13th of McClellan's advance, directed General A. P. Hill to hold Turner's Gap, and ordered Longstreet, who had advanced to Hagerstown, back to support Hill. Cox's division of the Ninth Corps reached the crest at about 9 A.M. on the 14th and engaged Hill's division, the fight lasting all day, Cox being reenforced by the rest of the Ninth Corps and part of the First, while Hill was strengthened by two divisions of Longstreet's corps. The Federals carried the gap late in the afternoon, Longstreet and Hill falling back under cover of darkness and arriving at Sharpsburg on the morning of the 15th. Franklin, who had been joined by Couch on the night of the 14th, proceeded in a dilatory way down Pleasant Valley, and an hour after the surrender of Harper's Ferry was fully two miles from the enemy, who was drawn up between him and the force he was sent to relieve. He allowed McLaws's division to cross its trains to Harper's Ferry and withdraw without opposition. The center of the army came up in rear of the First and Ninth



General Nelson A. Miles, who as a lieutenant-colonel led a charge against the Confederates entrenched in the "Bloody Lane"

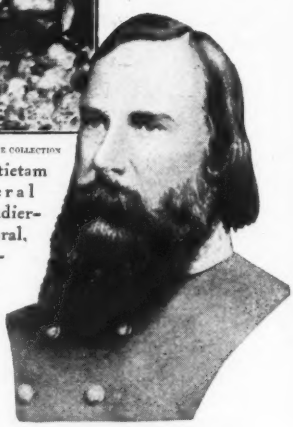
corps after dark, Richardson's division of the Second Corps being placed in camp at Mount Tabor Church, while the rest of the corps, with the Fifth and Twelfth, went into camp around Bolivar, with Sykes's division and the artillery reserve at Middleboro. On the morning of the 15th the pickets discovered the retreat of the Confederates, and an advance of the First, Second, and Twelfth corps was ordered along the Boonsboro pike, and the Fifth and the Ninth to take the old Sharpsburg road to the left. Richardson's division moved rapidly through Boonsboro and Keedysville and found the Confederates occupying a strong position behind Antietam Creek. I remember with what joy the information was received among our troops as our division, being in advance, discovered the Confederate army in position on the high ground near Sharpsburg, facing the valley of the Antietam. Our army as it marched up was soon placed in position on parallel lines facing the enemy and three or four miles distant.

No better country could have been found for maneuvering or fighting armies than the fields of Maryland. Both armies were placed in battle formation along the ridges overlooking the valley of the Antietam, long lines of battle with strong skirmish lines well in advance, every commanding crest crowned with batteries of artillery, with heavy reserves and cavalry in the rear. Seldom have two armies ever taken positions more grand and picturesque. Almost constant picket firing was kept up between the skirmish lines, and the batteries were at times engaged in sharp artillery duels, doing



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MESERVE COLLECTION

Two men whom Antietam helped on to fame. General Francis C. Barlow (left) won a brigadiership, and Winfield S. Hancock, already a general, and known as "the superb," succeeded General Richardson in command of a division



General James Longstreet, one of the Confederacy's greatest fighters, who commanded a corps at Antietam



FROM AN OLD PRINT

BURNSIDE PORTRAIT (C) PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

The charge across Burnside's Bridge. Charge after charge had failed to win this bridge for the Federals under General Burnside. When it was finally carried it was too late to affect the battle, which was practically over



General Ambrose E. Burnside, who refused the command of the army and served under McClellan at Antietam. He soon succeeded McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, only to meet a disastrous defeat at Fredericksburg

little damage, as the bulk of the troops soon took advantage of the adjacent crests to shield them from the artillery fire. One shot, however, I considered most unfortunate. I had at the time the first and finest charger I have ever owned, a beautiful Kentucky thoroughbred known as Excelsior. He had been my companion on many hard campaigns. He was so severely wounded by a twelve-pound shrapnel shell that he had to be shot at once. It was like losing one's best friend. Scenes of joy and sadness followed each other in rapid succession. An incident that illustrated the gallantry and chivalry of the two contending armies of Americans occurred at this time, September 16th. The young officers, full of life and energy, when not actually engaged, and when relieved from care and responsibility, frequently challenged each other to manly athletic sports and feats of horsemanship. While the two armies were in order of battle awaiting developments, two young officers of General Meagher's staff, Surgeon Reynolds and Captain Gosson, challenged each other for a cross-country ride; jumping their horses over the fences and ditches, they passed from field to field down through the lines of battle and finally out through the skirmish line regardless of the orders to halt. Nearing the enemy's line and within easy range of their rifles, they turned to the left and raced between the lines of the two armies, as the commands to halt were soon changed to cheers of wild excitement. The Southern troops, true to their spirit of chivalry, caught the enthusiasm and with a wild yell threw their hats in the air and gave every demonstration of their hearty approval. Finally the gallant riders turned and galloped within our own lines.

When the news of the surrender of Harper's Ferry reached McClellan on that morning he must have known that Jackson and Turner were in Virginia and McLaws at Maryland Heights, at least eighteen miles from Sharpsburg, and that Lee had only Longstreet's and Hood's and D. H. Hill's divisions with him. Franklin should have been counted on at least to hold McLaws in

check. McClellan had four full corps with which to crush Lee before he could have been reenforced, and had he pushed his advance energetically and attacked vigorously the force with Lee should have been crushed by the night of the 15th, or at the latest on the following morning, before Lee's lieutenants had rejoined him. Jackson arrived at Sharpsburg on the morning of the 16th and rejoined Lee's left early on the 17th. McLaws arrived that morning, while A. P. Hill did not reach the field until about 2.30 in the afternoon, but in timely season to assist in repelling Burnside's assault.

THE ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD

Standing on a high point of the ridge just south of the Rohrersville road and just outside of the village of Sharpsburg, a view of almost the entire battlefield is to be had. Looking east, in the far distance on the right are the spurs of Maryland Heights, and in the background, running to the north, is the stately range of South Mountain. About a mile away to the southwest are some low hills, at the base of which is the Burnside bridge. Antietam Creek cannot be seen, but its course can readily be detected by the trees which fringe its banks. To the northeast, about two miles away, is a large brick building, the Pry house, around which were pitched the tents of McClellan's headquarters. Looking due north, the Dunker church, a mile away, is to be seen on the right edge of a clump of woods known as the West Woods, while on the right of the Hagerstown pike is a cleared space of about three-eighths of a mile, to the right of which are the East Woods. About a mile north of the Dunker church the Hagerstown pike runs through another clump of woods known as the North Woods. The road to Smoketown starts from in front of the Dunker church and runs to the northeast, while about half a mile south of the church a sunken road leaves the pike and curves to the southwest, entering the Rohrersville road about five-eighths of a mile from the outskirts of Sharpsburg. This road is known as Bloody Lane, and with the above-mentioned woods was the scene of the most desperate fighting and severest loss of life.

McClellan's army, with the exception of Franklin's corps and Couch's division, which was in Pleasant Valley and did not reach the field until noon of the following day, was bivouacked along the Boonsboro road, Hooker's and Mansfield's corps forming the right, Sumner at the center, and Burnside at the left, with Porter in reserve opposite the middle bridge. McClellan's plan of battle was to engage the Confederate left with Hooker's and Mansfield's corps, supporting this movement by Sumner's and, if necessary, by Franklin's corps, and after having crushed the left to engage the right, then advance his center with all available forces. The orders he issued during the battle did not lead to a simultaneous attack along the line, but resulted in a series of separate engagements and enabled General Lee at the cessation of fighting at one part of the line to move his unengaged forces to the next point of attack. First Hooker's corps and then Mansfield's attacked the left, meeting with serious resistance. Sumner advanced to their assistance, Sedgwick's division being almost annihilated, but Richardson and French forcing and maintaining a position at the Dunker church and capturing the Bloody Lane. Finally Burnside attacked Lee's extreme right and was repulsed by A. P. Hill.

FIRST BLOOD ON THE SIXTEENTH

About 2 P.M. on the 16th, McClellan directed Hooker to cross by the upper bridge and engage the left of the Confederate line. The crossing was effected by 4 P.M., and swinging around to the south his three divisions, Hooker went into action against Jackson's corps and Hood's division. In this attack Hooker was assisted by a number of batteries which had been located on the high ground south of McClellan's headquarters, this position enfilading part of Jackson's line. No decisive results were obtained from this action, although the advantage was slightly in favor of the Union forces. At nightfall the pickets of the opposing forces were very close together, and at about three o'clock on the morning of the 17th an impetuous advance was made by Meade's division in the center, Doubleday's on the right, and Ricketts's on the left, the advance being supported by the fire from the long-range batteries near McClellan's headquarters. The result was the gradual withdrawal of the Confederates to the West Woods, where a terrible struggle ensued. Jackson's corps having been reenforced by D. H. Hill and four brigades of McLaws's division, which had just arrived on the field, caused a slow withdrawal of Hooker's corps, he having been severely



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. (C) PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

The sunken road at Antietam, since that day called the "Bloody Lane." The fighting here lasted for nearly four hours and ended only when the last few Gray survivors had been captured.—General A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, who prevented a decisive Federal victory at Antietam. Later, at Chancellorsville, his troops fired the volley that killed Jackson

FROM MESERVE COLLECTION

wounded. The Twelfth Corps under Mansfield had crossed the Antietam by the upper bridge on the night of the 16th, bivouacking about a mile and a half in the rear of Hooker's position, and early on the morning of the 17th moved forward to support Hooker. As the first division of this corps advanced, it found Hooker's men slowly retreating from the cornfield which lay between the pike and the East Woods. After two hours of hard fighting the first division was established about one-half mile north of the Dunker church and the second division in the woods about the church.

On the night of September 16th I had been ordered to take six companies of my regiment and one company of cavalry and move under cover of darkness and ascertain, if possible, if the stone bridge on the Sharpsburg road over the Antietam was occupied. Groping our way along, we reconnoitered the position, and after much difficulty succeeded in reaching the bridge and found it still unoccupied. Placing my troops in position to hold it, I reported the fact to headquarters, and waited until the early dawn, when I advanced a small force up the road toward Sharpsburg and discovered the enemy's line of



FROM MESERVE COLLECTION

General T. F. Meagher, whose men filled the Bloody Lane with Confederate dead

pickets in position. Remaining there until the arrival of other troops, I returned to rejoin the corps, then crossing the ford and going into action against the left wing of the Confederate army. Although General Sumner had been instructed to be ready to march an hour before daylight, his orders did not reach him until 7.30 in the morning. Sedgwick's division, followed by that of French, was immediately put on the march, but Richardson's division was delayed over an hour by waiting for Merrill to occupy the ground. Sedgwick followed the route of the First and Twelfth corps and, marching in three lines very close together, passed through the East Woods and the cornfield and, entering the West Woods, ran into an ambuscade of some ten Confederate brigades on his front and flank, with the result of the practical annihilation of his division. The Twelfth Corps fell back, and by this time the Union lines had been forced east of the turnpike, with two corps and one division so badly crippled as to be practically out of action for the rest of the day. French's division, which had followed Sedgwick's corps across the ford, encountered D. H. Hill's division occupying what was afterward known as the Bloody Lane. Richardson's division crossed the Antietam by the same bridge at 9.30 and moved to the southward and extended the line of French's division to the left, attacking the Confederates occupying the high ground.

IN COMMAND AT "BLOODY LANE"

The First Brigade, Richardson's division, in which I was serving as lieutenant-colonel of the 61st New York Volunteer Infantry, with Meagher's and Brook's brigades, made a most spirited and determined assault on the enemy's line near their center. Fortunately the right of the enemy's center, where we were attacking and where they seemed to have massed a strong force, had been shattered by an enfilading fire from our batteries, and as their line gave way before our assault, it was quickly discovered that by wheeling to the right we could flank and enfilade the troops who had so tenaciously held the Bloody Lane. Colonel Barlow, commanding the 61st and 64th New York, took advantage of this and captured three hundred prisoners and two stands of colors, as well as gaining most important ground and the key of the position. The sunken road, or Bloody Lane as it is known, was literally filled with dead and wounded Confederates. We were still exposed to a sharp artillery fire from a distant battery, and Colonel Barlow was at this time severely wounded by a shrapnel shot. This brought me into command of the two regiments, and the offensive was continued, advancing through the cornfield to near the orchard of Dr. Piper, where my command remained until ordered to fall back a short distance and rejoin the division line as it was being reformed on more commanding ground.

THE STRUGGLE AT BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE

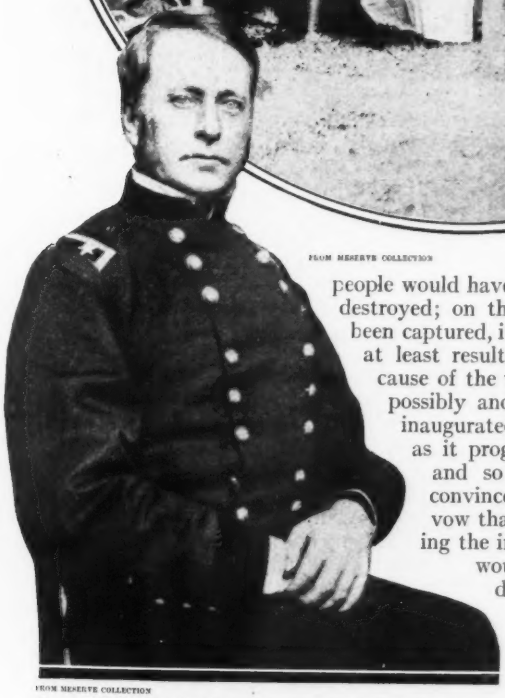
General Richardson having been mortally wounded, General Hancock was assigned to command the division. At about one o'clock there was a lull in the firing, and hostilities were practically suspended by the right wing of the army for the remainder of that day at the very time when most vigorous offensive action should have been maintained. About noon General Pleasonton crossed his cavalry division at the middle bridge, and placing his batteries on the ridge was able to enfilade the Confederates in our immediate front, and also give support to Burnside on the left. Burnside had been ordered to attack at 10 A.M. Crook's brigade was ordered to storm the bridge, but was unsuccessful, and this attack was followed by Sturgis's brigade with the same result. Rodman's division was then sent to cross by Snavely's ford and flank the enemy, which was done about 3 P.M. While Rodman was engaging the extreme right of the Confederate line, the entire command was moved forward and although subjected to a severe cross-fire from the Confederate artillery drove the enemy back through the streets of Sharpsburg, where the advance was checked by the division of A. P. Hill, which had arrived at a very timely moment from Harper's Ferry. At the close of the day, after eighteen hours of the most sanguinary fighting, Lee's command had not been entirely dislodged, and the troops remained in the same positions during that night, the following day, September 18th, and on that night the Confederate army withdrew and recrossed the Potomac unmolested near Shepherdstown, Virginia. Thus ended one of the most important campaigns and desperate battles of the war.

The battle of Antietam will ever be regarded as a drawn battle, and possibly that

President Lincoln in McClellan's tent at Antietam, October 8, 1862. The President had issued his Emancipation Proclamation and was anxious for a decisive victory to back it up. Lincoln's journey to Antietam proving fruitless, McClellan was soon relieved from command and took no further part in the war



FROM MESERVE COLLECTION



FROM MESERVE COLLECTION

General Joseph E. Hooker, commander of the First Corps at Antietam, where in a daylight charge he routed Jackson's men

was the best result for that time. Had the invasion been successful and the Union army been destroyed, the political cause that divided our people would have remained and the great Republic been destroyed; on the other hand, had the Southern army been captured, it would probably have ended the war or at least resulted in a compromise, leaving the vital cause of the war to vex the people of this country for possibly another century. While the war was not inaugurated to disturb the institution of slavery, as it progressed slavery became a vital question, and so firmly did President Lincoln become convinced of this that he registered a solemn vow that if the Union forces succeeded in driving the invaders from the soil of Maryland he would issue a proclamation giving freedom to nearly four millions of slaves. Though still defiant and ready to fight if attacked, Lee soon led his gray-clad veterans back to Virginia, and five days after bloody Antietam Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation.

THE REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF

Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Long Arm of Mannister," "The Moving Finger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

Cosmopolitan readers need no introduction to Mr. Oppenheim. His serial, "The Illustrious Prince," and his story series, "The Long Arm of Mannister"—both appeared in Cosmopolitan—were as well liked as any similar stories we have published. Here we begin a new series. Two of the characters—Grace Burton, a crackajack little "winner" with a keen wit and an eye for romance and mystery; and Stephen Pryde, her side partner, who has a lot of fun solving curious mix-ups and "keeping up with Grace"—appear in every story. And of course each story is complete in itself. This first story tells of a perfectly attractive young woman and the tough time she had trying to get marrried twice

In the Service of the Queen

MR. STEPHEN PRYDE, having finished a somewhat protracted luncheon, leaned back in his chair and, under cover of a sheltering newspaper, carefully felt in each one of his pockets and counted the coins which were the result of his search. His worldly wealth apparently amounted to six shillings and fourpence halfpenny; the bill for his luncheon was three shillings. He called the waiter.

"Charles," he said, "the omelet was unusually good to-day."

Charles stood in an attitude of pleased attention. "There have been others, sir," he murmured, "who have remarked upon it."

"The coffee, too," Stephen Pryde continued, "had just the right flavor. I have enjoyed my luncheon, Charles."

The smile of Charles was almost beatific. "I trust, sir," he said, "that it will be the same always."

Mr. Stephen Pryde sighed. "Alas! henceforth it will be others who will realize that the Café de Milan is the best restaurant of its sort for the poor man in London. You may let my table when you will, Charles. This afternoon I depart."

The smile faded from the smooth white face of the attentive waiter. He was three parts a fraud, of course, but Stephen Pryde was certainly his favorite customer. "I am indeed sorry, sir," he said gravely. "It will be but for a short time, I hope, that monsieur leaves us?"

Stephen Pryde shook his head gloomily. He was as a rule a particularly cheerful-looking young man, which made his gesture the more significant. "Alas!" he declared, "it may be that I shall eat no more of these excellent lunches. I go a long way away. My lunches for the last few weeks, if you only knew it, Charles, have been precarious affairs. Henceforth they will be even more doubtful. There is one question I would ask you, Charles, before we shake hands. You know everyone of your regular customers. Tell me, who is the young lady who always sits in the opposite corner there?"

Charles half turned his head. The lady in question was sipping her coffee, apparently absorbed in the newspaper propped up before her. She was dressed with extreme simplicity in somber black. Her cheeks were pale; her brown eyes were large and soft and distinctly her most noticeable feature. She was a young woman of negative personality. She might almost have occupied any station in life.

"The young lady, sir," Charles repeated, "is, like monsieur, a regular client, but I do not know who she is. She never speaks except to order her luncheon or dinner; nor does she ever look about her. She reads always a journal."

"That's where you are not quite right, Charles," Stephen Pryde objected. "The

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young lady has been watching me over the top of her newspaper."

Charles smiled a little doubtfully. "Mademoiselle has indeed a charming appearance and beautiful eyes," he agreed, "but—" He held out his hands expressively.

Pryde laughed shortly. "Oh! I am not flattering myself particularly," he remarked. "She is assuredly not of the type who seek adventures. She has rooms in the same block of buildings as myself, so I have had opportunities of observing her. Yet when she looks at one, one feels that she sees a good deal. Do you understand that feeling, Charles?"

Charles looked a little doubtful. His assent, too, was more polite than spirited.

"Not the type of person, I perceive," Stephen Pryde continued, "likely to inspire you, Charles, with even curiosity. Nevertheless I must confess that it would give me a certain satisfaction to discover the calling of that young lady. She does something in life—I am convinced of it. I am equally convinced that she is not a manicurist or a milliner or an actress. The affair, after all, is of no consequence. There are three shillings for my bill, Charles, which you will have stamped at the desk and bring me back receipted. We will speak of the other little matter afterward."

Charles retreated with a bow and stood awaiting his turn at the desk. Stephen Pryde glanced for a moment in the mirror at his right hand. Over the top of her paper the girl was watching him through half-closed eyes. He turned his head suddenly, but not suddenly enough. She had disappeared behind the newspaper.

"For some reason or other," he murmured to himself, "she seems to take a certain interest in me. I wonder if she guesses."

For a moment or two the faintly quizzical smile passed from the corners of his lips. He stared at the plate in front of him. His face had assumed an unusual gravity. For those few seconds it seemed to him that he was inspired with something very much like second sight. He saw into a dark world, and he shivered.

Charles returned with his receipted bill. Stephen Pryde rose to his feet. He took his hat and stick.

"Charles," he said, "I start on my journey, I must admit, without enthusiasm. I shall miss my little corner here, I shall miss your excellent service. I leave you my stick as a memento. It is not worth much, but it will probably be worth more to you than to me. As regards this trifling matter of change, too," he added, slipping it into the man's hand, "the possession of it only embarrasses me. Good morning."

The man followed him to the door, which he opened with a low bow. As usual, he was a little puzzled by this favorite client of his. "It is so hard," he murmured apologetically, "to tell whether monsieur is in earnest or not, but if indeed he goes for a journey it is permitted to wish him great success."

"My dear Charles," Stephen Pryde declared, as he put on his hat, "the good wishes of our friends may carry us almost into paradise. Serve others as well as you have served me, and may you soon possess a little restaurant of your own. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed, sir," Charles replied.

Stephen Pryde walked to his rooms with his hands behind his back, partly because he missed his stick, partly because it was a favorite attitude of his. He emerged from Soho into New Oxford Street, and, taking a turn to the left, proceeded a little way down a side street and entered a block of tall buildings. For one moment, as he entered, he turned round and glanced down the busy street which he had left. There was a certain significance in the moving traffic, the restless crowds of people, the panorama of living, which he had perhaps never wholly appreciated before. Then with a little shrug of the shoulders he began to mount the stairs. Arrived at the fifth floor, he took out a key and let himself into the single room which had been his abode for the last few weeks. He hung up his hat and seated himself in the only chair before a small desk.

He was not in the habit of talking to himself, but the day was an unusual one with him. His little sitting-room, stripped bare during the last few weeks of every ornament and most of its furniture, certainly contained neither living person nor inanimate object likely to inspire conversation. Even his desk was devoid of its ordinary accessories. The luncheon from which he had just returned had been paid for by the proceeds of a silver-mounted ink-stand. Its place was taken now by a somewhat cumbersome-looking revolver of ancient pattern, yet with grim suggestions of efficiency in its

very ugliness. Stephen Pryde looked at it intently.

"I fear," he exclaimed softly, "that you must be my final choice! All my life I have been an obvious and commonplace person. I am forced now into an obvious and commonplace end. Not that it really matters—not that anything really matters."

With long and rather shapely fingers he slipped a couple of cartridges into the weapon and closed it. Then came a loud and imperative knock at the door. With a little sigh he thrust the revolver into a drawer.

"Everything happening wrongly," he murmured as he rose to his feet. "Even this interruption is stereotyped. Enter beautiful stranger with a pocketful of banknotes. For choice, let her be the girl at the restaurant. Come in."

The door was at once opened. The beautiful stranger was a myth. A fat and irritable looking man past middle age, with exceedingly red face, and exceedingly white hair, entered. Stephen Pryde glanced at him curiously, then sat down with a sigh of relief.

"Neither philanthropist nor fairy princess," he muttered under his breath. "Come in, sir, and shut the door," he added in a louder key; "that is, if you think it worth while. First, though, let me warn you that, whatever you want, I haven't got it."

The newcomer stood without moving. In the podgy fingers of one hand he held the handle of the door. With the other he beckoned to Stephen Pryde. "Young man," he said, "come here."

Stephen Pryde did not move. "Why should I?" he expostulated. "In the first place, I am not a young man. I am thirty-four years of age—thirty-five next month. In the second place—"

"D—n the second place!" the man interrupted fiercely. "Come here."

"Since you insist," Pryde murmured, rising to his feet. "Calm yourself, I beg of you."

He crossed the room and joined his visitor upon the threshold. The latter pointed with shaking finger to a plain visiting-card pinned upon the panel of the door.

"Your card, sir?" he demanded.

Stephen Pryde stared at it a little blankly. It was, without doubt, his own visiting-card.

"That," he admitted, "is my card."

"Of course it is," the man replied testily. "Now, then, where do I sit?"

Stephen Pryde closed the door with one last puzzled glance at the card. "I am not sufficiently acquainted with your habits, sir, to answer that question definitely," he remarked, "but if you intend to sit down here, it must be either on my one chair or on the floor."

The old gentleman snorted. "You waste a lot of words in the day, I should think," he said. "I am not that way myself. Who do you think I am?"

Stephen Pryde shook his head.

"I am John Picardo," the visitor announced.

"I ought to have known it," Stephen Pryde declared. "I congratulate you, Mr. Picardo. I congratulate you most heartily."

The old gentleman regarded him dubiously. "What on?" he demanded.

"Your name, sir," Stephen Pryde answered glibly. "It suits you. It is unique. I am proud to know you, Mr. John Picardo."

"Young man," his visitor asked, "are you a humorist?"

"How can I tell?" Stephen Pryde replied. "No one has ever accused me of it. I may have unconscious gifts."

"You don't know who I am?"

"Not from Adam."

"I am a possible client," Mr. John Picardo announced. For a single moment Stephen Pryde was staggered.

"I am very busy," he murmured.

"Busy? Rubbish!" Mr. Picardo declared.

"You may be right," the puzzled young man admitted. "You probably are. You have the air of a man who is generally right."

Mr. Picardo glanced at his watch. "Let us talk business," he insisted.

"At once," his companion agreed. "My next appointment—"

"Never mind your next appointment," Mr. John Picardo interrupted. "Listen to me. I am wealthy. I am not a mean man. I shall offer you an enterprise which will appeal to your imagination. Name your price for your exclusive services for twenty-four hours."

Mr. Stephen Pryde blinked for a moment. Then he rose to his feet—he had been sitting on the edge of the desk. "Done! For the period of time you name I am at your service."

Mr. Picardo betrayed a satisfaction which was in itself puzzling. "There remains only to name your fee."



"Come in, sir, and shut the door," said Pryde; "that is, if you think it worth while. First, though, let me warn you that, whatever you want, I haven't got it"

Stephen Pryde opened his mouth and closed it again. "It depends, of course, upon the nature of the—er—"

"Say a hundred guineas," Mr. Picardo interrupted.

Stephen Pryde did not betray his feelings by the flicker of an eyelid.

"One hundred guineas and your expenses, of course," his visitor continued, his hand traveling toward his pocket.

"My expenses, naturally," Stephen Pryde murmured.

Mr. John Picardo produced a capacious pocketbook and counted out ten ten-pound notes. "One can never tell, you know," he said, dropping his voice a little. "I shall pay you these in advance. Spare nothing."

He passed the notes across the table with one hand, and with the other he produced a copy of the *Daily Mail* from his pocket.

"Look here."

Stephen Pryde leaned over the table. His visitor's fat forefinger was upon a certain line in the advertisement column:

Rita must be met Dover 8.45 to-night.

"Rita must be met," Stephen Pryde repeated.

"And you," Mr. John Picardo announced firmly, "are to meet her."

Stephen Pryde breathed a sigh of relief. His new profession was still a little mythical, but it did not seem impossible to meet Rita.

"At eight forty-five," he repeated.

Mr. Picardo glanced at his watch. "You will travel down," he said, "by the six-o'clock train."

"And how," Stephen Pryde inquired, "shall I recognize Rita when I see her? What am I to do with her? And why don't you meet her yourself?"

John Picardo stood upright for a moment. A curious change seemed to have come over the man. He had the air of one who moves among the tragedies. "You are accustomed to risks, Mr. Pryde?" he asked.

"Without a doubt," Stephen Pryde answered promptly.

"I have been given to understand," his visitor continued, "that you are to be relied upon in an emergency—that you have, in short, courage."

Stephen Pryde smiled as he glanced at the closed drawer. "Courage," he remarked, "is of many sorts. I do not value my life."

Mr. John Picardo nodded approvingly.

"We come now to details," he continued. "So far, you have shown an admirable discretion. You have asked no questions."

"It is not my custom," the younger man declared.

"I have no doubt but that your methods are excellent," Mr. John Picardo remarked. "This time you will have nothing to do but to keep a silent tongue, to watch for your opportunity, to strike if needs be, to obey orders literally. Listen. On the Dover boat from Calais to-night are traveling a woman and two men. The woman is Rita. I shall give you no other name, but if you read the illustrated papers you will perhaps recognize her. If you do, forget it. It is best that you know her only as Rita."

"And how," Stephen Pryde asked, "shall I recognize her?"

"She will wear a brown, fur-trimmed coat, a brown hat, with a bunch of violets, Neapolitan and English mixed, at her bosom. She will be looking out for you as they come off the boat. Outside the station at Dover Town a large motor-car will be waiting. Once get her into that and the fee you have in your hand shall be doubled."

"May I ask what is the peculiar difficulty in the case?" Stephen Pryde demanded.

Mr. John Picardo fingered the watch-chain which stretched across his capacious stomach. "The woman is not in custody," he said. "You need not be afraid of that. Neither the police of this country nor of any other have any reason to interfere. The men who are with her represent other things and other powers, things we do not speak of. It is possible that in the course of your experience you may have come across them. It is possible that if you have studied in any way the political history of the southern countries of Europe during the last few months the situation may become clear to you. You observe that now and then, when I am excited, I speak with the accent of a country which is at present in the throes of anarchy and revolution. If you succeed to-night, it may be that brighter days will dawn for her—if not in this generation, at least in the next."

Stephen Pryde listened with immovable face. There was no doubting the earnestness of his visitor. "To return once more to practical details," he said slowly, "where am I to conduct this lady?"

"The man who drives the car will know," Mr. Picardo replied slowly. "If it should happen that you do succeed—"

"I shall succeed," Stephen Pryde interrupted.

Mr. John Picardo was no longer a stout and choleric gentleman of somewhat past middle age. On his face played for a moment the fire of the enthusiast. "In that case," he remarked, taking up his hat, "we shall meet again."

Stephen Pryde had the true adventurer's disposition. He first of all went in search of the lift-man and asked him several questions. Afterward he went out, changed one of his notes, bought a box of expensive cigarettes and a large bunch of roses. With the latter in his hand he returned to the block of buildings in which his rooms were situated, and knocked at the door of a suite of apartments on the third floor. A clear but very soft voice invited him to enter. He found himself in a sitting-room, plainly, almost severely furnished. A girl looked up from the typewriter before which she was working. He recognized her at once.

"I do not intrude, I hope?" he said.

She looked at him with a very faint smile. "Not in the least," she answered. "Pray come in. You are Mr. Stephen Pryde, are you not? My name is Grace Burton."

"You will permit me?" he begged, offering the roses.

She shook her head reprovingly, but she held out her hands for the flowers, and breaking off one of the blossoms, fastened it in her plain black gown.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you are a very extravagant person, Mr. Pryde. I shall put them in water the moment you go. Will you tell me now why you have come to see me, and why you are looking so much more cheerful than an hour or two ago in the restaurant?"

"I have embraced a new profession," he declared, coming a little nearer to her. "I do not know what it is exactly, but I am very busy."

"A new profession?"

He nodded. "Before I go on," he said, "I must ask you a question. It is a question which explains both my visit—and the roses. Had you anything to do with pinning my card to the outside of my door this afternoon, and sending a purple and choleric old gentleman named Picardo in to see me?"

The little lines at the corners of her eyes deepened. "Yes," she admitted. "I sent

him. Confess, now, that my little scheme was good?"

"It was good, beyond a doubt," he agreed, "but exceedingly puzzling. Mr. John Picardo found me penniless, hopeless, and on the point—well, never mind. He left me with more money than I have seen for a very long time, a delightful little flutter of excitement, and a career. But if you can, Miss Burton, will you not explain? I am uneasy about that career. Apparently I may be anything, from a rose-fancier to a criminal."

The girl looked at him steadily. At close quarters he wondered less than ever at the curiosity with which she had inspired him. Although her appearance was in one sense of the word childish, her skin fresh and smooth, her eyes brown and innocent, her fair hair so youthful, there was yet a sort of quiet placidity of features and expression which gave to her an air of strength and capacity utterly at variance with her physical appearance. She looked at him without the slightest embarrassment.

"Yes," she said, "I will explain. As you see, I do a little typewriting, but it is for myself. I am alone in the world, and I have a very little money—barely enough to keep me. I have been alone so long that I have learned a great deal of the world and its ways. Once, not so long ago, a friend was in trouble. I helped her. It was not a difficult matter, but one had to think. Later on, the thing happened again. Then a few more people came to me. They say that I have a capacity for seeing the truth through a tangled mass of issues. Mr. John Picardo came to me for advice not long ago. I helped him. He came again to-day. He spoke of many things. I shook my head. This time, I told him, it must be a man whom he employed. 'But where shall I find him?' Mr. Picardo asked. 'He must be brave, a man of resource, a man willing to take risks.' 'Wait,' I replied. I slipped out. Only to-day after luncheon your waiter gave me your card. I was curious about you. I knew that you had lost the whole of your fortune not a month ago in the collapse of that great insurance company. You seemed in a peculiar frame of mind. So I took that card from my purse, I pinned it to the door of your room above. Then I returned. 'Mr. Picardo,' I said, 'I know of a man who will do your bidding.' He questions me. I shrug my shoulders. I admit that I know little of you, but I told Mr. Picardo that he could believe me that there was no one so easily accessible who would serve him so well. So he climbed the stairs and came to your room."

"My dear young lady," Stephen Pryde exclaimed, "I thank you most heartily."



"You will permit me?" he begged, offering the roses

"You need not," she interrupted, a little coldly. "There was nothing personal in my choice. For many months I have been looking out for a person like yourself whom I could trust. There are many times when I need help."

Pryde rose to his feet. "I have a few preparations to make," he said quietly. "May I come and report to you when I return, Miss Burton?"

She nodded gravely. "Certainly," she replied. "I shall expect you to do so. I wish you fortune."

He lingered for a moment, but her eyes had fallen upon the sheet of paper stretched out before her. She looked almost like an old-fashioned child bending over her lessons. Pryde turned and left the room.

"For you, sir."

The train was already moving out of Charing-Cross Station when a man suddenly thrust his arm in at the carriage window and threw a piece of folded paper onto Pryde's knee. He was gone in a moment, indistinguishable in the crowd. The message consisted of only a few words,

The escort of the lady will travel under the name of Mr. De Paton.

The information was useful. Two hours later the boat train was backed into the Harbor Station. Pryde sat on a seat and watched. Presently a guard came along with a little handful of labels. When he had finished his task, Pryde strolled along the platform, inspecting them. There was a compartment reserved, as he had expected, for Mr. De Paton. It was still half an hour before the boat was due, and there were very few people about. Pryde looked into the carriage and tried the door. It was locked. The guard came by, a moment or two later.

"That carriage is engaged, sir," he remarked. "Plenty of room, if you are going on. Shall I find you a seat, sir?"

Pryde nodded. "I should like one in the next carriage to this," he said. "By the bye, have you locked the door on the other side of this engaged compartment?"

The guard glanced at his questioner curiously. Pryde slipped five shillings into his hand.

"Don't lock it!" he begged. "An affair of a young lady. I may get in at the town station."

The man smiled and touched his hat. "I'll see to it, sir," he promised.

Pryde, leaning over the rails a few yards away from the quay, watched the lights of the approaching steamer. There was a strong wind blowing and a little drizzling rain, a flavor of salt in the air, a sense of excitement, stimulating, mysterious. Nearer and nearer the steamer came. The ropes were thrown, she was gradually drawn in to the side of the dock. The gangway was lowered, the little stream of people began to disembark. Pryde stood apart among the shadows at the end of the train. He had only the vaguest idea as to what he was to do. He was to abduct a lady forcibly from an escort of two men, probably prepared, possibly even armed. It was useless to make plans; to trust to chance and his quick wits seemed his only alternative. The first thing was to discover her. The boat was crowded, and for some time Pryde was kept on the alert. When, however, they did come off, among the last to leave the boat, the little party was easily distinguishable. The woman in brown walked in the middle. A tall, slim man, black haired, wearing an eyeglass, unmistakably foreign, walked on one side; a shorter, thick-set man in a fur overcoat, with his hands in his pockets, on the other. The woman was closely veiled.

They came into the illumination of a little shaft of light. The thick-set man swung round. His features, coarse, dominant, remarkable, were suddenly disclosed. Pryde was conscious of a catch in his throat, a strange dizziness. The man's face seemed to be grinning at him through the gloom—Feldemay!

Pryde, a moment later, was perfectly cool. His mind was centered upon his present enterprise. There was Feldemay to outwit, Feldemay apparently unconscious that an enemy was watching him from there among the shadows. The little party of three passed on and stood in a line before the long counter where small baggage was being examined. Nothing was looked at. Once more they moved, this time toward the train. Pryde's heart was beating fast as he followed. Then the woman dropped the bag which she was carrying. Feldemay walked stolidly on. Her other companion, too, seemed unconscious of what had happened. Pryde picked up the bag and overtook the trio.

"Sit on the right-hand side of the train," he whispered to the woman. "Allow me," he went on, in a louder tone, handing her the bag.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

The twin lights of the approaching automobile were now within twenty paces of him. He took steady aim and fired

Both of her companions swung round, but Pryde had already disappeared. He watched them from the window of his compartment, into which he had slipped unobserved. They all three stood talking upon the platform, Feldemay gesticulating excitedly, the woman immovable, the other man nervous. Pryde sat back in his corner and held a newspaper in front of his face. There was nothing more to be done for the moment.

The train left at last. Pryde rose to his feet as they jolted out of the station. He was alone in the compartment. He stood up. He had preparations to make. Everything depended upon his luck. The train came to a standstill at the town station. He alighted at once and stood waiting. He selected his moment with great care. The train was on the point of starting again, the whistle was already in the guard's lips. Suddenly Pryde threw open the door of the compartment in which the woman and her two companions were traveling. His accusing finger shot out. He had the appearance of a man beside himself with anger.

"At last!" he shouted. "Feldemay, you blackguard!"

The woman was sitting nearest the window, Feldemay opposite her, the other man on the opposite side of the carriage. Feldemay seemed absolutely paralyzed. He cowered back in his place. The woman edged to her feet. She was bewildered, but she kept her eyes fixed upon Pryde.

"I've found you at last!" Pryde exclaimed, making as though he would enter the carriage. "You robber!"

Feldemay was slowly coming to himself. The train was moving. The guard was running up from behind.

"Stand away there!"

Pryde's hand was upon the woman's wrist. She jumped just as Feldemay made a grab for her. Pryde banged the door and locked it with a key which he had kept secreted in his pocket. A moment or two later he was surrounded by a little group of porters, a policeman, and the station-master. The train was gliding away from the platform. Two furious men, leaning out of the window, were shouting and gesticulating. Pryde shook his fist at them and addressed the station-master.

"I am sorry to have been the cause of any disturbance," he said calmly. "This is entirely a family matter. The young lady is my sister. I am taking her home."

They turned to her. She was closely veiled, but she was obviously of an age to speak for herself.

"It is quite true," she murmured in a low tone. "I am sorry to have given so much trouble. It was not altogether my fault."

The station-master took down Pryde's name and address. Pryde, with his hand upon the woman's arm, hurried away, a few moments later, toward the exit. A hundred yards or so outside the station the train was slowly drawing to a standstill, the alarm signal ringing violently from the carriage where the two men were imprisoned.

"Where are we?" the woman murmured. "What are we going to do?"

"There should be a motor-car here," Pryde answered quickly. "I hope to Heaven it's ready!"

They were in the yard. A big car stood only a few yards from the principal entrance, its engine already purring. Pryde almost pushed his companion in. Already there was another disturbance upon the platform. The arrested train was still in sight, a serpent of lights come to a standstill along the line. They could see men running down the bank.

"Quick! Get her started!" Pryde shouted. "Quick!"

It was an admonition entirely unnecessary. The car seemed to slip away almost at a touch. They flew through the town, the streets flashed by. Pryde leaned back in his place with a little breath of relief.

"By Jove, we've done it!" he exclaimed.

They were climbing the hill and out of the town. The country loomed up before them, a dim patchwork of fields starred here and there with lights. The woman raised her veil for the first time. She had a quantity of dark-brown hair, regular features, and the quality of her voice was delightful. But the frozen look of fear lay like a mask upon her face.

"Can't we go faster," she murmured—"much faster? Look behind."

Pryde obeyed her, but drew in his head again almost immediately. "We are going over thirty miles an hour," he said, "and we have a start. Nothing will catch us."

She shivered. "How can one tell? How far is it?"

"To where?"

"To where we are going—to where he waits?"

"I do not know," he replied.

She looked at him fixedly. "Who are you?"

"No one you ever heard of before," he assured her. "My name is Pryde. I am only an instrument in this affair."

"But you know Feldemay! He is the worst of them all. He is the Robespierre of my country!"

"I met him by chance," Pryde answered. "He robbed me once. It was in the days before he touched politics. Tell me, in case there is more to be done, who are you and where are you going?"

"You mean that you really do not know?" she asked. "Then, if John Picardo did not tell you, I will not. It is well sometimes to know little."

"Tell me who John Picardo is, at least, and tell me your name?"

"My name is Mary," she replied. "That tells you nothing, of course. We are going to a house on the border of Hampshire and Surrey. We are to get there, if we can, before—before a man dies."

"And those others?"

She shivered. "That is not for you to know," she replied gravely.

They rushed on through the darkness, for a time, in silence. The woman leaned back as though weary, her eyes closed. Then the car seemed to jolt and slacken speed. She sprang up, terrified. They had stopped in the road. The chauffeur, on his way to the back of the car, thrust his head for a moment through the open window. He kept his face turned away, although he was entirely unrecognizable through his motor-glasses and cap.

"A puncture," he announced shortly. "I can fix it in a matter of three minutes."

"Oh! hurry—please hurry!" the woman prayed.

The man stepped backward with a low and respectful bow. For some time he worked silently. The rain had ceased, and some faint glimmerings of moonlight lay upon the immediate landscape. The shapes of the hedges were defined, the lights from a distant farmhouse were dimly visible. Suddenly the woman started.

"Listen!"

The sound of a motor-car driven beyond its proper speed was distinctly audible. The woman gripped the side of the window.

"Tell him to go on—to go on anyhow," she begged. "Don't let them catch us!"

The chauffeur was working with furious haste at the side of the car. Pryde sprang out and made his way to the bend of the road round which they had come. The pursuing car, recklessly driven, was close at hand. They could even hear the knocking of its engine. Pryde thrust his hand into his overcoat pocket and drew out the revolver which he had destined to so different a use only a few hours ago. The twin lights of the approaching automobile were now within twenty paces of him. He took steady aim and fired. There was a crashing of glass, a shout of anger, the jarring of brakes, and then a bump as the car, missing the bend, caught the ditch with its near wheel. His own chauffeur was now blowing his horn furiously. Pryde ran lightly back and sprang into his seat. The woman clutched his arm.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Shot out their lights," Pryde answered coolly. "They missed the turn and ran into the hedge. I don't think any of them are badly hurt. In any case, it had to be done. It's better than having a scrimmage in the road."

The woman glanced at him approvingly. Her thin lips quivered, her eyes were soft. "They chose well when they sent you," she murmured.

Once more his companion sat back in her place, her hands clasped together, her eyes half closed. Pryde watched the road, glancing occasionally behind. At last came signs that they were approaching the end of their journey. They had turned off the main road and seemed to be making their way through a park. On either side of the open road were rolling slopes, with here and there a gigantic oak. They passed over a bridge, through a wood, and along another winding stretch of avenue. Suddenly a bank of clouds passed away from the face of the moon. They were rapidly approaching a great mansion, from many of the windows of which, notwithstanding the hour, lights were shining.

"We seem to have arrived somewhere," Pryde said softly.

Her hand touched his shoulder. Then he knew that she had not really been resting. He could feel the fever of her finger-tips.

"Courage," she whispered, her voice shaking with emotion. "There is history to be made here, if only the fates are kind."

The car came to a standstill. The door was thrown open long before their approach.

A servant in black livery hurried out to receive them. Two others were in the background. On the threshold Mr. John Picardo, with a very strange expression in his face, stood waiting. The woman gave him her hand, which he raised reverently to his lips.

"It is a miracle," he murmured.

She answered him only with a little gesture of the hand toward Pryde. Then Picardo turned to lead the way. Not a word was spoken. The butler had preceded them up a splendid staircase; their footsteps were noiseless. A curious but apparent desire for silence was noticeable in all their movements. Arrived on the first floor, they passed along a spacious corridor and entered a dimly lit room. There was a murmur of voices. Some one turned on a flood of electric light. Pryde could scarcely resist a little gasp of amazement. It was like a tableau. There was something unreal and dreamlike about the grouping. Supported on either side by attendants, a middle-aged man had staggered up from a low chair to greet them. His forehead was bandaged, one arm was in a sling. He leaned heavily upon a crutch. By his side was a gray-haired woman in the garb of a Sister of Mercy. A few yards away, an English clergyman was sitting with a black bag on his knees. Everyone seemed to be watching the meeting between the man and woman.

"Mary!" he cried. "My wife!"

She was in his arms. They spoke together a few brief, excited sentences in a tongue which was strange to Pryde. Then they all looked out the window. The clouds had gathered once more over the face of the moon. The world was dark.

"Quickly!" the woman sobbed. "Oh, quickly!"

The man spoke to the clergyman, who at once picked up his bag. They turned toward the door. Pryde hesitated, and Picardo took him by the arm.

"Come with us," he whispered. "Keep that little toy of yours of which madame has spoken, in readiness. It may be useful. Now that we have gone so far, we will go on to the end, whatever the cost."

They descended the stairs and hurried across the hall and along the corridor. The man whose head and arm were bandaged, and who seemed to be suffering from the result of some terrible accident, moved with difficulty. More than once a sob of pain, half choked, broke from his lips. Once he clutched at the air and seemed about to fall. They would have stopped for his sake, but he only shook his head.

"On!" he ordered, "I can bear it."

They reached an iron-studded door, which the servant in front unlocked, and passed into a small church, lit by some swinging lamps. Picardo turned the lock after them and took up his stand like a sentry, with his hand in the loose pocket of his coat. The clergyman hurried into the vestry, returning, a moment or two later, surpliced. Picardo beckoned to Pryde.

"Watch the window," he muttered. "To-night you are our man."

Pryde nodded and stood in the shadows of the church, his hand closed upon the butt of his revolver. The spirit of the adventurer was upon him. He was for his side. All the time he could hear a faint mumble from the chancel, nothing distinct, no names, nothing but the position of the people to indicate that it was a wedding ceremony.

The dreaded interruption never came. It was all over. The little party came down the aisle. Picardo unlocked the door. The bridegroom was looking ghastly ill and swaying upon his feet. Yet more than once he tried to force a smile. They passed along the corridor and came once more to the hall. A rush of cold wind met them. The front door was open. Feldemay, splashed with mud from head to foot, had just entered. There were others behind. Picardo stepped promptly forward.

"Feldemay," he said, "go back to those who sent you and tell them what you have seen. You are too late."

"Too late for what?" Feldemay roared.

The man who seemed to be fighting for his life shook himself free on one side from his attendants. His hand shot out toward Feldemay. He had the air of a king.

"Baron Feldemay," he said, "you come in time to hear the truth from my lips. You can go back and tell those who sent you what you have seen. The English Church has spoken, and the children of Mary, my wife, shall reign over my kingdom, even though your assassins complete their work upon me."

Feldemay presented the spectacle of a man livid with passion, speechless with rage. "It is illegal!" he shouted.

"You lie!" Picardo answered. "The ceremony has taken place by special license.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONSO WILLIAMS

"Baron Feldemay," he said, "you can go back and tell those who sent you what you have seen. The English Church has spoken, and the children of Mary, my wife, shall reign over my kingdom, even though your assassins complete their work upon me"

This clergyman is an ordained priest. No act of Parliament your friends can frame can unhallow a marriage sanctioned now by both churches."

Feldemay turned with sudden fierceness toward Pryde. "So you are the pawn whom they have chosen to rob a country of its freedom! It is well that I know you. It is very well indeed!"

The little procession passed on. At the foot of the stairs the woman turned to Pryde.

"You have done more to-night than you understand, sir," she said. "Some day I hope that a nation may be moved to thank you—as I do now."

She slipped a ring from the finger of the hand which she had offered him to kiss, and gave it to Pryde as she turned away. Picardo hurried him toward the door, where the car was still waiting.

"To London," he exclaimed, "as fast as you can! You have nothing to fear. Only keep a still tongue in your head. The history which you have seen made to-night is the history of which one does not speak." He thrust a pocketbook into Pryde's hand. "The little woman spoke the truth," he continued, in a lower tone. "You were the man we needed."

"I may not ask—" Pryde began.

Picardo stamped his foot. With both hands he almost pushed his questioner into the car. He stood there, bareheaded, his cheeks flushed with excitement, his outstretched hand pointing northward.

"Away with you," he ordered, "to London."

The car glided off. Pryde leaned back in his seat, turned on the electric light, and examined the contents of the pocketbook. He replaced it in his pocket, almost stupefied. Then his eyes fell upon a small basket on the opposite seat. He opened it. There were sandwiches and a bottle of wine. He laughed softly to himself.

"It is true, after all," he murmured. "I must have pulled the trigger of that revolver in a dream. This is the new life. I raise my glass," he went on, pouring the wine into a tumbler. "I drink to it—and to the brown eyes of the little lady!"

Dawn broke, gray and misty, before they reached London. It was half-past eight when Pryde paused for a moment outside the door of the room on the third floor. He knocked. A voice bade him enter. Miss Grace Burton was seated before a round table drawn up near the fire, helping herself to coffee. She saw him enter without the slightest change of countenance.

"You are just in time," she said composedly. "I will make some more coffee."

He closed the door behind him and came into the room. It was almost as though she had been expecting him.

"You succeeded?" she asked calmly.

"I succeeded," he replied.

She stopped for a moment with the coffee-pot in her hand, and turned slowly round. "The marriage?" she asked.

"Took place last night."

She nodded gravely. "You must be tired," she remarked.

"There is one thing greater than my fatigue," he said, as he took the chair which she pointed out, "and that is my curiosity."

She shook her head gently. "Curiosity," she murmured, "leads us so often into trouble."

"But at least," he protested, "you could tell me just a little, couldn't you?"

She poured out his coffee. "You recognized some of the characters in your little adventure, I suppose?" she asked.

"Naturally," he replied.

"You and all Europe know of the troubles of those two unfortunate people," she went on. "The king will die. His wound is mortal. He may die at any moment. They would never have allowed him to escape from the country if they had not been assured of it. Last week their Parliament declared that the marriage between the king and the queen, having been celebrated only in the Roman Church, was illegal. There will be a child. It was the scheme of Feldemay and his party to render it illegitimate."

"Feldemay and I have met before," Pryde muttered. "Before he went in for politics, he was little better than an adventurer. Tell me one thing at least: why could not she have gone openly to her husband? On these shores no constraint was possible."

She smiled at him. "A reasonable question," she admitted. "You see, Feldemay was sent a false telegram announcing the king's death. He was obeying his instructions in escorting her from the country and leaving her in London. While she was in his keeping she was a political prisoner on parole."

Pryde drank his coffee and thought he had never tasted anything more delicious. "I



Pryde leaned across the table and took her hand. She snatched it away. There seemed to be no change in her face, but her tone was very still and cold

have a pocketful of notes," he remarked, "half of which belong to you."

She shook her head. "You will please not suggest such a thing," she said firmly. "But if you choose, listen to what I have to propose. There are many who seek my help in affairs impossible for me. I have the gift of sometimes seeing into the heart of a mystery, but I cannot always act because I am a woman and because there is no man in whom I have been able to trust. If you care to become my partner—"

Pryde leaned across the table and took her hand. She snatched it away. There seemed to be no change in her face, but her tone was very still and cold.

"Perhaps it is as well that you should have done that," she declared. "The arrangement which I am proposing is purely a business one. If you do not feel that you can make up your mind to forget my sex completely, to remember only that we are partners—nothing more nor less—in these various issues that may present themselves, then leave me this morning and forget what I have said."

Pryde was silent for a moment. She sat looking at him, very still, very cold, very fascinating in her queer, childish way. She pushed the fair hair back from her forehead. It was a curiously feminine gesture, but her expression never changed.

"I accept your terms," Pryde announced slowly.

She nodded graciously. "Then I will give you another cup of coffee. I think you are very wise to accept my offer. What is chiefly necessary in our partnership is your sex. In an affair like last night's I should have been useless. There are times when I must plan and you must execute."

"The rest of my life," he assured her gravely, "is at your service."

The next story of ***"Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde"*** will appear in the November issue.

A Fighting Progressive

By John Temple Graves



"Of dauntless courage and incorruptible integrity, a friend of the people, and a foe to every form of public dishonesty"

ALL Missourians love a fighter and a gentleman. And this is why they joined almost unanimously in sending "Jim" Reed to the United States Senate. Each of the qualifications for Missouri's approval are evident in her junior senator. The lines of battle are marked in his strong clear face, and that they have been brave battles, fought in honest causes—won without shame or lost without dishonor—is written in the record of Missouri politics and in the civic history of James A. Reed.

James A. Reed's achievements during the last fifteen years—filled with unceasing warfare against vice and dishonesty; with dauntless battles against thievery in office and corruption in high places by public corporations—are replete with victories—strenuous victories—that richly entitle the young senator to a high place on the long roll of Missouri's distinguished men.

Few but full of magnificent service have been the public years of Senator Reed. His record is writ in only two offices before he came to Washington. He was prosecuting attorney of Jackson County for fifteen months, and he was mayor of Kansas City for two terms.

But this was enough. The way in which he bore himself in these two offices stamped him with the die of courage and capacity, of integrity and purpose, and Missouri rejoiced to have found a real man.

As prosecuting attorney of Jackson County "Jim" Reed broke all known American records for public service in that position. *He tried 287 cases and convicted 285 of them!* And this not before any partial judge, for Wofford, presiding in that circuit, was ill so constantly that five judges from different sections of the state sat at different times in the trial of his cases. Nor were prosecutions ruthless and for the record, since the young prosecutor sought for the state vindication, not vengeance, and tempered justice always with mercy.

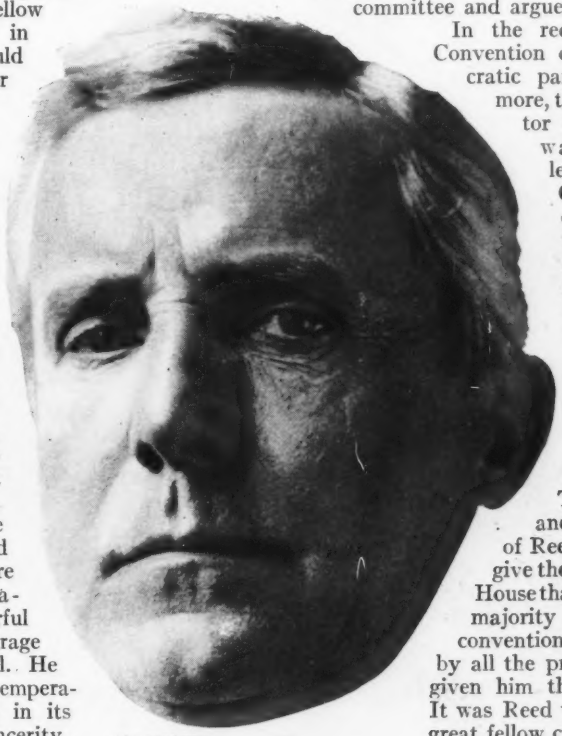
It may be said without fear of contradiction that "Jim" Reed's two terms as mayor constituted a memorable epoch in the history of Kansas City. As soon as his election was announced the old régime, made up of the most vicious band of despoilers known to any American city, set out to pocket and preserve to their party all the plunder possible before the new administration came in. The nine days prior to Reed's swearing in will go down in local history as the worst in the annals of political and official thievery. When the new mayor assumed office his hands were tied by every local statute and resolution that could secure and entail graft

and jobs and public plunder upon those who had fattened upon it through so many insolent years.

A weaker man would have been appalled at the outlook. A public man with a yellow streak anywhere in his anatomy would have gone under or quit. "Jim" Reed snapped his iron jaws together and went to work, and before he left the mayor's chair every public-service corporation, every grafting contracting firm, had yielded to the dauntless young mayor, who would not be denied the right of the city to rule.

There are some splendid gifts which nature added to Senator Reed's powerful equipment of courage and brains and will. He is possessed of a temperament convincing in its earnestness and sincerity. He is the master of an eloquence so ringing and intense that men must believe him whenever and wherever they hear him. When you hear Reed of Missouri speak in the Senate chamber, you realize that this man believes what he says, and has the courage of sincere convictions. There is the impression of a real man behind the senator's words which gives these words an impressive force even beyond the clear strong English and the powerful delivery.

Senator Reed does not need to be classified or aligned among the parties in Congress. His whole record is aggressively progressive from the beginning. A single session has sent him to the front among the progressive Democrats who sit in that assembly. He is a man of force and ideas, of courage and convictions. He is not often heard in debate, but when heard he is listened to always. For every piece of progressive legislation which has passed the Sixty-second Congress, "Jim" Reed has fought in committee and argued on the floor.

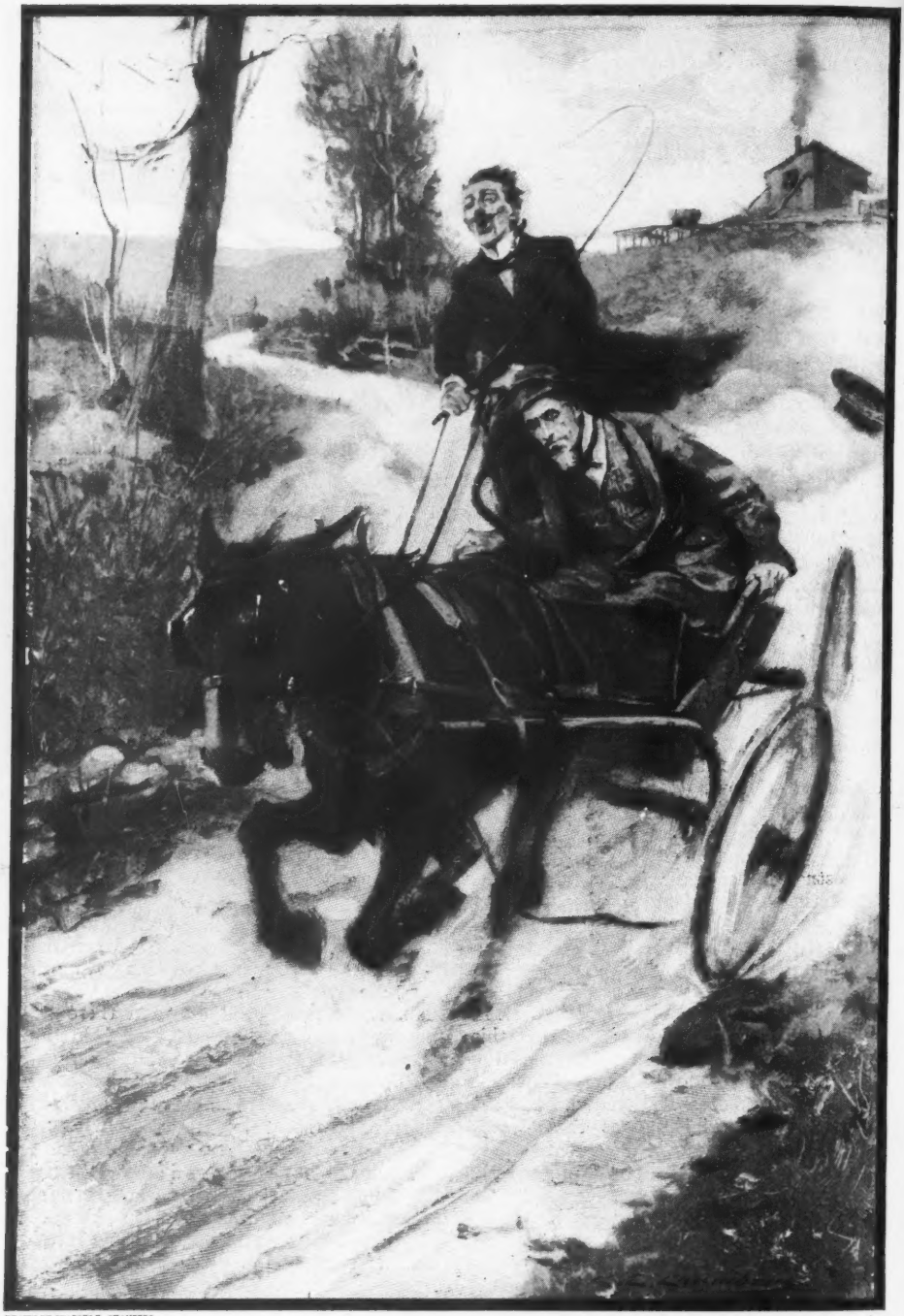


(c) HARRIS & EWING

"The lines of battle are marked in his strong clear face. They have been brave battles, fought in honest causes"

In the recent National Convention of the Democratic party at Baltimore, the junior senator from Missouri was the floor leader of Champ Clark in his candidacy for the nomination for President. It would have been better for Champ Clark if Senator Reed had been also his campaign manager from the beginning. The virile force and directness of Reed did much to give the Speaker of the House that commanding majority of the whole convention which should by all the precedents have given him the nomination. It was Reed who placed his great fellow citizen in nomination before the convention. It was Reed who held Missouri in leash when the tide had swept Wilson-ward, and gave Clark the vote of his state to the last ballot, and there are many who say that if Reed had held the Clark campaign in hand from the beginning, the Speaker of the House would have received the final award of party honor which his splendid record so well deserved.

That the junior senator from Missouri will increase in power and influence in the Republic's highest deliberative body cannot be doubted. Ardent, eloquent, sincere, of dauntless courage and incorruptible integrity, a friend of the people and a foe to every form of public dishonesty, he fits with all his equipment into the forward spirit of his time.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Just around the hill, Blackie touched Percival with his whip in front of the right flank, and Percival, without stopping to take a breath, ran straight away six miles into the country, with Blackie standing up in the buckboard, sawing at the reins and yelling at the top of his voice!

("*The New Adventures of Wallingford*")

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

There is war in camp. Every time Mr. Chester puts Blackie in the background in one of these stories letters begin to come in making a good, swift kick about it. And ditto Wallingford. Also for some little time past a lot of readers have wanted to know what has become of "Toad" and young "Jimmy." We have put some of these letters up to Mr. Chester, and he promises to do his best to even things up—also put "Toad" and "Jimmy" in the story he is writing now. Our own humble opinion is that whatever Mr. Chester writes in the Wallingford line makes about as interesting reading as you find in present-day fiction. In this story Blackie discovers a dirt-mine and makes it pay a rake-off

ONION JONES, with his cards folded in the palm of his hand, added all his poker-chips to the interesting collection in the center of the table, thereby meeting the raise of Blackie Daw, and added to them a beautifully folded, purple, engraved document.

"Give me action," he requested. "This assortment of lithographs which I am hiding from all indiscreet onlookers is unique enough to urge me into desperate risks."

"Now I know I have you beat," decided Blackie, bunching his cards and weighting them down with the hotel ash-tray. "What is the fancy stationery?"

"Negotiable securities," proclaimed Onion Jones, so known because of the flawlessly denuded condition of his shining scalp. "That is a certificate for one hundred shares in the Cinder Heap Ocher Metal Prospect, and worth par the moment the first shaft, now being actively dropped, touches bed-rock."

"I pass," indifferently stated J. Rufus Wallingford, tossing his hand into the discard, and picking up the stock-certificate with the amused smile of a connoisseur. "Pretty ink is the life of con commerce."

Bawl-'em-out Turner, who, with eight cards, had been able to secure nothing better than a pair of deuces, threw away the five pasteboards he still held, and turned on Onion Jones with a snarl. "Aw, play the game!" he surlily protested. "I'm too much loser to take a joke!"

Onion Jones snarled back at him quite promptly. "You wasn't going to meet Blackie's raise!" he growled.

"I might have if you hadn't o' fussed it up!" savagely retorted Turner.

"I'm willing to let him practise," pleasantly announced their host, Doc Otis.

"Next man," called Onion Jones briskly. "It's all between you and me, Blackie. There's my raise."

"Why don't you put in a dollar and a quarter cash?" inquired Blackie. "My hand's too good to speculate with. It's only fit for straight investment."

"You know why I haven't any cash," chided Onion Jones, with only a decently envious glance at the comfortable accumulations of chips in front of Blackie and Wallingford and Doc Otis; "and you won't take my check."

Jim Wallingford chuckled. "We wouldn't want to make you go along to the bank, Bermuda," he declared. "Besides, the price of paper has gone down."

"Bet your cuff-buttons, Onion, and put away the golden opportunity," suggested Blackie. "You might string some lollop with that."

Onion Jones grew justly indignant. "You're trying to create the impression that your hand is something more than a memorandum," he charged. "I'm offering you negotiable paper. I sold a block of it yesterday for thirty cents a share. Come on and give me a bet."

"All right," agreed the good-natured Blackie. "I needed a purple one anyhow.



Along toward evening, Blackie Daw, heading his procession of chemists, drove over to the mine in a dusty old buckboard drawn by a lop-eared mule with a wicked eye and the name of Percival

I'll take the certificate for a red stack."

A groan from Holler Turner interrupted the proceedings. "Aw, play the game!" he demanded. "I'm too much loser!"

"You borrowed your original set-in from me, and you've made it last for a solid hour of piking," Onion Jones reminded him, though not uncharitably. "I'll take your rank injustice, Blackie; a stack of reds goes."

"Got any more of that currency?" inquired Blackie, preparing to shove forward his chips.

"Plenty of it," asserted Onion, tapping his bulging pocket proudly. "This mine just came home from the printer's."

"Raise you four hundred shares," offered Blackie, shoving him a stack of blues.

"Now we're sporting!" exulted Onion Jones, hauling in the hundred-share certificate, and replacing it with one calling for a thousand shares. "Here's five hundred more."

"I'll tilt that one thousand shares," promptly amended Blackie.

"Sporting was right," softly commented Doc Otis, drawing Blackie's hand from beneath the ash-tray, examining it, and replacing it with a graven face which Onion Jones studied earnestly.

"Here goes," decided the baldheaded one, grabbing a large bundle of certificates from his inside pocket, and he once more "boosted" the raise.

The certificates were all in the center when Blackie was still offering to continue the diversion.

"All in," confessed the ivory-topped player with a sigh. "The entire Pennsylvania Golconda is mingled with your chips, and I am compelled to restrict you to a mere request to see my four large mines."

"Sorry, Jonesy, old top," chuckled Blackie, spreading out his cards. "A row of pink ones. First one I ever held among friends, and I'm no gentleman to play it. Is there a hole in my mine?"

"Hundred-foot shaft, and well ripened at that," Onion told him, as he regretfully loaned Blackie the wide rubber band, which had not been included in the betting. "On the level, I hate to give up that mine, Blackie. That shaft was dug fifteen years ago by coal-prospectors, and, since then, it's been the basis of two dozen highly successful companies. I've organized it myself seven times, and sold the stock, and bought it in again after the first assay. I consider it one of the best mines in the East for copper, lead, antimony, bismuth, sulphur, or sapphires. I'll give you my check for a hundred for those certificates. They're still in blank, ready to make out to any-

body," and he whipped out his ever-ready check-book.

Blackie eyed it with a grin. "Not meaning to hurt your feelings, Jones, but I'd rather have the mine," he decided. "It can never be so humiliating."

II

BLACKIE DAW, indulging in a friendly chat with Doc Otis in the latter's rooms, three days later, was interrupted by a telephone ring, in the midst of a fool eulogy of the saxophone as a means of enlarging the soul.

"Are you here, Blackie?" asked the pleasant Otis, covering the transmitter with his hand.

"I guess so," replied Blackie easily. "I don't know anything they've got on me. Who is the party?"

"Henry Z. Grouge, as near as I can get it from the switchboard girl," smiled Doc.

"Stranger," pronounced Blackie. "He always will be. There's one cinch, though; it isn't a fly-cop. No living man would deliberately choose a name like that, even as a disguise."

"What does he look like?" asked Otis.

"I don't dare tell you," giggled the girl.

"If it's as bad as that, send it up. We want to see it," laughed Doc.

In spite of this warning, they were scarcely prepared for the real shock of Henry Z. Grouge. The feature of his countenance which was so unfair a test of politeness was his mouth, the lips of which had been so tightly compressed, during a lifetime of determination to secure "the best of it," that they seemed to have been gradually swallowed; nor was he in any way abashed by the splendor of the apartment or by the two splendidly dressed gentlemen who received him. He was only resentful.

"Which one is Mr. Daw?" he inquired, sliding into the nearest chair, and holding to the hat which Otis had tried to take from him.

"This gentleman," stated Otis, indicating Blackie with courtly grace, and thereupon he retired into the adjoining room.

"Is he a partner of yours?" asked Mr. Grouge, following the insulting ease of Doc Otis out of the tops of his spotted eyes.

"No, only a wealthy friend," denied Blackie, somehow wishing for J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Oh," responded the caller, in a most uncomplimentary tone. "I just come from W. O. Jones, Mr. Daw."

"The vindictive cuss," soberly commented Blackie. "I hope there is something I can do for both of you."

"Well, I don't know about Mr. Jones," returned the visitor, with a grin which was worse than the frown of his mouth. "Number one; that's my motto. Mr. Jones told me that you are president and manager of the Cinder Heap Mining Company."

Blackie caught his cue with a promptness of which he intended to brag to Jim Wallingford. "The stockholders have done me that honor," he proudly acquiesced.

"Well, I didn't have anything to say about it, but I suppose I didn't buy my stock in time," grudgingly admitted Mr. Grouge. "I've got a thousand shares, and I didn't know but what, since you hold so much of it, you might want to buy up these," and he produced the familiar purple certificate.

"Ten red stacks or two blues," commented Blackie, with a reminiscent smile. "Friend Jones had on his kidding clothes, I guess. I have more of those negotiable securities than I can possibly bet with."

"It's a fine mine!" urged Mr. Grouge eagerly. "I was down to Heapville looking it over. I just got back last night. They've got a hundred-foot shaft dug."

"So I'm told," corroborated Blackie. "I understand there has never been a more perfect hole dug than that one."

"Have you been down to Heapville?" queried Mr. Grouge, with suppressed anxiety.

"Not yet," answered Blackie. "The mine is, of course, very rich."

"Everybody at Heapville thinks so," instantly stated Mr. Grouge. "They're all excited about it. Now, I have to go out West, and I can't stay around to watch things the way I'd ought to, so if you want to buy my stock I'll sell it to you for a mighty reasonable price. What did you pay for yours?"

Blackie grinned as he thought of his royal flush. "I produced something extremely valuable for it," he informed his fellow stockholder; "a commodity so rare, and in such eager demand, that Mr. Jones relinquished his stock at the mere sight of it."

"I'll take just ordinary cash for mine," immediately suggested Mr. Grouge.

"Sorry I can't spare any cash," said Blackie. "I might play you seven-up for it, but money is different."

"I'll give you a bargain," persisted Mr. Grouge.

"No, I'm a poor man," refused Blackie.

"You don't want to buy it at all?"

"Not under any circumstances."

"All right," reluctantly gave up Mr. Grouge, and then he bent a little nearer. "Say, what do you think of this man Jones?"

"Well, I've often wondered," frankly replied Blackie.

"I'll tell you what I think of this man Jones; I think he's a skinner. I got a friend down at Heapville, though, and he'll keep me posted on whatever's done. If there's any shenanigan about this I'll find it out."

When he had gone, Doc Otis returned from the adjoining room in possession of a theory. "That old crab has money," he studiously announced. "Onion is a careless worker. He should have sold Henry Z. the mine."

"I wonder," speculated Blackie.

III

HEAPVILLE, one of those towns which have been deposited throughout this fair land by mere centrifugal force, was thrown into violent agitation by the arrival of a tall, thin, black-mustached, frock-coated gentleman, six chemists, and a saxophone. The tall, thin gentleman described himself on the freckled register of the Heap House as Horace G. Daw, of Boston, New York, and Tarryville, and he immediately inquired (a) where the Cinder Heap Ocher Metal Prospect was located and (b) where a good, safe, well-broken driving mule could be secured.

Refusing to bend his genius to any other consideration until this last requirement was satisfied, he spent two days in search of a suitable mule, leaving the six assorted chemists, whom he had secured fresh-fledged from a technical school, to infest the Heap House, organize themselves into a glee club, and compile a list of the available girls. Naturally these irresponsible young gentlemen were objects of intense curiosity from the instant of their arrival, and Blackie Daw had no sooner left them unprotected than the village pump-works burst into active operation, led by the dapple-faced landlord.

"You fellows going to try to work that busted old Peaseley coal-mine?" he asked of the lanky young chemist with the taffy-colored hair.

"I don't know what we're going to do till Mr. Daw finds his mule," responded the lanky one, whom Blackie kept in a constant state of amused admiration.

"Ain't you got any instructions?" persisted the landlord.

"None except to enjoy ourselves. I understand we're to be busy analyzing."

"Huh!" grunted the landlord, keenly disappointed, and hunted up the little fat chemist.

During the first forenoon of their stay, he managed to interview each one of the boys, individually and severally, but he received no further satisfaction than to learn, from the red-headed one, that Blackie had discussed among them the possibility of organizing a saxophone band, to which he looked forward with eager pleasure because he expected to blow bass.

The village caucus discussed this meager information, with great vigor, all afternoon, and finally repaired to the mine itself, which was a hole in the top of a barren hill, backed up by a rough wooden building. The caucus stood around the hole and chewed tobacco until dark, and the next day it assembled for the same useful purpose. It went home to lunch in relays, but at last its patience was rewarded, for, along toward evening, Blackie Daw, heading his procession of chemists, drove over to the mine in a dusty old buckboard drawn by a lop-eared mule with a wicked eye and the name of Percival. In the buckboard were two large boxes. The driver of Percival induced that animal to stop somewhere near the frame building, unlocked the rusty old padlock, threw open the doors, and led his band of chemists inside.

"Welcome home!" he said. "You boys pick out your favorite corners, and unpack your materials. To-morrow you may begin analyzing."

The lanky chemist with the taffy-colored hair preempted the cleanest-looking spot on the long bench by spreading down a newspaper, on which he sat. "Of course I don't feel justified in exhibiting too much curiosity, Mr. Daw," he stated, with the impartial air of a judge; "but I do possess some, and I'd like to know what we're to analyze."

"The mine," replied Blackie promptly. "Say, Riggs, from your voice you ought to play a fine alto."

"I don't know the formula for a single note," confessed Riggs, "but I'm a handy little learner. Say, Mr. Daw," and he looked, with worried speculation, at his fellow chemists, who were eagerly listening, "do you think you need all six of us?"

"I don't see how I could part with one of you," answered Blackie, considering the matter carefully. "Of course there aren't so many septets written as there are sextets, but I don't expect to play all the time. I expect to lead."

"I can see where you're right," approved the red-headed chemist; "but, at the same time, we want to be fair. We've talked it all over, and we think that one man can do all the work you'll need."

"Oh, hush," ordered Blackie. "You don't know how much analyzing I want done. I never had enough analyzing in my life, and I want you fellows to just get busy and analyze, from nine to twelve and from one to five, every day except Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Hustle those boxes in here while I go out and select some miners."

Beginning vaguely to grasp at the spirit of the thing, the still wondering graduates brought in the big boxes, and it was noticeable that, while Riggs was keen to get at his chemical apparatus, the red-headed chemist began frantically tearing at the lid of the box of saxophones. In the meantime Blackie addressed the caucus on the subject of labor.

"I'd like to speak to the walking delegate of the Miners' Union," he requested of the solemnly staring circle.

A pale-whiskered man with pale-blue marble eyes bunched his scrap tobacco in one leathery cheek and advanced two paces into the field of importance. "There ain't no regular miners around here," he stated. "Jimmy Jinkins and Pete Doliver and me are about the best diggers in Heapville. We've always done the digging in this hole, for the last fifteen years. There ain't nothin' down there that anybody wants."

"Nobody ever opened this mine with six chemists," Blackie loftily reproved him. "What's your name?"

"Pettus," answered the pale-whiskered one; "Jake Pettus. Me and Jim and Pete has already got our tools ready. We calculated you'd be wantin' us to-day or to-morrow."

"For that, you're foreman of the works," promised Blackie. "The mining operations will begin at the usual hour to-morrow morning."

IV

A LARGE, pink-faced, prosperous-looking gentleman, with a diamond the size of a filbert in his scarf, came to Heapville, and gave his name at the Heap House as J. Rufus Wallingford. He did not register because of an injured right hand, which was wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. The landlord, however, was kind enough to register for him, and, by request, put two l's in the name.

"We ain't got any room with a bath, but the barber-shop across the street has a tub that it rents out for twenty-five cents a bath," he informed Wallingford, surveying, with distended eyes, the assortment of luggage with which his distinguished-looking visitor was surrounded. "Going away on the two-forty?"

"No, I think I'll make this my headquarters for a while," responded Wallingford. "I may stay several weeks."

"You ain't a drummer, then?" queried the dapple-faced landlord.

"No," denied Wallingford, who seemed singularly reticent and retiring for so jovial looking a man.

"Thinking of going into business here?"

"No," replied Wallingford, and, clumsily lighting a long, thick, black cigar with the aid of his left hand, he strode over and looked moodily out the window, while the dapple-faced landlord, with much awed curiosity, removed his luggage to room twelve.

Wallingford followed him, on the third and last trip, and the frown of discomfort settled on his brow, to remain there permanently during his stay in Heapville. "Haven't you a better room than this?" he protested, as he ruefully inspected the sunken-centered bed and the lumpy pillows, and the delirium tremens wall-paper and the weather-beaten and intoxicated furniture. He walked to the narrow window, the lower left-hand pane of which was mended with a newspaper and some paste, looked out past the blacksmith shop and the Baptist church across the bleak landscape, and

cursed Blackie Daw and Onion Jones to the nethermost limits of Hades!

"Well, I could have given you a better room," apologized the landlord, "but they've just opened the mine again, and I got seven new regular boarders stopping here. Mr. Horace G. Daw has the bay-window room. It's about three times as big as this, and has all stuffed furniture, but it's too expensive for most people. Mr. Daw don't care for expenses, though."

"Is he the owner of the mine?" inquired Wallingford.

"No," responded the landlord, as willing to disseminate information as he was to gather it. "He only owns forty per cent. of the stock, but he's the president and manager. He's the mayor of Tarryville, and is said to be the best saxophone player in the world. He's got a heavy little iron box in his room that's full of medals, for playing the saxophone; but I never saw the medals. The box is locked."

"Is his room near this?" demanded Wallingford, with a keen memory of Blackie's musical activities.

"No, it's way up front, but there's saxophones on each side of you and across the hall. All seven of 'em's got 'em, and they practise every night."

"Isn't there any other hotel in this town?"

"No, there's a place that calls itself a hotel, but you wouldn't want to stop there. There's no bar."

Wallingford groaned internally, and took up his burden of duty. "You say there's a mine here?" he inquired. "What sort of a mine?"

"Be-goshed if I know," replied the man of the mottled countenance, scratching his head in acute mental distress. "It started as a coal-mine fifteen years ago, and fly-up-the-creek companies has tried it for everything else since then, including Gophir diamonds. Lord knows what this fellow's after. In my opinion, he's a tolerable sort of a danged fool."

Wallingford almost snickered. "What's the matter with him?" he wanted to know.

"He don't seem to have nothin' serious on his mind," criticized the landlord, much perturbed by that fact. "Why, he's paying six chemists to do nothing but analyze dirt all day long, and every last one of those chemists says there ain't anything but just dirt in that mine. There is those that says that everybody is lying about it, and it stands to reason that all this parcel of people wouldn't be so happy and cheerful if they was plumb sure they wasn't going to find anything."

Mr. Wallingford grew gravely thoughtful. "There seems something mysterious about that," he admitted, narrowing his eyes. "Do all his chemists seem to like Mr. Daw?"

"They follow him around like kids after candy, and they laugh every time he says anything," stated the landlord, beginning to be indignant as he thought over certain matters. "The whole kit and caboodle goes hellin' around town like schoolboys, and, last night, they played kick-the-picket and prisoner's base till after dark."

Wallingford did not smile. "Then they are not worried about anything," he concluded; "and they are here under heavy expense."

"That's a fact," admitted the landlord, himself growing serious. "I wonder if there ain't something valuable in that mine? I guess I'd better write again to a fellow I promised to keep posted."

"One of the stockholders?" suggested Wallingford.

"Henry Z. Grouge," replied the landlord. "He's as rich as the mint."

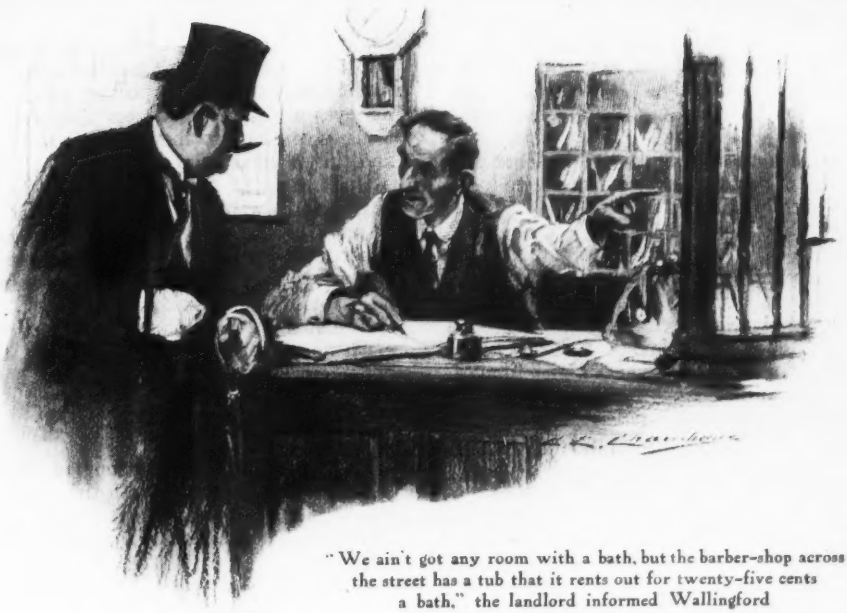
V

WALLINGFORD was sitting moodily in the office of the Heap House, reading, in doleful contempt, the jokes in a green-covered almanac, when he heard the sound of approaching vocal music, the burden of which was a bulldog on a bank and a bullfrog in a pool. Just outside the door that tune stopped abruptly, and the vibrant voice of Blackie Daw was heard commanding:

"Now, all together! One! Two! Three! Ready! Warble!"

The result was immediate and startling, as seven pairs of lusty lungs let forth the Cinder Heap yell:

H² O! H² O!
An-a-lyze a note in G!
Bass!
Frog-bass!
Alto!
Oom-pah Alto!
Tenor!
Sissy-tenor!
Virtuoso!
Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Bang!



"We ain't got any room with a bath, but the barber-shop across the street has a tub that it rents out for twenty-five cents a bath," the landlord informed Wallingford

Immediately after this remarkable return from daily toil, the door opened and Blackie Daw burst in, wearing a silk hat, a black Prince Albert, and a pair of blue overalls. Just behind him was a lanky young man with taffy-colored hair, and he was holding to Blackie's coat-tail. Behind the lanky young man, and clutching that earnest chemist's coat-tail, was a short, fat chemist, followed by a spectacled one, a handsome one, a loose-jointed one, and a red-headed one! They were all grinning, and their faces were flushed with exercise, singing, and pure cussedness. They marched twice around the office. Blackie Daw jumped over a chair. Every chemist following him jumped over that chair. Blackie caught at his overalls, like a skirt, and kicked sidewise like a ballet-dancer. The six young chemists did the same thing, in turns, as they passed over the same spot. Blackie bumped his head against the wall, and six thumps followed. Blackie, still circling the room, stopped abruptly in front of J. Rufus Wallingford, and said as follows,

"Hello, stranger, have a drink?"

The six young chemists stopped in front of him successively, and issued the same grinning invitation, in bass, frog-bass, alto, oom-pah alto, tenor, and sissy-tenor.

Blackie Daw headed straight for the bar. The big stranger, smiling for the first time since his arrival in Heapville, rose, and fell in line behind the red-head.

As they all congregated at the supper-table, an hour later, the lanky one said to the spectacled one,

"Well, what do you think of the new member of the glee club, except that he can't sing?"

The spectacled one, who had the preternatural and also deceptive solemnity of an owl, considered the problem gravely. "He is a welcome and valuable musician," he emphatically decided. "He is the grandest little left-handed drinker I ever saw!"

That night the landlord discovered that, while the glee club was on its usual round of instruction among the village girls, J. Rufus Wallingford was visiting in the expensive corner room of Horace G. Daw!

VI

On the very day following his arrival, J. Rufus Wallingford, much against his apparent will, was forced to confide a portion of his business to his landlord. "This infernal accident to my hand is most unfortunate," he declared. "Could I get you to write a letter for me?"

"I'll be mighty glad to do it," said the landlord eagerly, and he produced writing-materials instantly. "Who's it to?"

"The Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation," replied Wallingford. "By the way, this is to be a most confidential business letter, and, of course, I expect you not to let anything slip about it."

"Certainly not," hastily promised the landlord. "I'm not one to pry into folks's affairs, nor to blab."

"I was sure of that," Wallingford smilingly complimented him, after which he dictated: "Gentlemen: I have a small quantity of iridium which I wish to market. Will you kindly quote me the present price on this metal, if commercially pure; payment to be made immediately on receipt, if analysis is satisfactory."

The landlord paused. "What's iridium?" he asked.

"A very rare and very valuable metal, which is used for making the points of gold pens."

The landlord's muddy eyes became reflective. "Where do you get it?" he eagerly wanted to know.

"I would not care to state that, even to the Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation. There is very little of the metal mined in America. Most of it is imported from Russia, where the mines are guarded night and day."

"Huh!" commented the landlord. "Worth its weight in gold, I suppose?"

"Several times that," smiled Wallingford. "Just sign that 'Yours respectfully, J. Rufus Wallingford,' please."

Two days later, the landlord handed Wallingford a letter from the Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation, and was kind enough to offer to open it for him. Wallingford, however, declined that aid, and retired with the letter to his room.

In about an hour, he returned with a small package which he left at the desk to be expressed to the Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation, and requested the landlord to make out the express blank.

"What value?" asked the landlord. "Fifty dollars, I reckon?"

"No; two thousand," corrected Wallingford nonchalantly, and went back up to his room.

Four days later, another letter came to Wallingford from the gold-pen company, and by looking through it to the light the landlord perceived a pink check. The thing was inconveniently folded for inspection, but, by dint of holding the letter against a sunlit window-pane and peering at it until his eyes ached, he made out the perforations to call for two thousand two hundred and thirty-one dollars.

One hour after the receipt of that check, Wallingford, who continued to be a valued member of the glee club, and an accomplished left-handed drinker, and an every-evening companion of Blackie Daw's, sent off another small package to the Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation.

On the second day following that, the noon train brought Henry Z. Grouge!

VII

Henry Z. Grouge had a long, quiet, but sharply questioning talk with the landlord, and then he went straight out to the Cinder Heap Mine, where Blackie Daw greeted him coldly.

"I thought you were going West," he observed, taking up a large sheaf of tabulated papers, and tearing them into small bits.

"Changed my mind," said Mr. Grouge. "What are you finding?"

"In this old hole in the ground?" laughed Blackie. "Dirt, that's all."

"What's that you just tore up?"

"Analysis sheets," admitted Blackie, smiling frankly.

"I thought so," stated Mr. Grouge, his spotted eyes almost closing. "I got a right to see them."

"They wouldn't do you any good," responded Blackie briskly, and, opening the door of the big cannon-ball stove, he dumped the torn papers into the blaze and slammed the door shut. "They don't show valuable deposits of any sort. They've been accumulating here until they're a nuisance."

Mr. Grouge glared at the cannon-ball stove, and then he looked hungrily at Blackie's desk. "There's shenanigan going on here," he decided. "Otherwise you wouldn't tear up those analysis sheets the minute a stockholder shows up. There's iridium in this mine!"

"There's what!" exclaimed Blackie.

"Iridium," repeated Mr. Grouge firmly. "It's a rare and valuable metal that's used for pointing gold pens, and it's worth several times its weight in gold."

"What do you think of that, boys?"

shouted Blackie. "This is Mr. Grouge, one of our most influential stockholders. He has just brought me the news that we are mining iridium here."

A burst of incredulous laughter followed this announcement.

"Well, I know what I'm talking about!" persisted Mr. Grouge, raising his voice. "You're taking over two thousand dollars' worth of iridium a week out of here!"

Blackie turned to his assembled chemists and raised his hand. "Boys, tell the gentleman your opinion of this despicable slander," he commanded. "Now, all together. One! Two! Three! Ready! Warble!"

The Cinder Heap yell answered Mr. Grouge's base accusation. "Hee-haw!" brayed Percival, outside the door, with all his lungs. Mr. Grouge glared at the assembled idiots with rage unspeakable. "You're all in cahoots!" he finally snorted, and, going outside, he interviewed Jake Pettus, who confirmed the influential stockholder's suspicion of a conspiracy by deriding, with hilarious scorn, the idea that there ever had been or ever would be anything more useful than plain mud or gravel brought up from the bowels of the earth at that particular spot.



That night the landlord discovered that J. Rufus Wallingford was visiting in the expensive corner room of Horace G. Daw!

In the hotel, Grouge sought Wallingford, and engaged him in conversation. "I understand you buy and sell iridium," he ventured.

"Who told you so?" inquired Wallingford coldly.

"Don't make any difference where I got my information," responded Mr. Grouge determinedly; "it's correct all right. Now, what I want to know is where you get that iridium?"

Wallingford rose and gazed down at him, with justly offended dignity. "It's none of your business," he stated, and walked away.

Mr. Grouge caught the next train for the city, and the following evening he returned with a grim-looking, ashen-faced, stoop-shouldered chemist.

VIII

Mr. Grouge stuck at the elbow of his chemist like a leech all evening, lest he should be contaminated by the roistering young rowdies who had taken the town by storm; he woke him up early in the morning, and breakfasted with him, and he went out to the mine with him.

"This is my own chemist," Mr. Grouge advised Blackie. "He's going to do his analyzing right down in the mine, and if you won't let him I'll get a court order, so you might just as well save time and trouble."

"Let him go right ahead and analyze," cheerfully acquiesced Blackie. "My boys will give him every facility he wants. Boys, here's a new chemist. Initiate him into the brotherhood, and give him a good time while he's here."

The glee club pressed forward with friendly grins, but Mr. Grouge waved them back.

"It ain't going to be necessary," he stated. "My chemist has everything that's needed

in this suit-case, and he ain't here for any monkey business."

So saying, he went out to the mine, and invited the diggers to come out of the shaft, and had his chemist lowered, and sat grimly at the edge of the hole.

Blackie left him there undisturbed until eleven thirty, then he went out and conversed. He spoke earnestly of the need of money for future development, and of his plan to vote an issue of treasury stock for that purpose.

"If we ever find anything in this hole, we'll have plenty of ground to work on," he confided. "We have several claims here. I suppose you know that I've started to open another shaft?"

"Where?" inquired Mr. Grouge, rising instantly, and looking about him in all directions.

"Just around back of the hill," said Blackie. "Would you like to see it?"

Mr. Grouge, tired and stiff from his long vigil, looked down into the hole and up at the sun. "If it ain't too far," he accepted.

"Oh, we'll drive around," promised Blackie easily. "I've made it there and back in fifteen minutes," and he stepped to the side of the wall where his buckboard stood.

He scratched Percival between the eyes as he unhitched that intelligent whim, and Percival winked one ragged ear at him. Just around the hill, Blackie touched Percival with his whip in front of the right flank, and Percival, without stopping to take a breath, ran straight away six miles into the country, with Blackie standing up in the buckboard, sawing at the reins and yelling at the top of his voice!

In the meantime came the lunch-hour, and the glee club windlassed the visiting chemist out of the hole, and gave him hot coffee and other refreshments. He was not exactly a sociable party to look at, apparently partaking much of the nature of old Grouge himself, but the boys were healthy, and they had Blackie's instructions to give him a good time; so they attempted to do it. The lanky one tried to talk shop, but awakened no enthusiasm; the fat one tried to interest him in food; the red-headed one tried music; the handsome one tried dogs; the loose-jointed one tried baseball; the spectacled one caught him where he lived. He introduced the topic of chorus-girls! At a quarter to four, when the frothing Grouge and the apologetic Blackie and the placidly contented Percival returned from their little excursion, the spectacled saxophone player was down in the hole with the visiting chemist, helping him analyze, and absorbing information from the older man's stock of reminiscences.

The visiting chemist came up out of the hole by special request.

"Well, what have you found?" demanded Grouge, with spotted-eyed distrust.

"Nothing," replied the visiting chemist truthfully. "There isn't a trace of anything valuable in this mine."

"Then you may as well go back home!" snapped Mr. Grouge.

"All right," agreed the visiting chemist easily. "I think I'll stay over till to-morrow night, however, for the glee club concert. This is a fine crowd of boys!"

"Your expenses stop from this minute," Mr. Grouge immediately reminded him.

"That's all right," put in the spectacled young man. "He may not look the part, but he's a good sport. We'd like to have him stay over as a guest of the club."

Mr. Grouge regarded his chemist with a darkening brow. "That infernal mule!" he swore. "I knew these fellows would get to you with a bribe if I let you get out of eyesight! There's iridium—"

He found himself looking at the knuckles of a bony fist, just under his nose. The visiting chemist did not look it, but he was a real sport!

IX

A NEW actor arrived on the scene, in the person of a chunky young man with a pompadour, who registered as Paul Pollet, and he held a long conversation with Blackie Daw, in a corner of the office of the Heap House. When they began that conversation, the landlord went up-stairs, and came down with Henry Z. Grouge, who leaned across the desk where he could watch the interview in the corner. At the conclusion of the interview, Paul Pollet passed a small bundle of purple stock-certificates to Mr. Daw, and, in return, Mr. Daw wrote Mr. Pollet a check. While doing so, Mr. Daw smilingly displayed another check, a pink one, which he immediately returned to his pocket.

Mr. Wallingford came down-stairs, and left another small package to be expressed to the Eagle Gold Pen Consolidation. Mr.

Wallingford was introduced to Mr. Pollet by Mr. Daw. Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw walked away together.

Mr. Grouge went over and took Mr. Daw's vacated chair. "Fine weather," he suggested.

"Great," agreed Mr. Pollet briskly, and felt in his pocket to see if his check was still safe.

"You don't happen to be a stockholder in the Cinder Heap Ocher Metal Prospect, do you?" inquired Mr. Grouge.

"No, I'm only a stock-and-bond salesman," returned Mr. Pollet, none too cordially.

"Oh!" responded Mr. Grouge. "You've been selling Mr. Daw some more stock in the mine?" he guessed.

"Yes, I've been hunting it up for him," acknowledged Pollet. "Are you a stockholder?"

"Got a thousand shares."



Wallingford rose and gazed down at Mr. Grouge with justly offended dignity. "It's none of your business," he stated

Mr. Pollet was instantly interested. "How much will you take for it?" he wanted to know.

"What are you offering?"

"Seventy," briskly stated Paul.

Mr. Grouge blinked. At seventy, he could make a profit of four hundred dollars on his block. "I suppose you'd want to sell it to Mr. Daw?" he surmised.

"I wouldn't say that," returned Paul. "I have a market for it, however. Will you accept my offer?"

"No, I don't think I will," decided Mr. Grouge, who never in his life had accepted a dollar if there was a possible two dollars in sight.

"Very well," relinquished Paul easily. "I'm not so anxious as I was. It has taken me some hard work to accomplish it, but at last I know where all of the stock is, and, with the price I've offered you, I can easily secure enough to give Mr. Daw absolute control of the mine, which is what he wants."

"I knew there was some shenanigan here!" blurted Mr. Grouge excitedly. "This man Daw, and all his chemists, says that there ain't a thing of any value in that mine, and yet he wants control of it!"

"I don't know whether there are valuable deposits in that mine or not," said Pollet. "It's none of my business. I only know that Mr. Daw wants control of it. I know where to get the stock which will give him control, and I have instructions to buy it. With a majority of stock in his pocket, a man can walk into that mine and order every person there off the premises, and run it to suit himself."

Mr. Wallingford returned alone from his walk with Mr. Daw, and left another package at the desk. His hand was well enough now to make out his own receipt. He walked on up-stairs.

The landlord called Mr. Grouge over to him. "He just left some more iridium," he whispered. "The two packages ain't worth a cent less than five thousand dollars!"

"You put those packages back in your safe!" ordered Mr. Grouge. "I'm going to swear out an attachment against them."

"Not by a durn sight!" promptly stated the landlord. "I'm a receiving agent for the express company, and I've receipted for these packages, and they're as good as gone! You can't prove where Mr. Wallingford got 'em, anyhow."

"You're receiving stolen goods!" charged Grouge, his fingers clutching.

"Who will you prove it by?" demanded the landlord, putting the packages away.

"I don't know," admitted Grouge.

Mr. Pollet walked over to the desk and asked for his key.

"I reckon I'll sell you my stock," said Mr. Grouge to Pollet.

"All right," accepted Paul promptly, and reached in his pocket. "I haven't my check-book here, but I have the check which Mr. Daw just gave me, for a thousand shares. Perhaps you'll accept that check in payment, and give me your check for the balance?"

"How much is it for?" asked Grouge interestedly unfolding it. "By jinks! It's for eight hundred dollars! Did he pay you eighty for that stock?"

"That's what he did," chuckled Pollet. "I made three hundred dollars on that deal. I bought it in for fifty from a man who didn't know what it was worth."

Mr. Grouge, with his greedy eyes on the packages which the landlord had put away, slowly pushed back the check. "Who else has got any of this stock?" he wanted to know.

"That's my secret," declared Paul indignantly. "I know where to find all of it."

"How much does Mr. Daw need to give him control?" inquired Mr. Grouge thoughtfully.

"Not very much," admitted Paul. "A few little blocks like yours would do the trick."

Mr. Grouge, his eyes still on those two packages, spent a moment in deep, deep thought, in which he sucked his lips well back toward his palate. "Looky here," he finally suggested. "If you could buy up a lot of that stock and sell it, you could take a mighty small profit, and still make more than you will by turning over just a few shares to Mr. Daw."

"That's true enough," laughed Paul. "I know one man who has thirty-eight per cent. of the stock. I'm going up to see him to-morrow, and try to get him to sell me part of it."

"I think I'll go with you and see if he won't sell all of it," offered Grouge, with growing eagerness.

"I'll see that man by myself," chuckled Paul.

"All right, all right," agreed Mr. Grouge, clutching him by the arm. "I'll go with you to the city. You go to see your man, and I'll wait for you in some saloon. We can catch this next train."

X

THE glee-club chemists were still recovering from the social event of the season, two mornings later, and were dawdling about their monotonous analyses with scant enthusiasm, when the door opened and Henry Z. Grouge walked in. His mouth was drawn in until it was knotted, and a triumphant light shone from every freckle in his small eyes.

"Get out, all of you!" he ordered, taking up a commanding position in the middle of the floor. "I'm going to shut down this mine until I have time to call a regular legal stockholders' meeting, and I've got an injunction to do it with."

Blackie Daw advanced upon him majestically. "What is the meaning of this outrage?" he demanded, thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his vest.

"This is what it means," Henry Z. Grouge promptly informed him. "I've bought up a majority of the stock in this mine, at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars."

Blackie repressed his gleam of satisfaction. Paul Pollet's telegram had not dared to be explicit as to the amount he had managed to wedge out of Grouge. It was fairly satisfactory, since the expenses would not be much over a thousand dollars, and their purchase and sale of iridium had entailed no loss worth mentioning. Such it was to play poker with a lollop like Onion Jones.

"Good!" declared Blackie. "You will bring new life into the business."

"I should say I will!" agreed Mr. Grouge, all too promptly. "It will be absolutely new life, because I'm going to fire every one of you cheaters off the premises, and run it to suit myself! The iridium down there belongs to me! Take your chemists and go!"

The little red-headed chemist had already rolled up his overalls in a neat little bundle, and now he shook it at Mr. Grouge. "We wouldn't work for you anyhow!" he declared, on behalf of the entire glee club. "Blackie, let's tell him what we think of him."

"That's right, Dicky," agreed Blackie. "Now all together! One! Two! Three! Ready! Warble!"

With the leathern lungs of youth the six chemists, and the director of the saxophone band, rolled out the Cinder Heap yell. They listened for an instant.

"Hee-haw!" finished the strident voice of faithful Percival.

The next story of ***"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"*** will appear in the November issue.

The Streets of Ascalon

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: The beginning of the story finds genteel New York excited over the advent of a beautiful Western widow, Strelsa Leeds, who is being vouched for by a *grande dame* of society. She is introduced to the reader at the Irish Legation, the abode of several congenial bachelors, among them Richard—also Rix, Ricky, and Dick—Quarren, a young man of no means but great talent, which he is devoting to society in return for its favors. He is a great favorite, but Strelsa seems not to care to meet him, and does not until her friends, the Wycherlys, open their new town house with a masked dance. Quarren is recognized as a harlequin, Mrs. Leeds as a Byzantine dancer dazzling with gold and jewels. Evading a swarm of admirers, she disappears through a wall of flowers. Quarren alone knows of a secret stairway, and he follows her to a concealed balcony. A battle of wits follows, Quarren making love to her, offering homage to her beauty, she, thinking her disguise is complete, coquetting with him. He offers to wager he can find out who she is. The forfeit is an hour out of life. He wins, and then, putting his arm about her, he tells her he is going to take the first minute in kissing her.

The moment for unmasking comes. When he tells her who he is she is pleasantly disappointed in him, as the hour with him has proved him to be not the type of man she had supposed him to be It is the beginning of sincere friendship on her part, unseasonable love-making on his. They go to the supper-room together, avoiding the scions of great wealth who are looking for her, and behind the palms they pledge their new friendship—"with every sporting chance, worldly hazard, and heavenly possibility in it." And the possibilities he proceeds to put to the test. He calls her up at noon the next day, begs to be allowed to call at once, and does so, taking desperate chances with the favor he has gained, and almost meeting disaster when he asks Strelsa pointblank if she is engaged to be married. But she forgives him, defends him that afternoon in a Fifth Avenue dowager's drawing-room where he is being discussed with no flattery to himself, and writes to him from the South, whither she goes next day with the Wycherlys.

Mrs. Sprowl, the Fifth Avenue dowager, has assumed charge of a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, and warns off all comers but a Sir Charles Mallison, whom she sends South, whence news comes that Langly Sprowl, who takes what he wants where he finds it, has decided to take Strelsa. However, she comes back promise free, though inclined to favor young Sprowl, whose frankness in telling her the gossip about himself has deceived her. Mrs. Sprowl's attempt to discredit both Langly and Quarren leads to a break with the dowager, for Strelsa defends both men and refuses to consider Sir Charles seriously. Then Quarren accomplishes his own undoing by kissing Strelsa after a quiet dinner in her home. Strelsa is no longer at home to him, but she has awakened in him a desire to be more than a society entertainer, and he absents himself from all those places where his presence formerly meant that the function in progress would end without a hitch. Mrs. Sprowl takes him to task for upsetting society and tells him to pick out the girl he wants—unless it is Strelsa—and she will get her for him. But he refuses to return to servitude, undertakes to earn his own living, and soon enters into a partnership with Lord Dankmere, who has brought over his family's collection of pictures for sale. Molly Wycherly breaks to him the news that Strelsa has lost all her money. To her that means a marriage for purely material reasons, and a letter from Strelsa herself announces that she contemplates such a marriage. Quarren, in a week-end with her at Witch-Hollow, is unable to break her determination, and he goes back to town with a feeling of defeat, having been told by Strelsa that she is going to trade her beauty for Langly Sprowl's millions.

QUARREN arrived in town about twilight. Taxis were no longer for him nor he for them. Suit-case and walking-stick in hand, he started up Lexington Avenue still excited and exhilarated from his leave-taking with Strelsa. An almost imperceptible fragrance seemed to accompany him, freshening the air around him in the shabby streets of Ascalon; the heat-cursed city grew cooler, sweeter, for her memory. Through the avenue's lamp-lit dusk passed the pale ghosts of Gath and the phantoms of the Philistines, and he thought their shadowy forms moved less wearily, and that strange faces looked less wanly at him as they grew out of the night—"clothed in scarlet and ornaments of gold"—and dissolved again into darkness.

Still thrilled, almost buoyant, he walked on, passing the high-piled masonry of the branch post-office and the Central Palace on his left. Against high stars the twin power-house chimneys stood outlined in steel; on the right endless blocks of brownstone dwellings stretched northward, some already converted into shops where print-sellers, dealers in old books, and here and there antiquaries had constructed show-windows.

Firemen lounged outside the eighth battalion quarters; here and there a grocer's or wine-seller's windows remained illuminated where those who were neither well-to-do nor very poor passed to and fro with little packages which seemed a burden under the sultry skies.

At last, ahead, the pseudo-Oriental towers of a synagogue varied the flat skyline, and a moment later he could see the New Thought Laundry, the Tonsorial Drawing Rooms, the undertaker's discreetly illuminated windows, and finally the bay-window of his own recent real-estate office, now transmogrified

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DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Quarren deposited his luggage, locked the door, then walked back to the front parlor and, unobserved, still scattering the Perfumes of Araby; other perfumes nearly finished Quar- occupied by Karl Westguard, Cyrille Caldera,



slipped in, seating himself among the battered derelicts of the rear row. A thin, hirsute young man was
ren; but he held his ground and gazed grimly at an improvised platform
and Bleecker De Groot, the men in full evening dress

into the Dankmere Galleries of Old Masters, Fayre and Quarren, Proprietors.

The window appeared to be brilliantly illuminated behind the drawn curtains; and Quarren, surprised and vexed, concluded that the little Englishman was again entertaining. So it perplexed and astonished him to find the earl sitting on the front steps, his straw hat on the back of his head, smoking. At the same moment, from within the house a confused and indescribable murmur was wafted to his ears as though many people were applauding.

"What on earth is going on inside?" he asked, bewildered.

"You told me over the telephone that Karl Westguard might have the gallery for this evening," said the Englishman calmly. "So I let him have it."

"What did he want of it? Whom has he got in there?" demanded Quarren as another ripple of applause sounded from within.

Dankmere thought a moment. "I really don't know the audience, Quarren—they're not a very fragrant lot."

"What audience? Who are they?"

"You Americans would call them a tough-looking bunch—except Westguard and Bleecker De Groot and Mrs. Caldera."

"Cyrille Caldera and De Groot! What's that silly old dandy doing down here?"

"Diffusing sweetness and light among the unwashed; telling them that there are no such things as classes, that wealth is no barrier to brotherhood, that the heart of Fifth Avenue beats as warmly and guilelessly as the heart of Essex Street, and that its wealth-burdened inhabitants have long desired to fraternize with the benchers in Paradise Park."

"Who put Westguard up to this?" asked Quarren, aghast.

"De Groot. Karl is writing a leveling novel calculated to annihilate caste. The undertaker next door furnished the camp-chairs; the corner grocer the collation; Westguard, Mrs. Caldera, and Bleecker De Groot the mind-food. Go in and look 'em over."

The front door was standing partly open; the notes of a piano floated through; a high and soulful tenor voice was singing "Perfumes of Araby," but Quarren did not notice any as he stepped inside.

Not daring to leave his suit-case in the hallway, he kept on along the passage to the extension where the folding-doors were locked. Here he deposited his luggage, locked the door, then walked back to the front parlor and, unobserved, slipped in, seating himself among the battered derelicts of the rear row.

A thin, hirsute young man was still scattering the Perfumes of Araby; other perfumes nearly finished Quarren; but he held his ground and gazed grimly at an improvised platform occupied by Karl Westguard, Cyrille Caldera, and Bleecker De Groot, the men in full evening dress. Also there was a table supporting a Calla lily.

Westguard spoke first, very earnestly: "The world calls me a novelist. I am not! Thank Heaven I aspire to something loftier. I am not a mere scribbler of fiction; I am a man with a message—a plain, simple, earnest, warm-hearted humanitarian who has been roused to righteous indignation by the terrible contrast in this miserable city between wealth and poverty—"

"That's right," interrupted a hoarse voice; "it's all a con game, an' the perlice is into it, too!"

"T'hell wit te bulls! Croak 'em!" observed another gentleman thickly.

Westguard, slightly discountenanced by the significant cheers which greeted this sentiment, introduced Bleecker De Groot; and the rotund old beau came jauntily forward, holding out both immaculate hands with an artlessly comprehensive gesture calculated to make the entire East Side feel that it was reposing upon his beautifully laundered bosom.

"Ah, my friends!" cried De Groot, "if you could only realize how great is the love for humanity within my breast! If you could only know of the hours and days and even weeks that I have devoted to solve the problems of the poor! And I *have* solved them—every one. And *this* is the answer!"—grasping dauntlessly at a dirty hand and shaking it—"this!"—seizing another—"and this, and this! And now I ask you, *what* is this mute answer which I have given you?"

"De merry mitt," said a voice promptly.

Mr. De Groot smiled with sweetness and indulgence. "I apprehend your quaint and trenchant vernacular," he said. "It *is* the 'merry mitt'—the 'glad glove,' the 'happy hand'! Fifth Avenue clasps palms with Doyers Street."

"Ding!" said a weary voice. "Yer in

wrong, boss. It's nix f'r the tongs wit us gents. We transfer to Avenue A."

Mr. De Groot merely smiled indulgently. "The rich," he said, "are not really happy." His plump, highly colored features altered; presently a priceless tear glimmered in his monocle eye, and he brushed it away with a kind of noble pity for his own weakness. "Dear, dear friends," he said tremulously, "believe me—oh, believe me that the rich are not happy! Only the perspiring laborer knows what is true contentment. The question of poverty is a great social question. With me it is a religion. Oh, I could go on forever on this subject, dear friends, and talk on and on and on—"

Emotion again checked him—or perhaps he had lost the thread of his discourse—or possibly he had attained its limit—but he filled it out by coming down from the platform and shaking hands so vigorously that the gardenia in his lapel presently fell out.

Cyrille Caldera rose, fresh and dainty and smiling, and discoursed single-tax and duplex tenements, getting the two subjects mixed, but not minding that. Also she pointed at the Calla lily and explained that the lily was the emblem of purity. Which may have had something to do with something or other.

Then Westguard arose once more and told them all about the higher type of novel he was writing for humanity's sake, and became so interested and absorbed in his own business that the impatient shuffling of shabby feet on the floor alone interrupted him.

"Has anybody," inquired De Groot sweetly, "any vital question to ask—any burning inquiry of deeper, loftier import, which has perhaps long remained unanswered in his heart?"

A gentleman known usually as "Mike the Mink" arose and indicated with derisive thumb a picture among the Dankmere collection, optimistically attributed to Correggio. "Is that Salome, mister?" he inquired with a leer.

De Groot, slightly startled, looked at the canvas. "No, my dear friend; that is a picture painted hundreds of years ago by a great Italian master. It is called Danæ. Jupiter, you know, came to her in a shower of gold—"

"They all have to come across with it," remarked the Mink.

Somebody observed that if the police caught the dago who painted it they'd pinch him.

To make a diversion, and with her own fair hands, Cyrille Caldera summoned the derelicts to sandwiches and ginger-ale, and De Groot, dashing more unmanly moisture from his monocle, went about resolutely shaking hands, while Westguard and the hirsute young man sang "Comrades" with much feeling.

Quarren, still unrecognized, edged his way out and rejoined Dankmere on the front stoop. Neither made any comment on the proceedings.

Later the derelicts, moodily replete, shuffled forth into the night, herded lovingly by De Groot, still shaking hands.

From the corner of the street opposite, Quarren and Dankmere observed their departure, and, later, they beheld De Groot and Mrs. Caldera slip around the block and discreetly disappear into a 1912 touring-car with silver mountings and two men in livery on the box.

Westguard, truer to his principles, took a car, and Quarren and the earl returned to their gallery with mixed emotions, and opened every window, top and bottom.

"It's all right in its way, I suppose," said Quarren. "Probably De Groot means well, but there's no conversation possible between a man who has just dined rather heavily and a man who has no chance of dining at all."

"Like preaching Christ to the poor from a Fifth Avenue pulpit," said Dankmere vaguely.

"How do you mean?"

"A church on a side street would seem to serve the purpose. And the poor need the difference."

"I don't know about those matters."

"No; I don't either. It's easy, cheap, and popular to knock the clergy. Still, somehow or other, I can't seem to forget that the disciples were poor—and it bothers me a lot, Quarren."

Quarren said, "Haven't you and I enough to worry us concerning our own morals?"

Dankmere, who had been closing up and piling together the undertaker's camp-chairs, looked around at the younger man. "What did you say?" he asked.

"I said that probably you and I would find no time left to criticize either De Groot or the clergy, if we used our leisure in self-examination."

His lordship went on piling up chairs.

When he finished, he started wandering around, hands in his pockets. Then he turned out all the electric lamps, drew the bay-window curtains wide so that the silvery radiance from the arc-light opposite made the darkness dimly lustrous.

A little breeze stirred the hair on Quarren's forehead; Dankmere dropped into the depths of an armchair near him. For a while they sat together in darkness and silence, then the Englishman said abruptly,

"You've been very kind to me."

Quarren glanced up surprised. "Why not?"

"Because nobody else has any decent words to say of me."

Quarren, amused, said, "How do you know that *I* have, Dankmere?"

"A man knows some things. For example, most people take me for an ass—they don't tell me so, but I know it. And if they don't take me for an ass they assume that I'm something worse—because I have a title of sorts, no money, an inclination for the stage and the people who make a living out of it."

"Also," Quarren reminded him, "you are looking for a wealthy wife."

"God bless my soul! Am I the only chap in America who happens to be doing that?"

"No; but you're doing it conspicuously."

"You mean I'm honest about it?"

Quarren laughed. "Anyway, perhaps that's one reason why I like you. At first I also thought it was merely stupidity."

Dankmere crossed his short legs and lighted his pipe. "The majority of your better people have managed not to know me. I've met a lot of men of sorts, but they draw the line across their home thresholds—most of them. Is it the taint of vaudeville that their wives sniff at, or my rather celebrated indigence?"

"Both, Dankmere—and then some."

"Oh, I see. Many thanks for telling me. I take it you mean that it was my first wife they shy at."

Quarren remained silent.

"She was a bar-maid," remarked the earl. "We were quite happy—until she died."

Quarren made a slight motion of comprehension.

"Of course my marrying her damned us both," observed the earl.

"Of course."

"Quite so. People would have stood for anything else. But she wouldn't—you may think it odd. And I was in love—so there you are."

For a while they smoked there in the semi-darkness without exchanging further speech; and finally Dankmere knocked out his pipe, pocketed it, and put on his hat.

"You know," he said, "I'm not really an ass. My tastes and my caste don't happen to coincide—that's all, Quarren."

They walked together to the front stoop.

"When do we open shop?" asked the earl briskly.

"As soon as I get the reports from our experts."

"Won't business be dead all summer?"

"We may do some business with agents and dealers."

"I see. You and I are to alternate as salesmen?"

"For a while. When things start I want to rent the basement and open a department for repairing, relining, and cleaning; and I'd like to be able to do some of the work myself."

"*You?*"

"Surely. It interests me immensely."

"You're welcome, I'm sure," said Dankmere dryly. "But who's to keep the books and attend to correspondence?"

"We'll get somebody. A young woman who says she is well recommended advertised in Thursday's papers, and I wrote her from Witch-Hollow to come around Sunday morning."

"That's to-morrow."

Quarren nodded.

So Dankmere trotted jauntily away into the night, and Quarren locked the gallery and went to bed, certain that he was destined to dream of Strelsa. But the sleek, narrow head and slightly protruding eyes of Langly Sprowl formed the only vision that peered cautiously at him through his sleep.

The heated silence of a Sunday morning in July awoke him from a somewhat restless night. Bathed and shaved, he crept forth limply to breakfast at the Founders' Club, where he still retained a membership. There was not a soul there excepting himself and the servants—scarcely a person on the avenues and cross-streets which he traversed going and coming, only one or two old men selling Sunday papers at street-stands, an old hag gleaning in the gutters, and the sparrows.

Clothing was a burden. He had some pongee garments which he put on, installed

himself in the gallery with a Sunday paper, an iced lime julep, and a cigarette, and awaited the advent of the young lady who had advertised that she knew all about bookkeeping, stenography, and typewriting, and could prove it.

She came about noon—a pale young girl, very slim in her limp black gown, and, at Quarren's invitation, seated herself at the newly purchased desk of the firm. Here, at his request, she took a page or two of dictation from him and typed it rapidly and accurately. She had her own system of bookkeeping, which she explained to the young man, who seemed to think it satisfactory. Then he asked her what salary she expected, and she told him, timidly.

"All right," he said with a smile, "if it suits you it certainly suits me. Will you begin to-morrow?"

"Whenever you wish, Mr. Quarren."

"Well, there won't be very much to do for a while," he said laughingly, "except to sit at that desk and look ornamental."

She flushed, then smiled and thanked him for giving her the position, adding, with another blush, that she would do her best.

"Your best," he said amiably, "will probably be exactly what we require. Did you bring any letters?"

She hesitated. "One," she said gravely. She searched in her reticule, found it, and handed it to Quarren, who read it in silence, then returned it to her.

"You were stenographer in Mr. Sprowl's private office?"

"Yes."

"This letter isn't signed by Mr. Sprowl."

"No, by Mr. Kyte, his private secretary."

"It seems you were there only six months."

"Six months."

"And before that where were you?"

"At home."

"Oh; Mr. Sprowl was your first employer!"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave?"

The girl hesitated so long that he thought she had not understood, and was about to repeat the question when something in her pallor and in her uplifted eyes checked him.

"I don't know why I was sent away," she said in a colorless voice.

He thought for a while, then, carelessly, "I take it that there was nothing irregular in *your* conduct?"

"No."

"You'd tell me if there was, wouldn't you?"

She lifted her dark eyes to his. "Yes," she said.

How much of an expert he was at judging faces he did not know, but he was perfectly satisfied with himself when she took her leave. And when Dankmere came in after luncheon he said:

"I've engaged a bookkeeper. Her name is Jessie Vining. She's evidently unhappy, poor, underfed, and the prettiest thing you ever saw out of a business college. So, being unhappy, poor, underfed, *and* pretty, I take it that she's all to the good."

"It's a generous world of men," said Dankmere, "so I guess she *is* good."

"I'm sure of it. She was Sprowl's private stenographer—and he sent her away. There are three reasons why he might have dismissed her. I've taken my choice of them."

"Did he give her a letter?"

"No."

"Oh. Then I've taken my choice, too."

"Kyte ventured to give her a letter," said Quarren. "I've heard that Kyte *could* be decent sometimes."

"I see."

Nothing further was said about the new bookkeeper. His lordship went into the back parlor and played the piano until satiated; then mixed himself a lime julep.

That afternoon they went over the reports of the experts very carefully. From these reports and his own conclusions Quarren drafted a catalogue, while Dankmere went about sticking adhesive labels on the frames, all numbered. And, as he trotted blithely about his work he talked to himself and to the pictures:

"Here's number nine for you, old lady! If I'd had a face like that I'd have killed the artist who transferred it to canvas! . . . Number sixteen for you there in your armor! Somebody in Springfield will buy you for an ancestor, and that's what will happen to you. . . . And you, too, in a bag-wig!—*you'll* be some rich Yankee's ancestor before you know it! That's the way you'll end, my smirking friend. . . . Hello! *Tiens! In Gottes namen*—who have we here? Why, it's Venus! And hot weather is no excuse for going about *that* way! Listen to this, Quarren, for an impromptu patter-song—



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Quarren installed himself in the gallery with a Sunday paper, an iced lime julep, and a cigarette, and awaited typewriting, and could prove it. She came about noon—



the advent of the young lady who had advertised that she knew all about bookkeeping, stenography, and a pale young girl, very slim in her limp black gown

"Venus, dear, you ought to know
What the proper caper is—
Even Eve, who wasn't slow
Robbed the neighbors' graperies!
Even Mænads on the go,
Fat Bacchantes in a row—
Even ladies in a show,
Wear *some* threads of naperies!
Through the heavens planet-strewn
Where a shred of vapor is
Quickly clothes herself the moon!
Get you to a modiste soon
Where the tissue-paper is
Cut in fashions fit for June—
Wear 'em, dear, for draperies—"

"*Good* heavens!" protested Quarren, "how long can you run on like that?"

"Years, and years, my dear fellow. It's in me—born in me! Can you beat it? Though I appear to be a peer, appearance is a liar; cast for a part apart from caste, departing I climb higher toward the boards to bore the hordes and lord it, sock and buskin, dispensing sweetness, art, and light as per our old friend Ruskin."

"Dankmere!"

"Heaven-born?"

"Stop!"

"I remain put. What number do I stick on this gentleman with streaky features?"

"Eighteen. That's a Franz Hals."

"Really?"

"Yes; the records are all here, and the experts agree."

His lordship got down nimbly from the step-ladder and came over to the desk. "Young sir," he said, "how much is that picture worth?"

"All we can get for it. It's not a very good example."

"Are you going to tell people that?"

"If they ask me," said Quarren, smiling.

"What price are you going to put on it?"

"Ten thousand."

"And do you think any art-smitten ass will pay that sum for a thing like that?"

"I think so. If it were only a decent example I'd ask ten times that—and probably get it in the end."

Dankmere inspected the picture more respectfully for a few moments, then pasted a label on an exquisite head by Greuze.

"She's a peach," he said. "What price is going to waft her from my roof-tree?"

"The experts say it's not a Greuze, but a contemporary copy. And there's no pedigree, either."

"Oh," said the earl blankly, "is that your opinion, too?"

"I haven't any yet. But there's no such picture by Greuze extant."

"You *don't* think it a copy?"

"I'm inclined not to. Under that thick blackish-yellow varnish I believe I'll find the pearl and rose texture of old Greuze himself. In the meantime it's not for sale."

"I see. And this battle scene?"

"Wouverman's—ruined by restoring. It's not worth much."

"And this virgin?"

"Pure as the Virgin herself—not a mark—flawless. It's by the master of the 'Death of Mary.' Isn't it a beauty? Do you notice St. John holding the three cherries and the Christ-child caressing the goldfinch? Did you ever see such color?"

"It's—er—pretty," said his lordship.

And so during the entire afternoon they compiled the price-list and catalogue, marking copies for what they were, noting such pictures as had been ruined by restoring or repainted so completely as almost to obliterate the last original brush-stroke. Also, Quarren reserved for his own investigations such canvases as he doubted or hoped for—a number that under their crocked, battered, darkened, or discolored surfaces hinted of bygone glories that might still be living and only imprisoned beneath the thick opacity of dust, soot, varnish, and the repainting of many years ago.

And that night he went to bed happier than he had ever been in all his life—unless his moments with Strelsa Leeds might be termed happy ones.

Monday morning brought, among other things, a cloudless sky, and little Miss Vining quite as spotless and radiant; and within ten minutes the click of the typewriter made the silent picture-plastered rooms almost gay. In shirtwaist and cuffs she took her place behind the desk with a sort of silent decision which seemed at once to invest her with suzerainty over all that corner of the room; and Dankmere, coming in a little later, whistling merrily and twirling his walking-stick, sheered off instinctively on his breezy progress through the rooms, skirting Jessie Vining's domain as though her private ensign flew above it and earthworks, cannon, and trespass notices flanked her corner on every side.

In the back parlor he said to Quarren, "So that is the girl?"

"It sure is."

"God bless my soul! she acts as though she had just bought in the whole place."

"What's she doing?"

"Just sitting there," admitted Dankmere.

He seemed to have lost his spirits. Once, certain that he was unobserved except by Quarren, he ventured to balance his stick on his chin, but it was a half-hearted performance; and when he tossed up his straw hat and attempted to catch it on his head, he missed, and the corrugated brim sustained a dent.

A number of people called that morning, quiet, well-dressed, cautious-eyed, soft-spoken gentlemen who moved about noiselessly over the carpets and, on encountering one another, nodded with silent familiarity and smiles scarcely perceptible.

They seemed to require no information concerning the pictures which they swept with glances almost careless on their first round of the rooms. But the first leisurely tour always resulted in a second where one or two pictures seemed to claim their closer scrutiny.

Now and then one of these gentlemen would screw a jewelers' glass into his eye and remain a few minutes, nose almost touching a canvas. Several used the large reading-glass lying on a side table. Before they departed all glanced over the incomplete scale of prices which Jessie Vining had typed and bound in blue covers; but one and all took their leave in amiable silence, saying a non-committal word or two to Quarren in pleasantly modulated voices and passing Jessie's desk with a grave inclination of gravely preoccupied faces.

When the last leisurely lingerer had taken his leave Quarren said to Jessie Vining,

"Those are representatives of various first-class dealers—confidential buyers, sons—even dealers themselves—like that handsome gray-haired young-looking man, who is Max Von Ebers, head of that great house."

"But they didn't buy one single thing!" said Jessie.

Quarren laughed. "People don't buy offhand. Our triumph is to get them here at all. I wrote to each of them personally."

Nobody else came for a long while; then one or two of the lesser dealers appeared, and now and then a man who might be an agent or a prowling and wealthy amateur or perhaps one of those curious haunters of all art-marts who never buy, but who never miss assisting at all inaugurations in person—like an ubiquitous and silent dog who turns up wherever more than two people assemble with any purpose in view—or without any.

During the forenoon and early afternoon several women came into the galleries; and they seemed to be a little different from ordinary women, although it would be hard to say wherein they were different except in one instance—a tall, darkly handsome girl whose jewelry was as conspicuously Oriental as her brilliant color.

Later Quarren told Jessie Vining that they were expert buyers on commission or brokers having clients among those very wealthy people who bought pictures now and then because it was fashionable to do so. Also, these same women-brokers represented a number of those unhappy old families who were being forced by straitened circumstances to part secretly with their heirlooms—family plate, portraits, miniatures, furniture—even with the antique mirrors on the walls and the very fire-dogs on the hearth amid the ashes of a burnt-out race almost extinct.

A few Jews came—representing the extreme types of the most wonderful race of people in the world—one tall, handsome, immaculate young man whose cultivated accent, charming manners, and quiet bearing challenged exception—and one or two representing the other extreme, loud, restless, aggressive, and as impertinent as they dared be, discussing the canvases in noisy voices and with callous manners verging always on the offensive.

These evinced a disposition for cash deals and bargain-wrangling, discouraged good-naturedly by Quarren, who referred them to the catalogue; and presently they took themselves off.

Dankmere sidled up to Quarren rather timidly toward the close of the afternoon. "I don't see what bally good *I* am in this business," he said. "I don't mean to shirk, Quarren, but there doesn't seem to be anything for me to do. I think that all these beggars spot me for an ignoramus the moment they lay eyes on me, and the whole thing falls on you."

Quarren said laughingly, "Well, didn't you furnish the stock?"

"We ought to go halves," muttered Dankmere, shyly skirting Jessie Vining's domain, where she was writing letters with the Social Register at her elbow.

The last days of June and the first of July were repetitions in a measure of the opening day at the Dankmere Galleries: people came and were received and entertained by Quarren, Dankmere sat about in various chairs or retired furtively to the back yard to smoke at intervals; Jessie Vining, with more color in her oval face, ruled her corner of the room in a sort of sweet and silent dignity.

Dankmere, who, innately, possessed the effrontery of a born comedian, for some reason utterly unknown to himself was inclined to be afraid of Jessie—afraid of the clear brown eyes indifferently lifted to his when he entered—afraid of the quiet "Good-morning, Lord Dankmere," with which she responded to his morning greeting—afraid of her cool, skilful little hands busy with pencil, pen, or lettered key—afraid of everything about her, from her rippling brown hair and snowy collar to the tips of her little tan shoes—even afraid of the back of her head when it presented only a slender neck and two little rosy, close-set ears. But he didn't mention his state of abasement to Quarren.

A curious thing occurred, too: Jessie had evidently been gay on Sunday; and, Monday noon, while out for lunch, she had left on her desk two Coney Island postal-cards decorated with her own photograph. When she returned, one card had vanished, and she searched quietly but thoroughly before she left for home that evening, but she did not find the card. But she said nothing about it.

The dreadful part of the affair was that it was theft—the Earl of Dankmere's first crime. Why he had taken it he did not know. The awful impulse of kleptomania alone seemed to explain but scarcely palliate his first offense against society. It was only after he realized that the picture and Jessie Vining vaguely resembled his dead countess that his lordship began to understand why he had committed a felony before he actually knew what he was doing.

And one day when Quarren was still out for lunch and Jessie had returned to her correspondence, the terrified earl suddenly appeared before her holding out the photograph; and she took it, astonished, her lifted eyes mutely inquiring concerning the inwardness of this extraordinary episode.

But Dankmere merely fled to the back yard, and remained there all the afternoon smoking his head off; and it was several days before Jessie had an opportunity to find herself alone in his vicinity and to ask him with almost perfect self-possession where he had found the photograph.

"I stole it," said Dankmere, turning bright red to his ear-tips.

All she could think of to say was, "Why?"

"It resembles my wife. So do you."

"Really," she said coldly.

Several days later she learned by the skilfully careless questioning of Quarren that the Countess of Dankmere had not existed on earth for the last ten years. This news extenuated the earl's guilt in her eyes to a degree which permitted a slight emotion resembling pity to pervade her. And one day she said to him, casually pleasant: "Would you care for that post-card, Lord Dankmere? If it resembles your wife I would be very glad to return it to you."

Dankmere, painfully red again, thanked her so nicely that the slight, instinctive distrust and aversion which, in the beginning, she had entertained for his lordship, suddenly disappeared so entirely that it surprised her when she had leisure to think it over afterward.

So she gave him the post-card, and next day she found a rose in a glass of water on her desk; and that ended the incident for them both, except that Dankmere was shyer of her than ever, and she was beginning to realize that his aloof and expressionless deportment was due to shyness—which to her seemed inexplicable, because otherwise timidity was scarcely the word to characterize his live little lordship.

Once, looking out the rear windows through the lace curtains, she saw the Earl of Dankmere in the back yard, gravely turning handsprings on the grass while still smoking his pipe. Once, entering the gallery unexpectedly, she discovered the earl standing at the piano, playing a rattling breakdown while his nimble little feet performed the same with miraculous agility and professional precision. She withdrew to the front door, hastily, and waited until the piano ceased from rumbling and the Oxfords were at rest, then returned with heightened color and a stifled desire to laugh which she disguised under an absent-minded nod of greeting.

Meanwhile one or two pictures had been sold to dealers—not important ones, but the sales were significant enough to justify the leasing of the basement. And here Quarren

installed himself from morning to noon as apprentice to an old Englishman who, before the failure of his eyesight, had amassed a little fortune as surgeon, physician, and trained nurse to old and decrepit pictures.

Not entirely unequipped in the beginning, Quarren now learned more about his trade—the guarded secrets of mediums and solvents, the composition of ancient and modern canvases, how old and modern colors were ground and prepared, how mixed, how applied. He learned how the old masters of the various schools of painting prepared a canvas or panel—how the snowy "veil" was spread and dried, how the under painting was executed in earth-red and bone-black, how the glaze was used and why, what was the medium, what the varnish.

He learned about the "baths of sunlight," too—those clarifying immersions practised so openly, yet until recently not understood. He comprehended the mechanics, physics, and simple chemistry of that splendid, mysterious "inward glow" which seemed to slumber under the colors of the old masters like the exquisite warmth in the heart of a gem.

To him, little by little, was revealed the only real wonder of the old masters—their astonishing honesty. He began to understand that, first of all, they were self-respecting artisans, practising their trade of making pictures and painting each picture as well as they knew how; that, like other artisans, their pride was in knowing their trade, in a mastery of their tools, and in executing commissions as honestly as they knew how and leaving the "art" to take care of itself.

Also he learned—for he was obliged to learn in self-protection—the tricks and deceptions and forgeries of the trade—all that was unworthy about it, all its shabby disguises and imitations and crude artifices and cunning falsehood.

He examined old canvases painted over with old-new pictures and then relined; canvases showing portions of original color; old canvases and panels repainted and artificially darkened and cleverly covered with both paint and varnish cracks; canvases that almost defied detection by needle-point or glass or thumb friction or solvent, so ingenious the forgery simulating age.

Every known adjunct was provided to carry out deception—genuinely old canvases or panels, old stretchers really worm-eaten, aged frames of the period, half-obliterated seals bearing sometimes even the cross-keys of the Vatican. Even, in some cases, pretense that the pictures had been cut from the frame and presumably stolen was carried out by a knife-slashed and irregular ridge where the canvas had actually been so cut and then sewed to a modern *toile*.

For forgery of art is as old as the Greeks and as new as to-day—the one sinister art that perhaps will never become a lost art; and Quarren and his aged mentor in the basement of the Dankmere Galleries discovered more than enough frauds among the Dankmere family pictures, showing how the little earl's forebears had once been gulled before his present lordship lay in his cradle.

To Quarren the work was fascinating and, except for his increasing worry over Strelsa Leeds, would have been all-absorbing to the degree of happiness—or that interested contentment which passes for it on earth.

To see the dull encasing armor of varnish disappear from some ancient masterpiece under the thumb, as the delicate thumb of the Orient polishes lacquer—to dare a solvent when needed, timing its strength to the second lest disaster tarnish forever the exquisite bloom of the shrouded glazing; to explore cautiously for suspected signatures; to brood and ponder over ancient records and alleged pedigrees; to compare prints and mezzotints, photographs and engravings, in search for identities; to study threads of canvas, flakes of varnish, flinty globules of paint under the microscope; to learn, little by little, the technical manners and capricious mannerisms significant of the progress periods of each dead master; to pore over endless volumes, monographs, illustrated foreign catalogues of public and private collections—in these things and through them happiness came to Quarren.

Never a summer sun rose over the streets of Ascalon arousing the Philistine to another day of toil but it awoke Quarren to the subdued excitement of another day. Eager, interested, content in his self-respect, he went forth to a daily business which he cared about for its own sake, and was fast learning to care about to the point of infatuation.

He was never tired of these days; the summer heat and lack of air and exercise made him rather thin and pale. Close work with the magnifying-glass had left his features slightly careworn, and had begun little

converging lines at the outer corners of his eyes. Only one line in his face expressed anything less happy—the commencement of a short perpendicular crease between his eyebrows. Anxious pondering over old canvases was not deepening that faint signature of perplexity—or the forerunner of care's sign-manual nervously etched from the wing of either nostril.

XII

SINCE Quarren had left Witch-Hollow, he and Strelsa had exchanged half a dozen letters of all sorts—gay, impersonal notes, sober epistles reflecting more subdued moods, then letters fairly sparkling with high spirits and the happy optimism of young people discovering that there is more of good than evil in a world still really almost new to them. Then there was a long letter of description and amusing narrative from her, in which, here and there, she became almost sentimental over phases of rural beauty; and he replied at equal length, telling her about his new shop-work in detail.

Suddenly out of a clear sky, there came from her a short, dry, and deliberate letter mentioning once more her critical worldly circumstances and the necessity of confronting them promptly and with intelligence and decision.

To which he answered vigorously, begging her to hold out—either fit herself for employment or throw her fortunes in with his and take the chances.

She answered:

Rix dear, don't you suppose I have thought of that? But I can't do it. There is nothing left in me to go on with. I'm burnt out—deadly tired, wanting nothing more than I shall have by marrying as I must marry. For I shall have you, too, as I have always had you. You said so, didn't you?

What difference, then, does it make to you or me whether or not I am married?

If you were sufficiently equipped to take care of me, and if I married you, I could not give you anything more than I have given already—I would not wish to if I could. All that many other women consider part of love—all that lesser side of it and of marriage—I could not give to you or to any man—could not endure; because it is not in me and never has been. It is foreign to me, unpleasant, distasteful—even hateful.

So, as I can give you nothing more than I have given or ever shall give, and as you have given me all you can—anyway, all I care for in you—let me feel free to seek my worldly salvation and find the quiet and rest and surcease from anxiety which comes only under such circumstances.

You won't think unkindly of me, will you, Rix? I don't know very much; I amount to very little. What ideals I had are dead. Why should anybody bother to agree or disagree with my very unaggressive opinions or criticize harshly a life which has been spent mainly in troubling the world as little as possible?

There are a number of people here—among them several friends of Jim Wycherly, all of them aviation-mad. Jim took out the Stinger, smashed the planes, and got a fall which was not very serious. Lester Caldera did the same thing to the Kent biplane, except that he fell into the river, and Sir Charles and Chrysos, in the launch, fished him out—swearing, they say.

Vincent Wier made a fine flight in his Delatour Dragon, sailing 'round and 'round like a big hawk for a quarter of an hour, but the wind came up and he couldn't land, and he finally came down thirty miles north of us in a swamp.

Langly took me for a short flight in his Owlet No. 3—only two miles and not very high, but the sensation was simply horrid. I never even cared for motoring, you see, so the experience left me most unenthusiastic, greatly to Langly's disgust. Really, all I care for is a decently gaited horse—and I prefer to walk him half the time. There is nothing speedy about me, Rix. If I ever had the inclination it's gone now.

To the evident displeasure of Sir Charles, Langly took up Chrysos Lacy; and the child adored it. I believe Sir Charles said something cutting to Langly in his quiet and dry way, which has, apparently, infuriated my to-be affianced, for he never goes near Sir Charles, now, and that cold-eyed gentleman completely ignores him. Which is *not* very agreeable for me.

O Rix, there seem to be so many misunderstandings in this exceedingly small world of ours—rows innumerable, heartburns, recriminations, quarrels secret and open, and endless misunderstandings. Please don't let any come between us, will you? Somehow, lately, I find myself looking on you as a distant but solid and almost peaceful refuge for my harried thoughts. And I'm so very, very tired of being hunted.

STRELSA.

He wrote to Strelsa:

If they hunt you too hard, the gateway of my friendship is open to you always: remember that, now, and in the days to come.

What you have written leaves me with nothing to answer except this: to all it is given to endure according to their strength; beyond it no one can strive; but short of its limits it's a shame to show faint-heartedness.

About the man you are determined to marry I have no further word to say. You know in what repute he is held in your world, and you believe that its censure is unjust. There is good in every man, perhaps, and perhaps the good in this man may show itself only in response to the better qualities in you.

Somehow, without trying, you almost instantly evoke the better qualities in me. You changed my entire life; do you know it? I myself scarcely comprehended why. Perhaps the negative sweetness in you concentrated and brought out the positive strength so long dormant in me. All I know clearly is that you came into my life and found a fool wast-



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Pretty little Miss Vining, pencil in hand, checks off at her desk the reference-books we require in our eternal hunt for information"

ing it, capering about in a costume half livery, half motley. My ambition was limited to my cap and bells; my aspirations never reached beyond the tip of my bauble. Then I saw you—and, all by themselves, my rags of motley fell from me, and something resembling a man stepped clear of them.

I am trying to make out of myself all that there is in me to develop. It is not much—scarcely more than the ability to earn a living.

I have come to care for nothing more than the right to look this sunny world straight in the face. Until I knew you I had scarcely seen it except through artificial light—scarce heard its voice; for the laughter of your world and the jingle of my cap and bells drowned it in my ass's ears.

I could tell you—for in dark moments I often believe it—that there is only one thing that counts in the world—one thing worth having, worth giving—love! But in my heart I know it is not so; and the romancers are mistaken; and so is the heart denied.

Better and worth more than love of man or woman is the mind's silent approval—whether given in tranquillity or accorded in dumb anguish.

Strelsa dear, I shall always care for you; but I have discovered that love is another matter—higher or lower as you will—but different. And I do not think I shall be able to love the girl who does what you are decided to do. And that does not mean that I criticize you or blame you, or that my sympathy, affection, interest, in you will be less. On the contrary, all these emotions may become keener; only one little part will die out, and that without changing the rest—merely that mysterious, curious, elusive, and illogical atom in the unstable molecule which we call love—and which, when separated, leaves the molecule changed only in name. We call it friendship, then.

And this is, I think, what you would most desire. So when you do what you have determined to do, I will really become toward you what you are—and have always been—toward me. And could either of us ask for more?

Only—forgive me—I wish it had been Sir Charles—or almost any other man. But that is for your decision, Strelsa governs and alone is responsible to Strelsa.

Meanwhile do not doubt my affection—do not fear unkindness, judgment, or criticism. I wish I were what you cared for most in the world—after the approval of your own mind. I wish you cared for me not only as you do, but with all that has never been aroused in you. For without that I am helpless to fight for you.

So, in your own way, you will live life through, knowing that in me you will always have an unchanged friend—even though the lover died when you became a wife. Is all clear between us now?

If you are ever in town, or passing through to Newport or Bar Harbor, stop and inspect our gallery. It is really quite pretty, and some of the pictures are excellent. You should see it now—sunlight slanting in through the dusty bay-window, Dankmere at a long polished table doing his level best to assemble certain old prints out of a portfolio containing nearly a thousand; pretty little Miss Vining, pencil in hand, checking off at her desk the reference-books we require in our eternal hunt for information; I below stairs in overalls if you please, paint and varnish stained, a jeweler's glass screwed into my left eye, examining an ancient panel which I strongly hope may have been the work of a gentleman named Bronzino—for its mate is almost certainly the man in armor in the Metropolitan Museum.

Strelsa, it is the most exciting business I ever dreamed of. And the beauty of it is that it leads out into everything—stretches a thousand sensitive tentacles which grasp at knowledge of beauty everywhere—whether it lie in the somber splendor of the tapestries of Bayeux, of Italy, of Flanders; or deep in the woven magnificence of some dead sultan's palace rug; or in the beauty of the work of silversmiths, goldsmiths, of long-dead sculptors in ivory or in wood; or in the untinted marbles of the immortal masters.

Never before did I understand how indissolubly all arts are linked, how closely and eternally knit together in the vast fabric fashioned by man from the beginning of time, and in the cryptograms of which lie buried all that man has ever thought and hoped.

My cat, Daisy, recently presented the Dankmere Galleries with five squeaking kittens of assorted color and design. Their eyes are now open. Poor Daisy! It seems only yesterday when, calmly purring on my knee, she heard for the first time in her innocent life a gentleman cat begin an intermezzo on the back fence. Never before had Daisy heard such amazing language: she rose, astounded, listening; then, giving me one wild glance, fled under the piano. I shied an empty bottle at the moon-lit minstrel; and I suppose that Daisy approved. But man supposes and cat proposes and—Daisy's kittens are certainly ornamental. Dankmere carries one in each pocket, Daisy trotting at his heels with an occasional little exclamation of solicitude and pride.

Really we're a funny lot here in the Dankmere Galleries—not superficially businesslike perhaps, for we close at five and have tea in the extension, Dankmere, Miss Vining, I, Daisy, and her young ones—Daisy and the latter taking their nourishment together in a basket which Miss Vining has lined with blue silk.

In the evenings sometimes Miss Vining remains and dines with Dankmere and myself at some near restaurant; and after dinner Karl Westguard comes in and reads the most recent chapter of his novel—or perhaps Dankmere plays and sings old-time songs for us—or, if the heat makes us feel particularly futile, I perform some of those highly intellectual tricks which once made me acceptable among people I now seldom or never see.

Miss Vining, as I have already told you in other letters, is a sweet, sincere girl with no pretense to anything out of the ordinary, yet blessed with a delicate sense of honor and incidentally of humor. She is quite alone in the world, and, now that she has made up her mind about Dankmere and me, I can see that she shyly enjoys our including her in our harmless informalities.

Westguard is immensely interested in her as a "type," and he informs me that he is "studying" her. Which is more or less bosh; but Karl loves to take himself seriously.

Nobody you know has been to see us. It may be because your world is out of town, but I'm beginning to believe that the Dankmere Galleries need expect no patronage from that same world. Friendship usually fights shy of the frontiers of business. Old acquaintanceship is forgot very quickly when one side or the other has anything to sell. Only those thrifty imitations of friends venture near in quest of

special privilege; and not getting it, go, never to return. *Ubi amici, ibi opes!*

When you pass through this furnace of Ascalon called New York will you stop among the Philistines long enough to take a cup of tea with us? I'll show you the pictures, Dankmere will play "Shannon Water" for you, Miss Vining will talk pretty platitudes to you, Daisy will purr for you, and the painted eyes of Dankmere's ancestors will look down approvingly at you from the wall; and all our little world will know that the loveliest and best of all the greater world is breaking bread with us under our roof, and that for once, unlike man's dealings with your celestial sisters, our entertainment of you will not be wholly unawares.

R. S. QUARREN.

The basement workshop was aromatic with the odors of solvents, mediums, and varnishes when he returned from posting his letter to Strelsa. His old English mentor had departed for good, leaving him to go forward alone in his profession. And now, as he stood there, looking out into the sunny back yard, for the first time he felt the silence and isolation of the place, and his own loneliness. Doubt crept in, whispering the uselessness of working, of saving, of self-denial, of laying by anything for a future that already meant nothing of happiness to him.

For whom, after all, should he save, hoard, gather together, economize? Who was there to labor for? For whom should he endure? He cared nothing for women; he had really never cared for any woman excepting only this one. He would never marry and have a son. He had no near or distant relatives. For whose sake, then, was he standing here in workman's overalls? What business had he here in the basement of a shabby house in midsummer? Did there remain any vague hope of Strelsa? Perhaps. Hope is the last of one's friends to die. Or was it for himself that he was working now to provide against those evil days "when the keepers of the house shall tremble"? Perhaps he was unconsciously obeying nature's first law.

And yet, slowly within him grew a certainty that these reasons were not the real ones—not the vital impulse that moved his hand steadily through critical and delicate moments as he bent, breathless, over the faded splendors of ancient canvases. No; somehow or other he had already begun to work for the sake of the work itself—whatever that really meant. That was the basic impulse—the occult motive; and, somehow, he knew that, once aroused, the desire to strive could never again in him remain wholly quiescent.

Both Dankmere and Miss Vining had gone to lunch, presumably in different directions; Daisy and her youngsters, having been nourished, were asleep; there was not a sound in the house except the soft rubbing of tissue-paper where Quarren was lightly removing the retouching varnish from a relined canvas. Presently the front door-bell rang.

Quarren rinsed his hands and, still wearing overalls and painter's blouse, mounted the basement stairs and opened the front door. And Mrs. Sprowl supported by a footman waddled in, panting.

"Tell your master I want to see him," she said. "I don't mean that fool of an Englishman; I mean Mr. Quar— Good Lord! Ricky, is that *you?* Here, get me a chair—those front steps nearly killed me. Long ago I swore I'd never enter a house which was not basement-built and had an elevator! Hand me one of those fans. And if there's any water in the house not swarming with typhoid germs, get me a glass of it."

He brought her a tumbler of spring water; she panted and gulped and fanned and panted, her little green eyes roaming around her. Presently she dismissed the footman, and turned her heavily flushed face on Quarren. The rolls of fat crowded the lace on her neck, perspiration glistened under her sparklike eyes.

"How are you?" she inquired.

He said, smilingly, that he was well.

"You don't look it. You look gaunt. Well, I never thought you'd come to this—that you had it in you to do anything useful."

"I believe I've heard you say so now and then," he said with perfect good-humor.

"Why not? Why should I have thought that your talents amounted to more than ornaments?"

"No reason to suppose so," he admitted, amused.

"Not the slightest. Talent usually damns people to an effortless existence. And yours was a pleasant one, too. You had a good time, didn't you?"

"Oh, very."

"There was nothing to do except to come in, kiss the girls all around, and make faces to amuse them, was there?"

"Not much more," he admitted, laughing.

Mrs. Sprowl's little green eyes traveled all over the walls. "Umph," she snorted, "I suppose these are some of Dankmere's heirlooms. I never fancied that little bounder."

"Wait!"

"What?"

"Wait a moment. I like Dankmere, and he isn't a bounder."

"He *is* one!"

"Keep that opinion to yourself," he said bluntly.

The old lady's eyes blazed. "I'm dashed if I do!" she retorted. "I'll say what—"

"Not here! You mustn't be uncivil here. You know well enough how to behave when necessary; and if you don't do it I'll call your carriage."

For fully five minutes Mrs. Sprowl sat there attempting to digest what he had said. The process was awful to behold, but she accomplished it at last with a violent effort. "Ricky," she said, "I didn't come here to quarrel with you over an Englishman who—of whom I—have my personal opinion."

He laughed, leaned over, and deliberately patted her fat wrist; and she glared at him somewhat as a tigress inspects a favorite but overgrown and presuming cub.

"I don't know why you came," he said, "but it was nice of you, anyway, and I am glad to see you."

"If that's true," she said, "you're one of mighty few. The joy which people feel in my presence is usually exhibited when I'm safely out of their houses, or they are out of mine."

She laughed at that; and he did, too; and she gulped her glass of water and refused more.

"Ricky," she began abruptly, "you've been up to that Witch-Hollow place of Molly's?"

"Yes."

"Well, what the devil is going on there?"

"Aviation," he said blandly.

"What else? Don't evade an answer! I can't get anything out of that little idiot, Molly; I can't worm anything out of Sir Charles; I can't learn anything from Strelsa Leeds; and as for Langly, he won't even answer my letters. Now I want to know what is going on there? I've been as short with Strelsa as I dare be—she's got to be led with sugar. I've almost ordered her to come to me at Newport, but she doesn't come."

"She's resting," said Quarren coolly.

"Hasn't she had time to rest in that dingy, dead-and-alive place? And what keeps Langly there? He has nothing to look at except a few brood-mares. Do you suppose he has the bad taste to hang around waiting for Chester Ledwith to get out and Mary Ledwith to return? Or is it something else that glues him there—with the *Yulan* in the Hudson?"

Quarren shrugged his lack of interest in the subject.

"If I thought," muttered the old lady, "if I imagined for one moment that Langly was daring to try any of his low, cold-blooded tricks on Strelsa Leeds, I'd go up there myself—I'd take the next train and tell that girl plainly what kind of a citizen my charming nephew really is!"

Quarren was silent.

"Why the dickens don't you say something?" she demanded. "I want to know whether I ought to go up there or not. Have you ever observed—have you ever suspected that there might be anything between Langly and Strelsa Leeds?—any tacit understanding—any interest on her part in him? Why don't you answer me?"

"You know," he said, "that it's none of your business what I believe."

"Am I to take that impudence literally?"

"Exactly as I said it. You asked improper questions; I am obliged to remind you that you cannot expect me to answer them."

"Why can't you speak of Langly?"

"Because what concerns him does not concern me."

"I thought you were in love with Strelsa," she said bluntly.

"If I were, do you imagine I'd discuss it with you?"

"I'll tell you what!" she shouted, purple with rage, "you might do a blamed sight worse! I'd—I'd rather see her your wife than his!—and God knows *what* he wants of her, at that—as Mary Ledwith has first call or the world will turn Langly out of doors!"

Quarren, slightly paler, looked at her in silence.

"I tell you the world will spit in his face," she said between her teeth, "if he doesn't make good with Mary Ledwith after what he's done to her and her husband."

"He has too much money," said Quarren. "Besides, there's an ordinance against it."

"You watch and see! Some things are *too* rotten to be endured—"

"What? I haven't noticed any, either abroad or here. Anyway, it doesn't concern me."

"Don't you care for that girl?"

"We are friends."

"Friends, eh!" she mimicked him wickedly, plying her fan like a mad woman. "Well, I fancy I know what sort of friendship has made you look ten years older in half a year. O Ricky, Ricky!"—she added with an abrupt change of feeling—"I'm sorry for you. I like you even when you are impertinent to me—and you know I do! But I—my heart is set on her marrying Sir Charles. You know it is. Could anything on earth be more suitable?—happier for her as well as for him? Isn't he a man where Langly is a—a toad, a cold-blooded worm!—a—a thing! I tell you my heart's set on it; there is nothing else interests me; I think of nothing else, care for nothing else."

"Why?"

"What?" she said, suddenly on her guard.

"Why do you care for it so much?"

"Why? That is an absurd question."

"Then answer it without taking time to search for any reason except the real one."

"Ricky, you insolent—"

"Never mind. Answer me; *why* are you so absorbed in this marriage?"

She said with a calmly contemptuous shrug, "Because Sir Charles is deeply in love with her, and I am fond of them both."

"Is that sufficient reason for such strenuous and persistent efforts on your part?"

"That—and hatred for Langly," she said stolidly.

"Just those three reasons?"

"Certainly. Just those three."

He shook his head.

"Do you disbelieve me?" she demanded.

"I am compelled to, knowing that never in all your life have you made the slightest effort in behalf of friendship—never inconvenienced yourself in the least for the sake of anybody on earth."

She stared at him, amazed, then angry, then burst into a loud laugh; but, even while laughing, her fat features suddenly altered as though pain had cut mirth short.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"Nothing. *You* are the matter. I've always been fool enough to take you for a fool. You were the only one among us clever enough to read us and remain unread. God! If only some of us could see what we look like in the archives of your brain! Let it go at that; I don't care what I look like as long as it's a friendly hand that draws my features. I'm an old woman, remember. And it *is* a friendly pencil you wield, isn't it, Ricky?"

"Yes."

"I believe it. I never knew you to do or say a deliberately unkind thing. I never knew you to abuse a confidence, either. And you were the receptacle for many—Heaven only knows how many trivial, petty, miserable little intrigues you were made aware of, or how many secret kindnesses you have done. Let that go, too. I want to tell you something."

She motioned him nearer; she was too stout to lean far forward, and he placed his chair beside hers.

"Do you know where and when Sir Charles first saw Strelsa Leeds?"

"Yes."

"In Egypt. She was the wife of the charming and accomplished Reggie at the time."

"I know."

"Did you know that Sir Charles fell in love with her then? That he never forgot her? That when Reggie finally took his last header into the ditch he had been riding for, Sir Charles came to me in America and asked what was best to do? That on my advice he waited until I managed to draw the girl out of her retirement? That then, on my advice, he returned to America to offer himself when the proper time arrived? Did you know these things, Rix?"

"No," he said.

"Then you know them now."

"Yes, I—" he hesitated, looking straight at her in silence. And after a while a slight color not due to the heat deepened the florid hue of her features.

"I knew Sir Charles's father," she said in a voice so modulated, a voice so unexpected and almost pretty, that he could scarcely believe it was she who had spoken. "You said," she went on under her breath, "that in all my life friendship had never inspired in me a kindly action. You are wrong, Rix. In the matter of this marriage my only inspiration is friendship—the friendship I had for a man who is dead. Sir Charles is his only son."

Quarren looked at her in silence.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"In the evenings sometimes Miss Vining remains and dines with Dankmere and myself at some near restau-
anything out of the ordinary, yet blessed with a delicate sense of honor and inci-
made up her mind about Dankmere and me. I can see that she



rant. Miss Vining, as I have already told you in other letters, is a sweet, sincere girl with no pretense to
dentally of humor. She is quite alone in the world, and, now that she has
shyly enjoys our including her in our harmless informalities"

"I was young once, Ricky. I suppose you can scarcely believe that. Life and youth began early for me—and lasted a little more than a year—and then they both burnt out in my heart—leaving the rest of me alive—this dross!" She touched herself on her bosom, then lowered her eyes, and sat thinking for a while.

Daisy walked into the room and seated herself in a bar of sunlight, pleasantly blinking her yellow eyes. Mrs. Sprowl glanced at her absently, and they eyed each other in silence. Then the larger of the pair drew a thick, uneasy breath, looked up at Quarren, all the cunning and hardness gone from her heavy features.

"I've only been trying to do for a dead man's son what might have pleased that man were he alive," she said. "Sir Charles was a little lad when he died. But he left a letter for the boy to read when he was grown up. I never saw the letter, but Sir Charles has told me that, in it, his father spoke—amiably—of me and said that in me his son would always find a friend. That is all, Rix. Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Then—should I go to Witch-Hollow?"

"I can't answer you."

"Why?"

"Because—because I care for her too much. And I can do absolutely nothing for her. I could not swerve her or direct her. She alone knows what is in her heart and mind to do. I cannot alter it. She will act according to her strength; none can do otherwise. And she is tired to the very soul. You tell me that life and youth in you died within a year's space. I believe it. But with her it took two years to die. And then it died. Let her alone, in God's name! The child is weary of pursuit,-deathly weary of importunity—tired, sad, frightened at the disaster to her fortune. Let her alone. If she marries it will be because of physical strength lacking—strength of character, of mind—perhaps moral, perhaps spiritual strength—I don't know. All I know is that no man or woman can help her, because the world has bruised her too long, and she's afraid of it."

For a long while Mrs. Sprowl sat there in silence; then, "It is strange," she mused, "that Strelsa should be afraid of Sir Charles."

"I don't think she is."

"Then why on earth won't she marry him? He is richer than Langly!"

Quarren looked at her, oddly. "But Sir Charles is her friend, you see. And so am I. Friends do not make a convenience of each other."

"She could learn to love him. He is a lovable fellow."

"I think," said Quarren, "that she has given to him and to me all that there is in her to give to any man. And so, perhaps, she could not make the convenience of a husband out of either of us."

"What a twisted, ridiculous, morbid—"

"Let her alone," he said gently.

"Very well. But I'll be hanged if I let Langly alone! He's still got me to deal with, thank God! Whatever he dares do to Mary Ledwith—whatever he has done to that wretched creature, Chester Ledwith—he's still got a perfectly vigorous aunt to reckon with. And we'll see," she added, "we'll see what can be done."

The front door opened noisily.

"That's Dankmere," he said. "If you are not going to be civil to him hadn't you better go?"

"I'll be civil to him," she snorted, "but I'm going anyway. Good-by, Ricky. I'll buy a picture of you when the weather's cooler. How-de-do!"—as his lordship entered looking rather hot and mussy. "Hope your venture into the realms of art will prove successful, Lord Dankmere. Really, Rix, I must be going—if you'll call my man!"

"I'll take you down," he said, smilingly offering his support.

So Mrs. Sprowl rolled away in her motor, and Quarren came back, wearied with the perplexities and strain of life, to face once more the lesser problems of the immediate present: one of them was an ancient panel in the basement, and he went down-stairs to solve it, leaving Dankmere sorting out old prints and Jessie Vining, who had just returned, writing business letters on her machine.

There were not many business letters to write—one to the Metropolitan Museum people declining to present them with a charming little picture by Netscher which they wanted but did not wish to pay for; one to the Worcester Museum advising that progressive institution that, at the request of their director, four canvases had been shipped to them for inspection; several letters enclosing photographs of pictures desired by foreign experts; and a notification to one or two local millionaires that the

Dankmere Galleries never shaded prices or exchanged canvases.

Having accomplished the last of the day's work remaining up to that particular minute, Jessie Vining leaned back in her chair, rubbed her pretty eyes, glanced partly around toward Lord Dankmere but checked herself, and, with her lips the slightest shade pursed up into a hint of primness, picked up the library novel which she had been reading during intervals of leisure.

It was mainly about a British peer. The peer did not resemble Dankmere in any particular; she had already noticed that. And now, as she read on, and, naturally enough, compared the ideal peer with the real one, the difference became painfully plain to her. Could that short young man in rather mussy summer clothes, sorting prints over there, be a peer of the British realm? Was this young man whom she had seen turning handsprings on the grass in the back yard a belted earl?

In spite of herself her short upper lip curled slightly as she turned from her book to glance at him. He looked up at the same moment, and smiled on meeting her eye—such a kindly yet diffident smile that she blushed a trifle.

"I say, Miss Vining, I've gone over all these prints, and I can't find one that resembles the Hogarth portrait—if it is a Hogarth."

"Mr. Quarren thinks it is."

"I dare say he's quite right, but there's nothing here to prove it"; and he slapped the huge portfolio shut, laid his hands on the table, vaulted to the top of it, and sat down. Miss Vining resumed her reading.

"Miss Vining?"

"Yes?" very leisurely.

"How old do you think I am?"

"I beg your pardon."

"How *old* do you think I am?"

"Really, I hadn't thought about it, Lord Dankmere."

"Oh."

Miss Vining resumed her reading.

When the earl had sat on top of the table long enough he got down and dropped into the depths of an armchair. "Miss Vining?" he said.

"Yes?" incuriously.

"Have you thought it out yet?"

"Thought out what, Lord Dankmere?"

"How old I am."

"Really," she retorted, half laughing, half vexed, "do you suppose that my mind is occupied in wondering what your age might be?"

"Isn't it?"

"Of course not."

"Don't you want to know?"

She began to laugh again. "Why, if you wish to tell me, of course, it will interest me *most* profoundly." And she made him a graceful little bow.

"I'm thirty-three," he said.

"Thank you so much for telling me."

"You are welcome," he returned gravely. "Do you think I'm too old?"

"Too old for what?"

"Oh, for anything interesting."

"What do you mean by 'interesting'?"

But Lord Dankmere apparently did not know what he did mean, for he made no answer.

After a little while he said, "Wouldn't it be odd if I ever have income enough to pay off my debts?"

"What?"

He repeated the observation.

"I don't know what you mean. You naturally expect to pay them, don't you?"

"I saw no chance of doing so before Mr. Quarren took hold of these pictures."

She was sorry for him. "Are you very deeply in debt?"

He named the total of his liabilities, and she straightened her young shoulders, horrified.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "I know plenty of chaps in England who are far worse off."

"But—that is terrible!" she faltered.

Dankmere waved his hand. "It's not so bad. That show business let me in for a lot."

"Why did you ever do it?"

"I like it," he explained simply.

She flushed. "It seems strange for a—a man of your kind to sing comic songs and dance before an audience."

"Not at all. I've a friend, Exford by name, who goes about grinding a barrel-organ."

"Why?"

"He likes to do it. I've another pal of sorts who chucked the Guards to become a milliner. He always did like to crochet and trim hats. Why not?—if he likes it!"

"It is not," said Jessie Vining, "my idea of a British peer."

"But for Heaven's sake consider the peers! Now and then they have an idea of

what they'd like to do. Why not let them do it and be happy?"

"Then they ought not to have been born to the peerage," she said firmly.

"Many of them wouldn't have been had anybody consulted them."

"You?"

"It's brought me nothing but debt, ridicule, abuse, and summonses."

"You couldn't resign, could you?" she said, smiling.

"I *am* resigned. Oh, well, I'd rather be what I am than anything else, I fancy. If the Topeka Museum trustees purchase that Gainsborough I'll be out of debt fast enough."

"And then?" she inquired, still smiling.

"I don't know. I'd like to start another show."

"And leave Mr. Quarren?"

"What use am I? We'd share alike; he'd manage the business and I'd manage a musical comedy I'm writing after hours."

He jumped up and went to the piano, where for the next ten minutes he rattled off some lively and very commonplace music which, to Jessie Vining, sounded like everything she had ever before heard.

"Do you like it?" he asked hopefully, swinging around on his stool.

"It's—lively."

"You *don't* like it!"

"I—it seems—very entertaining," she said, reddening.

The earl sat looking at her in silence for a moment; then he said, "To care for anything and make a failure of it—can you beat it for straight misery, Miss Vining?"

"Oh, please don't speak that way. I really am no judge of musical composition."

He considered the keyboard gloomily; and resting one well-shaped hand on it addressed empty space: "What's the use of liking to do a thing if you can't do it? Why the deuce should a desire torment a man when there's no chance of accomplishment?"

The girl looked at him out of her pretty, distressed eyes, but found no words suitable for the particular moment.

Dankmere dropped the other hand on the keys, touched a chord or two softly, then drifted into the old-time melody, "Shannon Water." His voice was a pleasantly modulated barytone when he chose; he sang the quaint and lovely old song in perfect taste. Then, very lightly, he sang "The Harp," and afterward an old Breton song made centuries ago.

When he turned Miss Vining was resting her head on both hands, eyes lowered.

"Those were the real musicians and poets," he said—"not these Strausses and Debussys."

"Will you sing some more?"

"Do you like my singing?"

"Very much."

So he idled for another half-hour at the piano, recalling half-forgotten melodies of the age of faith, which, like all art of that immortal age, can never again be revived. For art alone was not enough in those days. The creator of the beautiful was also endowed with faith; all the world was so endowed; and it was such an audience as never again can gather to inspire any maker of beautiful things.

Quarren came up to listen; Jessie prepared tea; and the last golden hour of the afternoon drifted away to the untroubled harmonies of other days.

Later, Jessie, halting on the steps to draw on her gloves, heard Dankmere open the door behind her and come out. They descended the steps together, and she was already turning north with a nod of good-night, when he said,

"Are you walking?"

She was, to save car-fare.

"May I go a little way?"

"Yes—if—"

Lord Dankmere waited, but she did not complete whatever it was she had meant to say. Then, very slowly, she turned northward, and he went, too, grasping his walking-stick with unnecessary firmness and carrying himself with the determination and dignity of a man who is walking beside a pretty girl slightly taller than himself.

The next instalment of "***The Streets of Ascalon***" will appear in the November issue.

The New Darwin



Charles Darwin, whose theory of evolution astonished the world a half-century ago



Major Leonard Darwin, son of Charles Darwin, himself a keen and broad-minded scholar

By Harold Bolce

PERHAPS in no lineage at any period has hereditary genius asserted itself more triumphantly than in the famous Darwin family. Erasmus Darwin, himself great, had two grandsons whose fame filled the world—Charles Darwin, father of Darwinism, and Sir Francis Galton, founder of the modern science of eugenics, which has already revolutionized thought, and is promising the world a new race. And now the work both of Darwin and Galton has been singularly advanced in keeping with modern research and discovery by Charles Darwin's son, Major Leonard Darwin, a world-pioneer of science in many fields.

Major Darwin has accomplished much. Like his famous father, he is a keen and broad-minded scholar. The microscope and the telescope alike have disclosed to him the mysteries and beauties of widely diverse phenomena. He has won laurels in new fields, and has given contemporary vitality, application, and significance to the all-important discoveries that trooped from the teeming brain of the author of "The Descent of Man."

After traveling and studying in many lands, and conducting several scientific expeditions for the British government, Major Darwin was made president of the Royal Geographical Society, resigning that position to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and taking the presidency of the International Eugenics

Society, recognized by profound thinkers throughout civilization as the center and impetus of the greatest scientific movement mankind has known. Ernst Haeckel, the famous German philosopher, recently stated that among the gigantic strides made by science during the past century, he deemed the most important one to be the knowledge of the origin of man developed by Charles Darwin.

EUGENICS NOW SUPERSEDING NATURAL SELECTION

Sir Francis Galton, in his closing days, when he was about to leave the great work which Major Darwin is now making a world reality, wrote this important message, "Natural selection rests upon excessive production and wholesale destruction; eugenics on bringing no more individuals into the world than can be properly cared for and those only of the best stock." Thus the son of Charles Darwin is the exponent of a new dispensation. What he stands for, says Macleod Yearsley, the famous physician and surgeon, is the simplification and extension of the discoveries and philosophy of the great scientist who wrote "The Origin of Species."

It is a remarkable coincidence that Charles Darwin's mental range has been reproduced in the present head of the eugenists. In fact, Major Darwin's career has already touched more phases of life than his father's did, and while he has not attempted to take advantage of any of the light reflected by the genius of his paternal parent (building upon only one of his father's foundations), the story of the scope of his activities reads like a new chapter from the elder Darwin's life.

Fortunately for England and progress, Charles Darwin's fortune was sufficient to enable him to devote his whole intellect to solving the details and sublimity of the processes of creation; and, similarly, freedom from customary demands is making it possible for Major Darwin to give to the race the benefits of his years of vast scientific research.

WHO THE NEW DARWIN IS

He was born at Down, Kent, on January 15, 1850, the fourth son of Charles Darwin and Emma Wedgwood, granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood of pottery fame. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, and when he was twenty-one entered the Royal Engineers.

THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE SCHOLAR

With explicit frankness, Charles Darwin enumerated, in his incomparable autobiographical sketches, his mental limitations. He liked geometry, but ordinary mathematics was his *terra incognita*. And although the analyses and measurements and weighings upon which his immortal generalizations were based have stood the severest tests, his apparatus was at all times the most simple, and to him the making of scientific instruments remained a mystery. It is striking, therefore, to find that Leonard Darwin, his son, is not only a scientist, but an inventor of scientific instruments. In his twenty-seventh year he was a professor in higher mathematics in the school of Mechanical Engineers at Chatham. Like his father, he displayed scientific predilection from boyhood, and, in fact, three years before he became a professor at Chatham, he was sent to New Zealand by the British government in charge of an astronomical expedition to make observations from the vantage of that dominion of the transit of Venus.

A BUILDER OF BATTLEMENTS

Although the elder Darwin's generalizations were the boldest in the history of science, and brought down upon him a generation of anathema, neither the great scientist with his new glimpse and exploitation of the mysteries of nature, nor any of the direct or collateral members of the family, was, or is, a dreamer. The young Royal Engineer, returning from his astronomical work in distant latitudes, stopped on the island of Malta, and under instructions from the War Office at Whitehall, built new forts on that Mediterranean stronghold for the government.

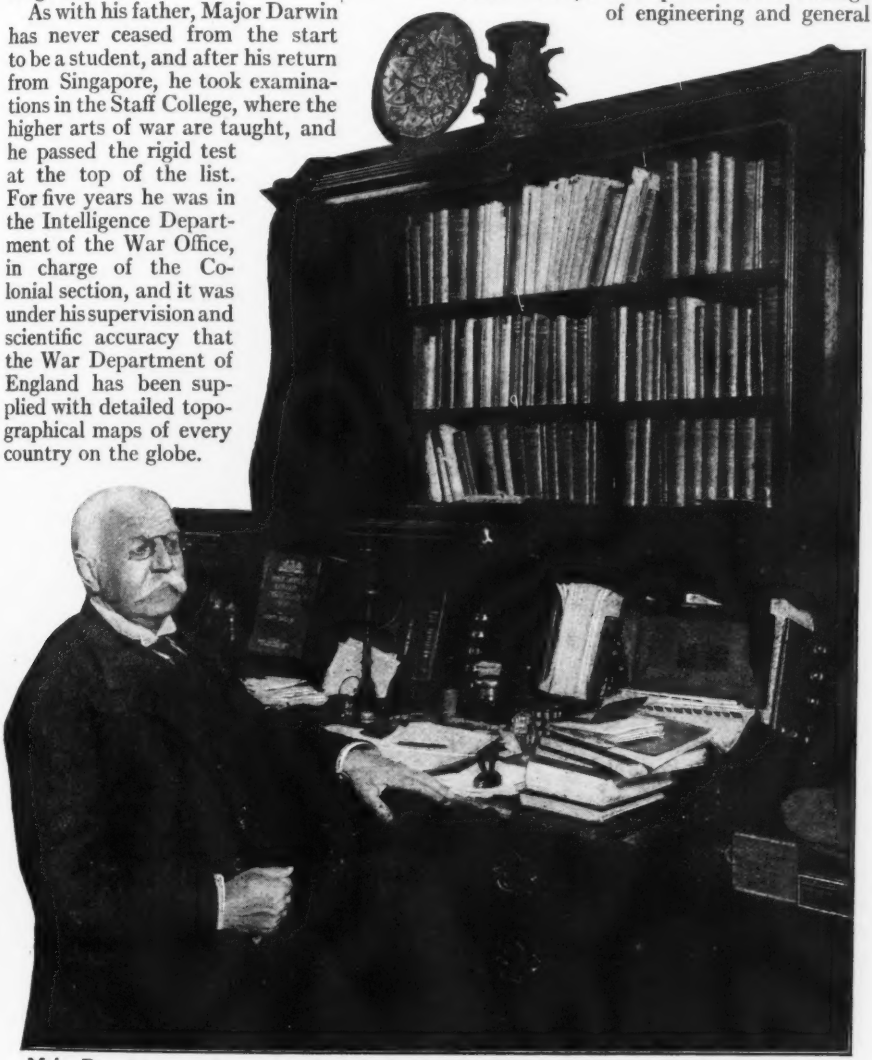
When he returned from the trip, which had combined the study of the stars and the building of battlements, he was soon busy as a professor, teaching chemistry, mathematics, photography, and lithography to the young engineers at Chatham.

Five years of this technical and important service, and the British government selected him to lead an expedition, this time to Australia, for a second observation of the transit of Venus. On the way back from this astronomical assignment, the

young professor stopped at Singapore and established, for the first time in the Far East, a calculated record of longitudes between Australia and the Orient. This was done by instantaneous exchange of cablegrams giving the exact differences of time upon which calculations were made, fixing, to the ultimate minutiæ, the respective longitudes.

As with his father, Major Darwin has never ceased from the start to be a student, and after his return from Singapore, he took examinations in the Staff College, where the higher arts of war are taught, and he passed the rigid test at the top of the list. For five years he was in the Intelligence Department of the War Office, in charge of the Colonial section, and it was under his supervision and scientific accuracy that the War Department of England has been supplied with detailed topographical maps of every country on the globe.

Major Darwin retired as an army man in 1890, but retirement to a Darwin seems to be synonymous with multiplied enterprise. When Charles Darwin returned to Down, he wrote the book which changed all the conceptions of mankind, and by far the busiest period of Major Darwin's career has been since he resigned from the War Office. First, his comprehensive knowledge of engineering and general



Major Darwin's career has already touched more phases of life than his father's did. He has been astronomer, mechanical engineer, chemist, soldier, writer, economist, geographer, mathematician, lithographer, and politician

science was in such demand that he was made an important member of the Board of Trade, and he had charge of the scientific exploitation to test the great steel bridges.

Then this unusual man, who is at once an astronomer and mechanical engineer, chemist, soldier, writer, economist, geographer, mathematician, and lithographer, turned his attention to politics, and became a member of Parliament from 1892 to 1895.



Major Darwin has inherited Sir Francis Galton's work in eugenics. The portrait is that of Erasmus Darwin, Major Darwin's great-grandfather

In 1898, three years after he had stepped out of Parliament, he was a lecturer at Cambridge and other great colleges on the intricate questions of bimetalism. Toward political and fiscal matters, as toward all the revelations of science, he has brought the inheritance of an open mind.

Darwin senior and the present scientist alike have written and stood for inheritance rather than environment as the guiding factor in life. Major Darwin shows he is sensible of the obligation to carry to higher ground Charles Darwin's monumental discoveries, for he says:

"It is essential to bear in mind the truth that if the human race is to continue to progress—indeed, if it is not to lose some of the ground so painfully won in the long ages of struggle in the past—some other agency, checking the reproduction of the feeble in body and mind, must be made to take the place of natural selection, the action of which we are now in so many ways endeavoring to prevent."

Verily the spirit of the great Darwin has come back!

Just As It Happened

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

Beans, the dog, caused it all—the love affair and one of the funniest stories Bruno Lessing ever wrote. Beans got himself lost and then attached himself to Izzy Levine as Izzy was going home with the news that he had lost his job because he had punched his employer's son in the eye. Beans's owner offered a big reward for the dog, and Lapidowitz, who had seen the dog with Izzy, started out to earn some easy money. But Izzy had learned to love Beans and wouldn't part with him. The schnorrer's offer to buy him aroused Izzy's suspicions. Finding the dog's name on its collar, along with its owner's address, he sets off to buy him. His ring is answered by the most beautiful girl he has ever seen, and Izzy at once forgets his mission. That is what happened in the first instalment of this story, printed last month

"MAN'S inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn"! The teacher in school who taught us the rudiments of composition used to say, "Alwyss begin a chapter with a broad, striking statement containing some great, general truth!" Having done the best we could, let us proceed.

Izzy stared at Nathan, bewildered, and Rosie stared at Izzy.

"Well," said Nathan, "what's the matter?"

Izzy was speechless.

"There must be some mistake," said Rosie. "This gentleman just told me he had Beans; didn't you, Mr. Levine?"

Nathan tittered. "I guess, Rosie," he said, with a grin, "maybe I'd better run down-town and bring the dog back for you. I'll pay the reward, and your father can settle with me later."

Then Izzy, whose mind had been occupied with watching a fairy palace that he had built with great rapidity crumble into vanishing fragments with equal swiftness, awoke. "You know I told the truth, don't you?" he asked.

Rosie was puzzled. "I'm sure of it," said she. "But who is this Lapidowitz?"

"He's a loafer, a schnorrer, a liar, and, I guess, a thief."

"But he's got the dog," remarked Nathan, grinning. "Good-by, Rosie. I'll be right back with Beans." He started down the steps.

"No, you don't," exclaimed Izzy, starting after him. "I'm the only person in the world who will bring that dog back." He paused for a moment and turned to Rosie. "I'll call you up on the telephone about noon, and I'll tell you just when I'll have the dog here. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Rosie slowly. For just a second Izzy stood there gazing at Rosie, and in that second their eyes met and—I am really not sure what happened, but some swift and stirring current of communication must have been established and must have been exceedingly busy. Else why did Rosie blush? And why did Izzy's heart beat so tumultuously? Old as the hills and new as the budding rose, uncalled, unsought, and unexpected, without rhyme and without reason, comes that wondrous moment of destiny when, as in the Oriental parable, a thousand years are crowded within the space of a second. Yes, it was only a second that Izzy stood there, motionless, upon the steps. Then he turned just in time to see Nathan crank the automobile that had been standing in front of the house, step quickly to the wheel, and start slowly down the street.

"I'll bring the dog, Rosie," cried Nathan.

Izzy, red with chagrin, began to run. With fiendish malice Nathan steered the car close to the curb and ran it just fast enough to keep pace with Izzy.

"Running's good exercise for the nerves," he said. The street, however, was wet—it had been raining during the night—and the automobile suddenly swerved and skidded against the curb. It was Izzy's turn to grin.

"Get a chauffeur!" he cried.

Nathan, recovering control of the car, turned into the next street and, feeling the rough stones firmer under the car than the asphalt, increased his speed and was soon

out of sight. Izzy, with a sinking heart, ran all the way to the nearest elevated station and, of course, just missed a train.

Luck was with Nathan. His knock upon Lapidowitz's door was answered by a vociferous "Come in!" mingled with the loud yelping of a dog in a disagreeable frame of mind. He opened the door, gazed in amazement at the spectacle before him, and the next moment burst into a roar of laughter. Upon a table in the center of the room, squatted like a Turk and smoking a cigarette, sat Lapidowitz, while Beans, standing on his hind legs with his fore-paws against the edge of table, was endeavoring vainly to reach him. Upon beholding Nathan the dog dropped on all fours and approached him, gave a few inquisitorial sniffs, and, recognizing an acquaintance with whom he had no reason to quarrel, returned to the table and began to growl at Lapidowitz.

"Vell," said Lapidowitz, glaring at Nathan, "vot iss der joke?"

"Oh, dear," gasped Nathan, between bursts of laughter. "You look so comical sitting there with the dog trying to chew you up!"

"Maybe you like better I get down und let him bite me? Vot?"

"It's all right, anyway," said Nathan. "I'm here to take the dog back. You can get down. I won't let him bite you. He knows me."

"Maybe yes und maybe no," said Lapidowitz. "But if it's der same to you, I stay here und ve talk business."

"How did you get the dog?"

A broad grin came upon Lapidowitz's face. "I got a young friend vot t'inks he iss smart. Und he had der dog. Den, vun day, Mr. Margulies—say, did Mr. Margulies tell you about me?"

"No," said Nathan.

"Vell, my friend, Mr. Margulies, he comes to me und says, 'Lapidowitz,' he says, 'if you get my daughter's dog I gif you a hundred und fifty dollars! So I goes to my friend und asks him to gif me der dog. 'Nefer,' he says. 'Sell him to me!' 'Nefer!' I ask his mother. 'Nefer,' she says. I ask der dog! My! He tried to bite my leg off. So vot could I do? My friend iss a desperate man. But dear Mr. Margulies vants his dog, und I need der hundred und fifty. Say, I tell you vot! I'm a smart man! Der dog likes efrybody except me, so vot do I do? I get little Sammy Lefkovitz, und I say to him: 'Sammy, I got a dog vot run avay from me. He iss in dot house, but I ain't got time to vait for him. Here iss der key uf my room. Vait till der dog comes out. Take him to my room, und I gif you a quarter.' In a liddle time Sammy brings der key to me in Milken's café und says der dog iss in my room. Ain't dot smart? Den I telephone der lady, und here you are mit der hundred und fifty."

"A hundred dollars was all Mr. Margulies said he would give for a reward," said Nathan.

"Yes to efrybody else," said Lapidowitz eagerly, "but to me he says, 'Bring der dog, Lapidowitz, my friend, und I gif you one hundred und fifty dollars!' My vord uf honor!"

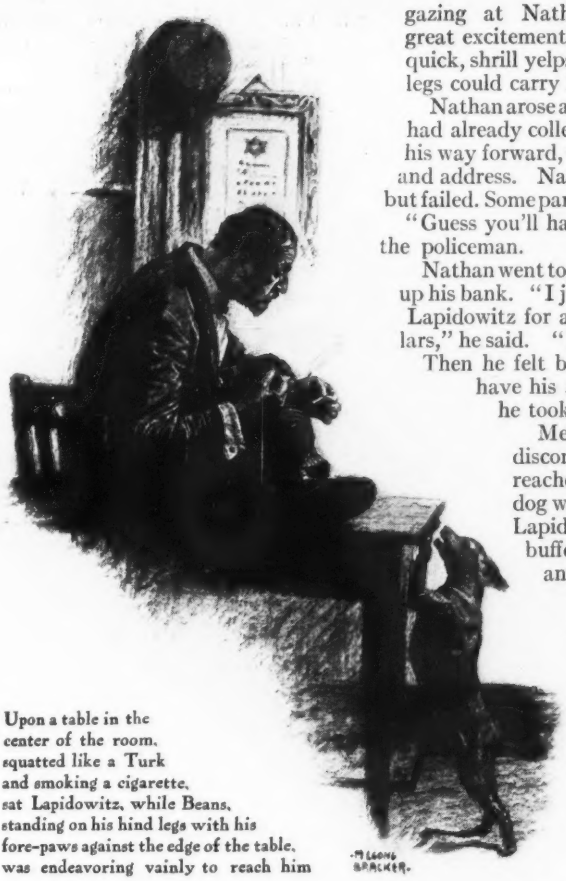
Nathan took a check-book from his pocket. "A hundred dollars," he said. But Lapidowitz would not have it. In his rosy optimism he had already planned to spend every cent of a hundred and fifty dollars, and any reduction of that sum came as a distinct loss to him.

"Well," said Nathan finally, "I'll give you a hundred and twenty-five. If you don't like it I'll go out and whistle, and the dog will follow me anyway."

Reluctantly Lapidowitz consented. Nathan wrote out the check, seized the dog unceremoniously by the collar, carried him down to the automobile, and tossed him into the tonneau.

"There," said he, "I guess that will hold that fresh loafer for a while."

He started up-town. As the car swung into Eldridge Street Nathan experienced the joy of seeing Izzy running at full speed down Grand Street. He chuckled. It is rarely given to mortal beings to enjoy a keener sense of satisfaction than Nathan Gomprecht experienced at that moment. He slackened the speed of the car and, holding to the wheel with one hand, drew from his pocket and lighted a cigarette with the other. Then, settling himself against the cushion in luxurious ease, he opened the throttle wide and skimmed blithely up the Bowery. But, alas for the satisfaction of all mortal beings! It was written in the Book of Fate, eternities ago, how long the satisfaction of each mortal shall last, and from this decree there is no appeal. Beans, standing upon the rear seat with his fore-paws high upon the cushion, began to bark.



Upon a table in the center of the room, squatted like a Turk and smoking a cigarette, sat Lapidowitz, while Beans, standing on his hind legs with his fore-paws against the edge of the table, was endeavoring vainly to reach him

What he began to bark at will never be known. Nathan, worried lest the dog should take it into his head to jump out of the car, turned his head and stretched out his hand to seize Beans by the collar. It was a long stretch. And ere his hand could touch the dog, whether it was that the distortion of his body had turned the steering-wheel or whether the tires had struck another layer of the yielding mud that covered the street in patches, the car suddenly skidded, flew sideways a few feet, and, with a rattle and a bang that made Nathan's heart sink, crashed into one of the pillars of the elevated railroad. Nathan was pitched out sideways and landed in a puddle, unhurt. Beans flew over the back of the tonneau as if he had been shot from a catapult, and, landing on his feet, stood for a moment gazing at Nathan and wagging his tail in great excitement. The next moment, with a few quick, shrill yelps, he flew off as fast as his little legs could carry him, and was soon out of sight.

Nathan arose and surveyed the wreck. A crowd had already collected, and a policeman, pushing his way forward, wanted to know Nathan's name and address. Nathan attempted to start the car, but failed. Some part within its vitals had given way.

"Guess you'll have to tow 'er home," suggested the policeman.

Nathan went to the nearest telephone and called up his bank. "I just gave a check to a man named Lapidowitz for a hundred and twenty-five dollars," he said. "I want to stop payment on it."

Then he felt better and, having arranged to have his automobile towed to a garage, he took an elevated train up-town.

Meanwhile Izzy sat home alone and disconsolate. By the time he had reached Lapidowitz's dwelling the dog was gone. True, Izzy had seized Lapidowitz by the beard and had buffeted him soundly upon the ear and had said,

"You scoundrel, if you were not such an old man I'd break every bone in your lazy body!"

But all this failed to obviate the distressing fact that Gompy—or Beans—was gone. And Izzy went home to brood over his hard luck. His mother tried to console him, and Izzy told her the whole story.

"If you could only see her," he said. "So sweet! So beautiful! And if I could have brought her the dog I'm sure I would have had a chance. But that fellow will tell her some kind of a lie, and I'll never be able to make her believe me."

"Don't worry, Izzy," said his mother. "Remember what the rabbi says—there's always as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

Izzy, despite his woe, could not refrain from smiling. "She ain't a fish, mother," he said. "She's a mermaid."

And just then, while both were laughing, there came a peremptory scratching upon the door, and the next moment Beans was jumping all over Izzy, barking vociferously and his tail wagging violently.

"Good old Gompy-Beans!" exclaimed Izzy joyfully. "How did you ever get away? And you came right straight back

to me! My, you're the finest little doggie in the whole world!"

For ten minutes Izzy and the dog occupied themselves with caressing each other. Then Izzy began to dress himself with more care than he had ever given to that function before.

"Mother," he said laughingly, "I'm going out, and if a young lady comes to see you, remember I'm the only son you've got, and tell her what a great man I am. See? And, whatever happens, don't let the dog out of the house."

A few minutes later Rosie Margulies received another telephone message announcing that her dog had been found.

"I'm coming right up-town on the elevated road," added Izzy. Ah! that ride up-town was a wonderful journey! Never before had the sky been so blue and all nature so attuned to cheerfulness! Never before had Izzy seen so many happy faces on an elevated train! Never before did a train run so smoothly—and so slowly. Even the houses along the route seemed so bright that Izzy felt sure nothing but happiness could lurk within their walls. Youth and love! Wonder of wonders that these, the two greatest gifts of life, should belong to each other and partake each of the other's beauties! And, laughing together, how joyfully they view the world! All is sunshine and gladness—the shadows of existence have vanished away.

Within a block of her house Izzy met her, walking. For a moment a sense of disappointment swept over him, for he felt that, but by the merest chance, he would have missed her. But,

"I always go out for a walk about this time," she said hastily, "and papa's home."

"If I had missed the train I took," said Izzy reproachfully, "I wouldn't have met you."

"Young man," said Rosie, in a voice that would have been stern had not two dimples belied it, "I've been walking up and down this street for ages, waiting for you. I—I want to know about Beans. Where is he? How did you get him away from that horrid man?"

Izzy told her all that he knew of what had happened, walking beside her the while. Observing presently that they were near the park, he suggested that they sit down on a bench, as he had something very important to tell her.

"About Beans?" she asked quickly.

"No," said Izzy. "It's about another dog. His name is Izzy Levine. He's a poor dog, but he wants to tell you something."

There was something in Izzy's voice that belied his smiling eyes and brought the color to Rosie's cheeks.

"Miss Margulies," he said, when they were seated, "everybody tells me I'm too fresh. And I guess they're right. But I want you to listen to me and not tell me that I'm too fresh until I'm through, and then, if you like, I'll get straight up and go away and never bother you any more."

"Where is Beans?" asked Rosie quickly. "Why didn't you bring him with you?"

"Miss Margulies," said Izzy quietly, "would you like me to go away without saying a word and bring Beans up here? I'll do it if you want me to?"

Rosie hesitated. The attraction of Izzy's personality was strong, but there was the equally strong—if not stronger—obligation of convention and of maidenly modesty. "Why, what do you want me to do?" she finally asked.

"I want you to listen to me," said Izzy. Then he smiled. "I won't say anything to hurt your feelings," said he.

Rosie demurely crossed her feet, clasped her hands in her lap, and stared intently at the sky, her lips pressed firmly together. Izzy began to tell her of himself, of his parentage, his lazy boyhood life, and of all that he had done and hoped to do. His voice, low tuned and earnest, fell pleasantly upon the girl's ears. He told her of the many girls he had known, had danced with and taken to theaters—and how, one and all, they had failed to interest him. He dwelt upon his consciousness of his own ability and his own laziness.

"Ever since I was a boy I knew I could go out and work and make money as fast as the rest of them. But I never cared. As long as I could keep my mother and myself I preferred to loaf along and not bother about the future. If it should happen that I would want to wake up and get busy—why, well and good. I'd do it. But it was more fun to write poetry and articles for the newspapers and take life easy. And then, all of a sudden I woke up."

Rosie was no longer looking at the sky. Her eyes were fastened upon her hands. And then Izzy, slowly and haltingly at first, tried to tell her of the impression she had made upon him when first he beheld her.



"Sammy, I got a dog vot run avay from me. He iss in dot house, but I ain't got time to vait for him. Here iss der key uf my room. Vait till der dog comes out. Take him to my room, und I gif you a quarter"

And of how that impression had grown stronger and stronger. His voice rose, and the words came rolling fluently to his tongue. Youth, eagerness, and love combined to inspire him, and there poured forth a flood of golden oratory vibrant with truth and passion. Oh, that magic oratory of youth! Its words are fragrant as blossoming flowers: its tone sweet as symphonic music! Heedless of reason, of caution, of calculation, it gallops over all obstacles and leaps unerringly to its goal.

He told her of his love. Slowly his hand reached out and took both of hers in its grasp. Her lips were parted. She was gazing straight ahead, her eyes sparkling as if, in the foliage before her, she beheld a wonderful vision.

"I know I haven't known you a long time. I know it isn't right for me to talk like this. But I never saw such a beautiful girl as you. I never saw a human being that I loved as much as I love you. I haven't thought about anything in the world excepting you from the moment I saw you. There never was anybody in the world so lovely as you. And I know I am terribly fresh to expect that you will ever care for me. I won't kill myself. I'm not saying foolish things. But darling—darling—darling—I'll never have a happy moment as long as I live away from you. I'll never care for anybody else on earth. I don't care what happens to me. My whole life belongs to you. To you, Rosie. Rosie!"

He repeated the name, slowly, softly, his head bending lower and lower toward hers.

"To you, Rosie—like Beans. A little dog and a big one."

With cheeks flushed and eyes brimming, Rosie looked at him, and in his smiling face read the truth—that great, wonderful Truth which only on rare occasions shines like a light upon the human countenance.

Then she withdrew her hands from his clasp. Her bosom heaved.

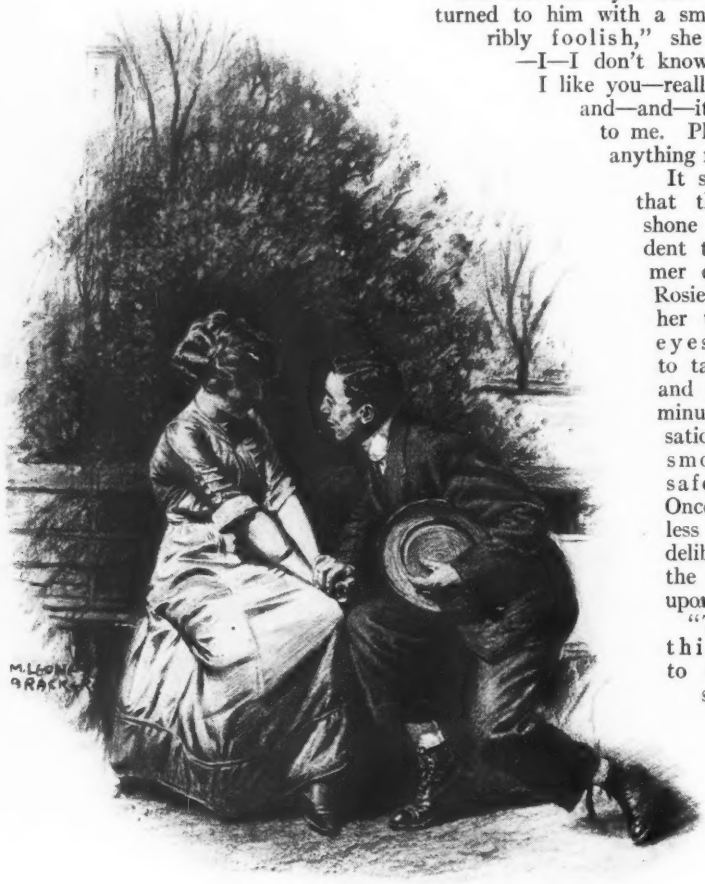
"I—I—you shouldn't talk to me like that," she said slowly. "I hardly know you. I—I like you—very much—I want to tell you the truth. But I know I shouldn't listen when you talk like that. Please!" she said hastily, seeing that he was about to interrupt her, "Please do not say any more. Maybe—later—oh! why did you talk to me like that!" And the next moment she was in tears.

Izzy, heartbroken, tried to console her. "Oh, please do not cry!" he exclaimed. "Forget all about me. I'm not worth a single tear. It's better I should be miserable for the rest of my life than that you should cry. I could kill myself for having been such a brute. Please forgive me. And forget everything that I said."

But soon her eyes were dried, and she turned to him with a smile. "I'm terribly foolish," she said. "But—I—I don't know what to say. I like you—really I like you—and—and—it's all so sudden to me. Please don't say anything more about it."

It seemed to Izzy that the sun never shone more resplendent through a summer cloud than did Rosie's smile through her tear-dimmed eyes. He began to talk of Beans, and in a very few minutes, the conversation was running smoothly along safer channels. Once, like a reckless mariner, Izzy deliberately steered the craft of talk upon the rocks.

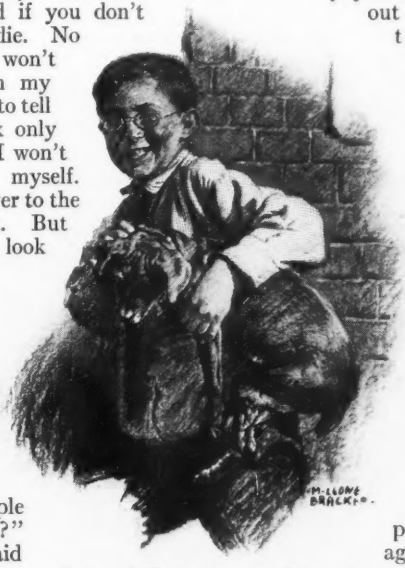
"There's one thing I forgot to tell you," he said, in a very determined voice. "I forgot that you were so rich. And I didn't even think of telling you that I don't care a what-do-you-call-um for all your father's



"My whole life belongs to you. To you, Rosie—like Beans. A little dog and a big one." With cheeks flushed and eyes brimming, Rosie looked at him, and in his smiling face read the truth

money. When we get married we'll start all by ourselves. You'll have everything in the world you want from me. Of course I suppose your father will make an awful fuss about your marrying me, but you're going to marry me as soon as you love me. And if you don't love me some day I'll die. No—please don't get up. I won't say another word. On my honor. I just felt I had to tell you that. But I'll talk only about Beans. I swear I won't say any more about myself. There—you can move over to the other end of the bench. But you ought to see the look in Gompy's—I mean Beansy's—face when I ask him where he's been all afternoon. He looks as if he were just dying to talk to me. Do you suppose dogs think just as we do? I'm sure Beans has more sense than a great many people that I know. Don't you?"

"I'm sure of it," said Rosie.



"Sammy Lefkovitz just seen him and grabbed him. He's gone off to take him back to Mr. Lapidowitz"

And then Izzy, being wise in his generation, began to talk of other things. It seemed that they had many acquaintances in common—people whom Rosie had not seen since her father had moved up-town—and in the interchange of gossip they were soon talking as if they had known each other for years.

There was something magnetic in Izzy's story-telling, and Rosie, laughing merrily at his every anecdote, soon found herself pouring the secret aspirations of her soul into his ears. It was when Izzy, bubbling over with enthusiasm, described his ambition to become a journalist that Rosie confided to him one of the great secrets of her life.

"Papa doesn't know anything about it," said she, "and I'm sure he'd be awfully mad if he knew. But I'm secretary of the Woman's Suffrage League of the Daughters of Rebecca and—you believe in women voting, don't you?"

Izzy gazed into the beautiful eyes upturned to his so trustfully. "You bet!" said he.

"And I'm just dying," continued Rosie, "to make a speech that will make all the other girls envious. I can talk all right—I took lessons in elocution—but I don't know what to say. And if you can write for the papers you could easily write out something for me to say. Couldn't you?"

Izzy looked into her eyes that were so clear and blue. "I'll write you a speech," he said, "that will make all the other girls crazy with envy. I'll get you up the finest speech in favor of women voting that you ever heard. I'll—"

A policeman, sauntering along his beat, came into view, and Rosie, discovering to her great amazement that Izzy had taken possession of her hand again—hastily withdrew it and rose from the bench.

"I forgot all about Beans!" she exclaimed. "Where is he?"

Izzy hesitated for an instant. "I left him at home with my mother," he said in a low voice, "because I hoped you would go down and meet her. I know you'll like her. And you can bring Beans up-town with you. You'll come, won't you? I'll wait down-stairs, and you can go up and get him all by yourself. My mother is just dying to see you. I've been doing nothing but talk to her about you since I saw you."

Rosie frowned.

"Remember," said Izzy quickly, "what the Talmud says about young people going to see old people. We should always be very respectful to those who are older than we are."

And then Rosie burst into laughter. "You certainly are a fresh young man," she said. "The idea of your talking about the Talmud." For a moment she looked into his dancing eyes, hesitating. Then, "All right. I'll go with you," she said. "But you must promise to behave yourself on the way and be sensible."

Izzy was ready to promise anything. Youth's readiness to promise is one of youth's most charming attributes. They journeyed down-town together, and when they reached the tenement in which Izzy lived he insisted upon remaining below while Rosie went up-stairs to claim her dog. The moment Rosie entered the house Izzy ran to the corner drug-store to telephone for a taxicab. And then he hastened to his bank to draw some money. He was determined that Rosie and the dog should ride up-town in style.

Rosie, meanwhile, was submitting to the enthusiastic caresses of Beans. The moment he beheld her he had begun to yelp with all his might and to leap upon her as high as he could until she took him upon her lap and allowed him to lick her face. It took but a few minutes for Rosie and Mrs. Levine to grow fond of each other. Rosie's interest in Izzy was already great enough to enable her to listen with pleasure to his mother's recital of his virtues. And when two women have a common interest they get on famously. Beans was soon forgotten. While Mrs. Levine was telling her pretty visitor of Izzy's many good qualities Beans jumped from his mistress's lap and, finding the door open, slipped down the stairs.

"Only an hour ago," said Mrs. Levine proudly, "comes a young man from the *Yiddish Arbeiter* to ask Izzy to come to the office and see the boss. Because they had decided to give him the prize for his article about women who want to vote. And the young man said maybe Izzy could get a job on the *Yiddish Arbeiter* to write regularly."

"Did he write about woman's suffrage?" asked Rosie eagerly. "He didn't tell me about that."

"Oh, Izzy isn't a bragger," said Mrs. Levine, "but he wrote the finest article you ever read. Those foolish women who want to vote! What will they say when they read Izzy's article! They will feel so silly. I remember nearly every word of it—I read it so often. 'Poor, foolish suffragettes!' That's the way it begins."

And then Mrs. Levine calmly recited the whole contents of Izzy's article, repeating many passages verbatim and gloating over the most vicious of his attacks upon the claims of the suffragettes, and so interested was she in the recital that she did not notice the look of indignation that came to her hearer's face. When she had finished, Rosie, with lips tightly pressed together, arose.

"Where is my dog?" she asked.

Mrs. Levine, somewhat taken aback, glanced around the room and saw the open door. "I guess he ran down-stairs. He always does that. But he will be back in a little while. Won't you wait?"

"No, thank you," said Rosie frigidly. "I'll probably find him down-stairs. Good-by."

And without another word she was gone, leaving Izzy's mother thoroughly perplexed. When Rosie reached the street she met Izzy returning from the bank and, at the same moment, a taxicab drew up in front of the house.

"Where is Beans?" she asked. "He ran down-stairs."

Izzy, instantly aware of some change in her, asked her quickly what had happened.

"Nothing has happened," she replied icily. "I want my dog."

"Please!" urged Izzy, standing humbly before her. "Please tell me what is the matter. Something has hurt your feelings. I know it."

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Rosie with a forced laugh. "My feelings aren't hurt a bit. I really am not at all interested whether you are in favor of woman's suffrage or against it. I only want to find my dog and go home."

"Did my mother tell you—" began Izzy, but she interrupted.

"She did. And, if you don't mind, I do not care to hear any more about it. Where is Beans?"

Izzy, chagrined, bewildered, and, for the first time in his life, absolutely at a loss for speech, looked around the street and, in a feeble voice, began calling:

"Beans! Beans! Here, Beans!"

Rosie, despite her annoyance, had to smile. "You'll have to call louder than that. Ask those boys over there if they have seen anything of him."

Izzy approached a group of small boys who were playing marbles on the sidewalk. "Did any of you see a little dog running around here?" he asked.

"Sure," said one of the boys. "Mr. Lapidowitz's dog. Sammy Lefkovitz just seen him and grabbed him. He's gone off to take him back to Mr. Lapidowitz. Sammy always gets a quarter when he brings him back."

The last instalment of ***"Just As It Happened"*** will appear in the November issue.

O. Henry

New Facts about the Great Author by Harry Peyton Steger, and a Hitherto Unpublished Story by O. Henry Himself



IT is fitting that this account of what remains unpublished of O. Henry's work should appear in COSMOPOLITAN, because the last story he wrote, "Adventures in Neurasthenia," and the very last piece of work he began, "The Dream," were both published in that magazine. In this present issue appears, too, "A Fog in Santone," which is, so far as my knowledge goes, the only story written in his New York days that has not already had magazine publication. I do not know exactly when he wrote this splendid story, but I know that its germ was long in his mind. I have a letter of his, written to a friend in San Antonio, creating the very atmosphere in his description of the pure-aired Texas town and its hosts of "patients." And "Adventures in Neurasthenia"! That bubbling yarn is, to those who know the last few months of his life, nothing more nor less than a log of his journey's end.

When Will Porter, bound for Texas, left Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1883, he took with him letters that bore witness to his good character—and his ability as a drug-clerk. Nearly thirty years later I decided to follow some of the earlier trails of O. Henry and found these very letters, in an old envelope bearing a brown two-cent stamp and the superscription "Recommendations." I think that Mrs. Roach, his mother-in-law, who gave them to me, had kept them all those years because she knew their importance. She believed all along that "Will" was a genius, and forgave him even his "running away with" Athol, her only child. "Will" always got what he wanted, and he decided that he wanted seventeen-year-old Athol. Charlie Anderson and his wife will tell you how the two young people drove



Two portraits of O. Henry, who spent most of his life in country towns and then won world-wide fame with stories of the metropolis

up to the Anderson house in a buggy and asked for help in their elopement, and how later he made peace for them. But all this is ancient history now, and the dashing youth who would have what he wanted has become O. Henry in twelve volumes.

In Austin, Texas, O. Henry spent fourteen years, and in Austin, Texas, I spent four college years. Our times lapped by only one year, and the freshman knew not that the wizard was around the corner, but my acquaintance there helped me in my search when I went there in January of this year. The first ten days on the ground showed me that Will Porter (it was only in his post-Texan days that people called him "Sydney," I believe) was known to hundreds and that few knew him. In his twenties and later in New York, he was the same lone wolf. There came many who "knew him when," and some, of course, who volunteered to doubt the genuineness of his fame and the disinterestedness, or at least the sanity, of my pilgrimage. Now this was not because Austin, Texas, is a jay-town. It isn't. It is the beautiful, hill-jeweled capital of the Lone Star State and the seat of a great university. O. Henry was suffering merely the time-honored fate of the prophet among his familiars. But to his charm and brilliance all bear witness, and there are many who surely saw in the shy, gentle soul far more than the clever draftsman of the Land Office or of Maddox Brothers and Anderson, Land Agents, far more than the paying and receiving teller of old Major Brackenridge's bank. They will tell you how he caricatured the population and cartooned Dave Harrell's famous trip to New York City, how he sang in the Hill City Quartet with Howard Long, C. E. Hillyer, and Dick Edmondson, how he wrote a yarn for a local paper that started everybody—including himself—digging for buried treasure! So it is easy to see that his sudden "arrival" in New York ten years ago had a long road back of it. He had been writing for years.

All the time he was in Austin, he sent out stories and verse to editors. I have rejection slips as far back as 1887—and an acceptance from *Puck* in 1890! *Puck*, *Truth*, *Up-to-Date*, the Detroit *Free Press*, and some of the New York Sunday papers bought paragraphs from him. During 1895—1896 he wrote a column in the Houston (Texas) *Post* under the title of "Postscripts." Here, too, as in the early letters I found and in *The Rolling Stone*, appeared many little turns of phrase and fancy that afterward give their unique quality to the work of the chronicler of the four million.

The most definite record of his early work is contained in *The Rolling Stone*. Porter had told me in New York of this weekly paper's existence, and for three years I had tried in vain to find a copy. Many people in Austin remembered the paper and could recall some of its pleasantries; but a paper, obscure in its lifetime, is hard to find after sixteen years, and I despaired of success. Then came Doctor R. J. Brackenridge, of Austin, with the belief that copies were among his dead brother's old papers. It was with this brother, Major Brackenridge, that Porter had worked in the nineties as bank-teller. *We found them*—twenty-four different issues and a dozen duplicates of one issue, buried under many years' copies of the Congressional Record.

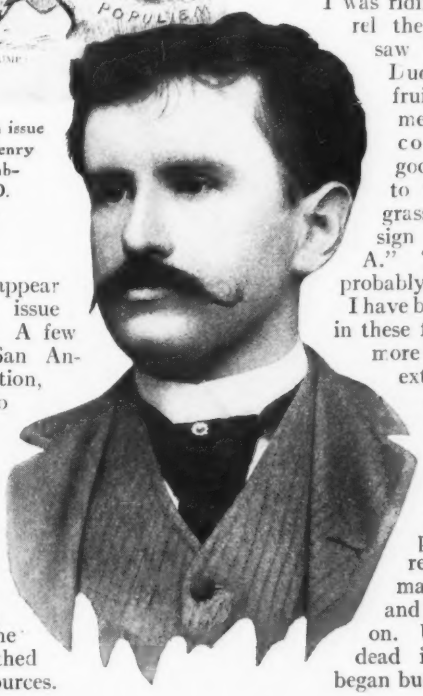
Although his name appears on but one of the numbers we found, we know by many proofs that he was "editor and proprietor" of the little sheet, and that the clever cartoons and illustrations are his. The circulation of *The Rolling Stone* never went beyond a thousand copies. How complete is the file I finally managed to assemble I shall never know, but I do know that when the editor and proprietor succumbed to measles, the paper suspended publication! Then, too, according to Dixie Daniels, now Dr. Daniels of Galveston, Texas, and then for many months business manager, advertising solicitor, managing editor, and typesetter of *The Rolling Stone*, they had great trouble in keeping their serial numbers in the proper sequence, so that Volume 1, Number 5, did not inevitably follow Volume 1, Number 4. The paper varied, too, in size and content. Bill Nye, in this day, was at his height, and the Nye syndicate page was popular with Porter, especially when time or printer pressed; but this feature was abruptly discontinued one day when the stereotypes came by express C. O. D. Perhaps the business office of *The Rolling Stone* was not always prompt in its remittances, and Bill Nye may have lost his sense of humor when he couldn't collect a bill.

The first issue I found of *The Rolling Stone* is dated at Austin, April 28, 1894. It was the third number published, apparently. The motto was, "Out for



Reduced facsimile of the front page of an issue of "The Rolling Stone," which O. Henry founded and edited and in which he published much of his early work.—O. Henry about the time he was editing "The Rolling Stone"

the Moss," and it claimed to appear every Saturday. The latest issue bears the date April 27, 1895. A few numbers carry "Austin and San Antonio" as the offices of publication, and there is one San Antonio edition in which the "illustrations" of that city's prominent buildings are all breweries! This issue is particularly good. Indeed, *The Rolling Stone* is so full of good things that it seems strange for nobody to remember it clearly and for copies of it to be so rare. Besides this one big find in the Brackenridge papers, I unearthed only five issues from other sources.



Some of Porter's letters I have were written to his daughter Margaret when she was eight years old and was with her grandparents near Nashville. "Dear Margaret," runs one. "Here it is summertime, and the bees are blooming and the flowers are singing and the birds making honey and we haven't been fishing yet." Here is one in which he plays the part of a Brownie. It was evidently his intention to send the little girl other notes in the same rôle: "Hello, Margaret. Don't you remember me? I'm a Brownie, and my name is Aldibirontiphostiphornikophokos. If you see a star shoot and say my name seventeen times before it goes out, you will find a diamond ring in the track of the first blue cow's foot you see go down the road in a snowstorm while the red roses are blooming on the tomato vines. Try it some time. I know all about Anna and Arthur Dudley, but they don't see me. I was riding by on a squirrel the other day and saw you and Arthur Dudley give some fruit to some trainmen. Anna wouldn't come out. Well, good-by, I've got to take a ride on a grasshopper. I'll just sign my first letter—A." This was written probably in 1899.

I have been able, of course, in these few pages to do no more than indicate the extent of the material already gathered. I feel that the surface has been but scraped and that now is the time to make a complete biographical record of a great man who has gone and whose work stays on. Unknown in 1900, dead in 1910, his life began but yesterday.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"An hour ago I wanted to die, but since I've met you, Miss Rosa, I'd like, so much, to live." The young woman whirls around the table, lays an arm behind his neck, and kisses him on the cheek. "You must, dear boy," she says

("*A Fog in Santone*")

A Fog in Santone

By O. Henry

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," "Adventures in Neurasthenia," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

This O. Henry story is a "find." Mr. Steger, O. Henry's literary executor, unearthed it among some of the author's effects at his old home in Austin, Texas; and as Mr. Steger's search was pretty thorough, it is undoubtedly the only O. Henry story which has not hitherto been published. It is doubly interesting because it shows the real O. Henry ten years ago before his work began to be known. And it is especially fitting that the story should be given to Cosmopolitan readers, since for you O. Henry wrote the last story that came from his pen

THE drug-clerk looks sharply at the white face half concealed by the high upturned overcoat collar. "I would rather not supply you," he says doubtfully. "I sold you a dozen morphia tablets less than an hour ago."

The customer smiles wanly. "The fault is in your crooked streets. I didn't intend to call on you twice, but I guess I got tangled up. Excuse me."

He draws his collar higher, and moves out, slowly. He stops under an electric light at the corner, and juggles absorbedly with three or four little pasteboard boxes.

"Thirty-six," he announces to himself. "More than plenty."

For a gray mist had swooped upon Santone that night, an opaque terror that laid a hand to the throat of each of the city's guests. It was computed that three thousand invalids were hibernating in the town. They had come from by and wide, for here, among these contracted, river-sliced streets, the Goddess Ozone has elected to linger.

Purest atmosphere, sir, on earth! You might think from the river winding through our town that we are malarial, but no, sir! Repeated experiments made by both government and local experts show that our air contains nothing deleterious—nothing but ozone, sir, pure ozone. Litmus-paper tests made all along the river show—but you can read it in all the prospectuses; or the Santonian will recite it for you, word by word.

We may achieve climate, but weather is thrust upon us. Santone, then, cannot be blamed for this cold, gray fog that came and kissed the lips of the three thousand, and then delivered them to the cross. That night the tubercles, whose ravages hope holds in check, multiplied. The writhing fingers of the pale mist did not go thence bloodless. Many of the wooers of ozone capitulated with the enemy that night, turning their faces to the wall in that dumb, isolated apathy that so terrifies their watchers. On the red stream of Hemorrhagia a few souls drifted away, leaving behind pathetic heaps, white and chill as the fog itself. Two or three came to view this atmospheric wraith as the ghost of impossible joys, sent to whisper to them of the egregious folly it is to inhale breath into the lungs, only to exhale it again, and these used whatever came handy to their relief—pistols, gas, or the beneficent muriate.

The purchaser of the morphia wanders into the fog, and, at length, finds himself upon a little iron bridge, one of the score or more in the heart of the city under which the small, tortuous river flows. He leans on the rail and gasps, for here the mist has concentrated, lying like a footpad to garrote such of the Three Thousand as creep that way. The iron bridge-guys rattle to the strain of his cough, a mocking, phthisical rattle, seeming to say to him: "Clackety-clack! just a little rusty cold, sir, but not from our river. Litmus paper all along the banks and nothing but ozone. Clackety-clack!"

The Memphis man at last recovers sufficiently to be aware of another overcoated man ten feet away, leaning on the rail, and just coming out of a paroxysm. There is a freemasonry among the Three Thousand that does away with formalities and introductions. A cough is your card; a hem-

orrhage a letter of credit. The morphia man, being nearer recovered, speaks first:

"Goodall: Memphis. Pulmonary tuberculosis. Guess last stages."

The Three Thousand economize on words. Words are breath, and they need breath to write checks for the doctors.

"Hurd," gasps the other. "Hurd, of T'leder. T'leder, Ah-hia. Catarrhal bronkeetis. Name's Dennis, too—doctor says. Says I'll—live four weeks if I—take care of myself. Got your walking papers yet?"

"My doctor," says Goodall, of Memphis, a little boastingly; "gives me three months."

"Oh," remarks the man from Toledo, filling up great gaps in his conversation with wheezes, "blast the difference. What's months! Expect to—cut mine down to one week—and die in a hack—a four-wheeler, not a cough. Be considerable moanin' of the bars when I put out to sea. I've patronized 'em—pretty freely since I struck my—present gait. Say, Goodall, of Memphis—if your doc has set your pegs so close—why don't you—get on a big spree and go—to the devil quick and easy—like I'm doing?"

"A spree!" says Goodall as one who entertains a new idea. "I never did such a thing. I was thinking of another way, but—"

"Come on," invites the Ohioan, "and have some drinks. I've been at it—for two days, but the infernal stuff won't bite like it used to. Goodall, of Memphis, what's your respiration?"

"Twenty-four."

"Daily temperature?"

"Hundred and four."

"You can do it in two days. It'll take me a—week. Tank up, friend Goodall, have all the fun you can; then—off you go, in the middle of a jag, and s-s-save trouble and expense. I'm a s-son of a gun if this ain't a health resort—for your whiskers! A Lake Erie fog'd get lost here in two minutes."

"You said something about a drink," says Goodall.

A few minutes later they line up at a glittering bar, and hang upon the arm-rest. The bartender, blond, heavy, well groomed, sets out their drinks, instantly perceiving that he serves two of the Three Thousand. He observes that one is a middle-aged man, well dressed, with a lined and sunken face; the other a mere boy, who is chiefly eyes and overcoat. Disguising well the tedium begotten by many repetitions, the server of drinks begins to chant the sanitary saga of Santone.

"Rather a moist night, gentleman, for our town. A little fog from our river, but nothing to hurt. Repeated tests."

"Blast your litmus papers," gasps Toledo, "without any—personal offense intended. We've heard of 'em before. Let 'em turn red, white, and blue. What we want is a repeated test of that—whiskey. Come again. I paid for the last round, Goodall, of Memphis."

The bottle oscillates from one to the other, continues to do so, and is not removed from the counter. The bartender sees two emaciated invalids dispose of enough Kentucky Belle to floor a dozen cowboys without displaying any emotion save a sad and contemplative interest in the peregrinations of the bottle. So he is moved to manifest a solicitude as to the consequences.

"Not on your Uncle Mark Hanna," responds Toledo, "will we get drunk. We've been—vaccinated with whiskey and—cod-liver oil. What would send you to the police station—only gives us a thirst. S-s-set out another bottle."

It is slow work trying to meet death by that route. Some quicker way must be found. They leave the saloon and plunge again into the mist. The sidewalks are mere flanges at the base of the houses, the street a cold ravine, the fog filling it like a freshet. Not far away is the Mexican quarter. Conducted as if by wires, along the heavy air comes a guitar's tinkle, and the demoralizing voice of some señorita singing:

En las tardes sombrillos del invierno
En el prado a Morar me reclino,
Y mal digo mi fausto destino—
Una vida la más infeliz.

The words of it they do not understand—neither Toledo nor Memphis—but words are the least important things in life. The music tears the breasts of the seekers after Nepenthe, inciting Toledo to remark:

"Those kids of mine—I wonder—by God, Mr. Goodall, of Memphis, we had too little of that whiskey! No slow music in mine, if you please. It makes you disremember to forget."

Hurd of Toledo here pulls out his watch, and says:

"I'm a son of a gun! Got an engagement for a hack ride out to San Pedro Springs at eleven. Forgot it. A fellow from Noo York,

and me, and the Castillo sisters at Rhinegelder's Garden. That Noo York chap's a lucky dog—got one whole lung—good for a year yet. Plenty of money, too. He pays for everything. I can't afford—to miss the jamboree. Sorry you ain't going along. Good-by, Goodall, of Memphis."

He rounds the corner and shuffles away, casting off thus easily the ties of acquaintanceship, as the moribund do, the season of dissolution being man's supreme hour of egoism and selfishness. But he turns and calls back through the fog to the other:

"I say, Goodall, of Memphis! If you get there before I do, tell 'em Hurd's a comin' too. Hurd, of T'leder, Ahhia."

Thus Goodall's tempter deserts him. That youth, uncomplaining and uncaring, takes a spell at coughing, and, recovered, wanders desultorily on down this street, the name of which he neither knows nor recks. At a certain point he perceives swinging doors, and hears, filtering between them, a noise of wind- and string-instruments. Two men enter from the street as he arrives, and he follows them in. There is a kind of antechamber, plentifully set with palms and cactuses and oleanders. At a little marble-top table some people sit, while soft-shod attendants bring the beer. All is orderly, clean, melancholy-gay; of the German method of pleasure. At his right is the foot of a stairway. A man standing there holds out his hand. Goodall extends his, full of silver, and the man selects therefrom a coin. Goodall goes upstairs, and sees there two galleries extending along the sides of a concert-hall which he now perceives to lie below and beyond the anteroom he had first entered. These galleries are divided into boxes or stalls which bestow, with the aid of hanging lace curtains, a certain privacy upon their occupants.



The customer smiles wanly. "The fault is in your crooked streets. I didn't intend to call on you twice, but I guess I got tangled up. Excuse me"

Passing, with aimless feet, down the aisle contiguous to these saucy and discreet compartments, he is half checked by the sight, in one of them, of a young woman, alone, and seated in an attitude of reflection. This young woman becomes aware of his approach. A smile from her brings him to a standstill, and her subsequent invitation draws him, though hesitating, to the other chair in the box, a little table between them.

Goodall is only nineteen. There are some whom, when the terrible god Phthisis wishes to destroy, he first makes beautiful; and the boy is one of these. His face is wax, and an awful pulchritude is born of the menacing flame in his cheeks. His eyes reflect an unearthly vista engendered by the certainty of his doom. As it is forbidden man to guess accurately concerning his fate, it is inevitable that he shall tremble at the slightest lifting of the veil.

The young woman is well dressed, and

exhibits a beauty of a distinctly feminine and tender sort; an Eve-like comeliness that seems scarcely predestined to fade.

It is immaterial, the steps by which the two mount to a certain plane of good understanding; they are short and few, as befits the occasion.

A button against the wall of the partition is frequently disturbed, and a waiter comes and goes at its signal. Pensive Beauty would have nothing of wine; two thick plaits of her blond hair hang almost to the floor; she is a lineal descendant of the Loreley. So the waiter brings the brew; effervescent, icy, greenish golden. The orchestra on the stage is playing "Oh, Rachel." The two youngsters have exchanged a good bit of information. She calls him "Walter," and he calls her "Miss Rosa."

Goodall's tongue is loosened, and he has told her everything about himself—about his home in Tennessee, the old pillared mansion under the oaks, the stables, the hunting, the friends he has; down to the chickens, and the box bushes bordering the walks. About his coming South for the climate, hoping to escape the hereditary foe of his family. All about his three months on a ranch; the deer hunts, the rattlers, and the rollicking in the cow-camps. Then of his advent to Santone, where he has indirectly learned from a great specialist that his life's calendar probably contains but two more leaves. And then of this death-white, choking night which has come and strangled his fortitude, and sent him out to seek a port amid its depressing billows.

"My weekly letter from home failed to come," he told her, "and I was pretty blue. I knew I had to go before long, and I was tired of waiting. I went out and bought morphine at every drug-store where they would sell me a few tablets. I got thirty-six quarter-grains, and was going back to my room and take them, but I met a queer fellow on a bridge, who had a new idea." Goodall fillips a little white pasteboard box upon the table. "I put 'em all together in there."

Miss Rosa, being a woman, must raise the lid. She gives a slight shiver at the innocent-looking triturates. "Horrid things! But those little, white bits—they could never kill one!"

Indeed they could. Walter knows better. Nine grains of morphia! Why, half the amount might.

Miss Rosa demands to know about Mr. Hurd, of Toledo, and is told. She laughs like a delighted child. "What a funny fellow! But tell me more about your home and your sisters, Walter. I know enough about Texas and tarantulas and cowboys."

The theme is dear, just now, to his mood, and he lays before her the simple details of a true home; the little ties and endearments that so fill the exile's heart. Of his sisters, one, Alice, furnishes him a theme he loves to dwell upon.

"She is like you, Miss Rosa," he says. "Maybe not quite so pretty, but just as nice, and good, and—"

"There! Walter," says Miss Rosa sharply, "now talk about something else."

But a shadow falls upon the wall outside, preceding a big, softly treading man, finely dressed, who pauses a second before the curtains and then passes on. Presently comes the waiter with a message,

"Mr. Rolfe says—"

"Tell Rolfe I'm engaged."

"I don't know why it is," says Goodall, of Memphis, "but I don't feel as bad as I did. An hour ago I wanted to die, but since I've met you, Miss Rosa, I'd like, so much, to live."

The young woman whirls around the table, lays an arm behind his neck, and kisses him on the cheek.

"You must, dear boy," she says. "I know what was the matter. It was this miserable foggy weather that has lowered your spirit and mine too—a little. But look now!"

With a little spring she has drawn back the curtains. A window is in the wall opposite, and lo! the mist is cleared away. The indulgent moon is out again, revoyaging the plumbless sky. Roof and parapet and spire are softly pearl enameled. Twice, thrice, the retrieved river flashes back, between the houses, the light of the firmament. A tonic day will dawn, sweet and prosperous.

"Talk of death, when the world is so beautiful!" says Miss Rosa, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Do something to please me, Walter. Go home to your rest, and say, 'I mean to get better,' and then do it."

"If you ask it," says the boy with a smile, "I will."

The waiter brings full glasses. Did



"Not on your Uncle Mark Hanna," responds Toledo, "will we get drunk. We've been—vaccinated with whiskey and—cod-liver oil. What would send you to the police station—only gives us a thirst. S-s-set out another bottle"

they ring? No; but it is well. He may leave them. A farewell glass. Miss Rosa says, "To your better health, Walter." He says, "To our next meeting."

His eyes look no longer into the void, but gaze upon the antithesis of death. His foot is set in an undiscovered country to-night. He is obedient, ready to go. "Good night," she says.

"I never kissed a girl before," he confesses, "except my sisters."

"You didn't this time," she laughs; "I kissed you—good night."

"When shall I see you again?" he persists.

"You promised me to go home," she frowns, "and get well. Perhaps we shall meet again—soon. Good night."

He hesitates, his hat in hand. She smiles broadly and kisses him once more, upon the forehead. She watches him far down the aisle, then sits again at the table.

The shadow falls once more against the wall. This time the big, softly stepping man parts the curtains and looks in. Miss Rosa's eyes meet his, and for half a minute they remain thus, silent, fighting a battle with that king of weapons. Presently the big man drops the curtains, turns, and passes on.

The orchestra ceases playing suddenly, and an important voice can be heard loudly talking in one of the boxes farther down the aisle. No doubt some citizen entertains there some visitor to the town, and Miss Rosa leans back in her chair and smiles at some of the words she catches:

"Purest atmosphere—in the world—litmus paper all along—nothing hurtful—our city—nothing but pure ozone."

The waiter returns for the tray and glasses. As he enters, the girl crushes a little empty pasteboard box in her hand, and throws it in a corner. She is stirring something in her glass with her hat-pin.

"Why, Miss Rosa," says the waiter, with the civil familiarity he uses, "putting salt in your beer this early in the night!"



Mrs. William Randolph Hearst

("*Alyn Williams: Miniaturist*")

Alyn Williams: Miniaturist

By Henry Tyrrell



Lady Pedler

"HOW do you begin a miniature portrait?" asked an ambitious young artist, of Mr. Alyn Williams, president of the Royal Society of Miniature-Painters of England.

"Oh, by going to the opera, or being among those present at a lawn-party or a five-o'clock tea," was the seemingly enigmatical response.

Yet it was not really enigmatical, but on the contrary a perfectly frank and illuminative statement of his manner and spirit of working by one of the most successful modern masters of an exquisite art many centuries old.

Without going into technical exposition, Mr. Williams was explaining that the open secret of success in getting a characteristic miniature or any other portrait is to surprise the subject in moods and aspects of pleasurable animation, and to absorb more or less intimate and fleeting impressions at moments when the mask of self-consciousness is flung aside. Such, indeed, is the method of all true portraitists, who aim to paint souls, not mere surfaces. The size of a picture has nothing to do with its real quality. No matter how small a miniature may be, it should as truly reveal individual characteristics and psychological suggestions as a life-size canvas. In the work of all the great historic miniaturists, this principle is clearly exemplified. The standard likenesses of Oliver Cromwell are miniatures. Other tiny chefs-d'œuvre of this class have the qualities of a Rembrandt, a Van Dyck, a Romney, or a Reynolds.

"In miniatures," says Alyn Williams, "let women be painted for beauty and grace, children for playful prettiness, men for manliness and strength. You will find that the great miniature-painters are never merely 'little' masters, never given to the weakly pretty or wishy-washy, but have shown on their small ivory tablets results just as notable and permanent as those which others, or perhaps they themselves, have produced on canvas, in oils. These qualities represent traits which the painter must first divine and *draw out* from his unsuspecting model, and then *draw in* upon his minute portrait plate by means of conscientious, sympathetic art. He must be painstaking, but not niggling."

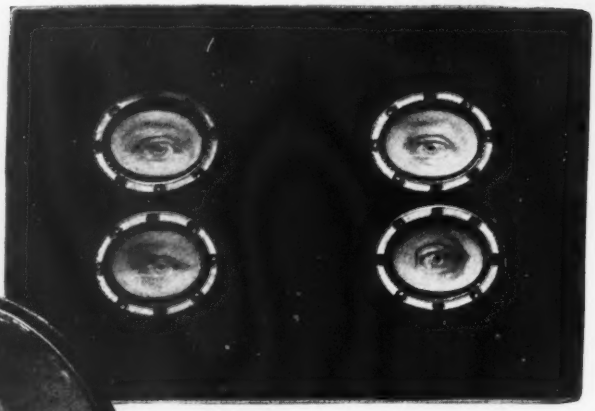
The unpardonable sin, according to this punctilious Englishman, is the use of photography in miniature-painting. It is possible, no doubt, by stippling paint over a photographic print on ivory, to produce at small expense a sort of imitation or near-miniature, which may convey a recognizable likeness, and may even have a weak or garish prettiness. But it will be utterly insignificant in expression, and cannot under any possible pretext be called a work of art.

Mr. Williams (himself a former student at Heatherly's, the Slade and Westminster art schools in London, and at the Julian Academy in Paris) compels his pupils to study the style, not of miniature-painters as such, but of the real "big men"—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney, Raeburn. He advises students to begin by painting life-size portraits in oils, and only when they have mastered the technique of this art to begin working on the jewel-like scale of the ivory miniature. By this judicious course of guidance he has exercised a wide and salutary influence, while placing himself at the head of modern

British miniature-painters. Probably no other portrait-painter of recent times has had so many "special sittings" accorded by royalty and nobility, and by occupants of the "seats of the mighty" in Europe and America.

The specific object of Mr. Williams's first American venture, five years ago, was to execute a commission awarded him by Sir Alfred Reynolds to fix on imperishable ivory a life study of President Theodore Roosevelt, for the Guildhall. The anxiety and enthusiasm of the Englishman as he came to confront his task, and the amusing observations about it with which he was so lavish, are well remembered on Picture Lane.

"I've got to see him, if only once, in action, you know," said the artist. He was assured that there would be no difficulty about that—the real trouble would begin when he tried to get the great man in repose.



A truly royal pair of cuff-links. The one at the left has a painted eye of Queen Mary (top) and of King George; the other one shows an eye of Queen Alexandra (top) and of King Edward VII



Lady Hamilton, wife of General Sir Ian Hamilton.—The Hon. Alice Evelyn Keppel, wife of Major Bertram Keppel

An eye of Mrs. George Gould

The artist fired up with pleasurable anticipation. "That's the man I want to paint. I don't want him to sit still and let me take a flat photographic likeness. He won't, you say? Very good—right-o. Now, when I was painting King Edward, he sat very still and smoked black cigars. But then, you see, His Majesty was a quiet man. Diplomacy had made him quiet."

By comparison with this prelude, Mr. Williams was remarkably reticent regarding his subsequent portrait-stalking of the mighty hunter. His later portrait of President Taft, however, executed at the White House under exceptionally favorable circumstances, is an admirable example of condensed portrait-painting. After its exhibition at Knoedler's, in New York, it was purchased by friends of the President, and presented to the National Art Gallery in Washington.

The commonest criticism of Alyn Williams's miniature work is to the effect that he shows a marked tendency toward big eyes and Cupid's-

bow mouths, even in subjects not expected to be endowed by nature with romantic aspect and personal beauty. However, a great many girls really have Cupid's-bow lip lines; and most of the others have the makings of them, if aided by a pardonable license of conventionalization on the artist's part. As for the eyes, there is an historic *mot* of Williams's on the subject.

"Do you know, Mr. Williams," said an ox-eyed Juno who was sitting for him, "some of my friends declare that one of my eyes is smaller than the other. Is it noticeable enough to show in a miniature?"

"Nonsense, madam!" responded the painter. "Why, if anything, one eye is *larger* than the other."

Mr. Williams has "an eye for an eye," so to speak, in a special and most interesting way. That is in his successful introduction, or revival, of the poetic art of painting miniatures of eyes—eyes alone, as if shining out of the sky or the imagination—to be set and worn as jewels on cuff-links, brooches, scarf-pins, in watch-cases, and the like. It is in line with the pretty conceit of Count Robert de Montesquiou, who gave a series of "conferences" in New York one season, and in his discourse on "Jewels" led up triumphantly to the demonstration that the most varied, wondrous, and beautiful of all gems or jewels are—eyes.

A famous eye-picture, perhaps the earliest, was that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the morganatic wife of King George IV, who sat for it to the great Cosway himself, and had the tiny miniature set in a gold bracelet, which the king wore upon his wrist.



Mrs. Edward B. McLean, née Evelyn Walsh

The eyes of Mrs. George Gould and those of her daughter Marjorie, painted from life by Alyn Williams, are worn by Mr. Gould on cuff-links. The same artist has done a marvelously expressive miniature of the prom-

lidded, yet keen and kindly eye of the late King Edward. This was what probably gave a new start to the fashionable fad. At a recent miniature-show in London, many paintings of eyes were shown, including some dating back more than a century, to the time of Cosway. One of the most interesting curios in the collection was an exquisite bracelet containing seven diamond-set miniatures depicting the eyes of the seven children, of a Scotch laird. There was also the melting dark eye of the lovely Lady Blessington.

We have no specific record of the prices commanded by the early English miniaturists. Those of their present-day successors are decidedly "fancy," and Alyn Williams undoubtedly heads the list. His uniform price for painting a pair of eyes is two hundred dollars. For the portrait of Mrs. Edward Morris, of Chicago, which is 5½ inches high by 4 wide—not an unusual "miniature" size for a full-length figure—he received one thousand dollars, which may be taken as representative of this fashionable artist's average fee.



Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth

The first miniature painted by Alyn Williams was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890. He was among the organizers of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters of England, and became its first president.

American miniature-painting has its own by no means inglorious record, from the sojourn here (1793-1815) of the distinguished Frenchman, Saint-Memin, from Benjamin West and his pupils, from Vanderlyn, and Dunlap, and Foster, and Fraser, and—last and greatest—Malbone. The present American Society of Miniature-Painters, headed by William J. Baer, has several hundred members and associates, and its annual exhibition is a fashionable function as well as an artistic event of the season.

Dr. G. C. Williamson's elaborate "History of Portrait Miniatures, from the Time of Holbein," dedicated by special permission to Queen Alexandra, has as a frontispiece a superb colored facsimile of the miniature of the queen painted by Alyn Williams, who also contributes to the work a valuable chapter of practical instruction, "On the Painting of Miniatures." Mr. Williams broadly classes the miniaturists of the present day under three heads:

"First, the professional painter, who has worked earnestly, and devoted the necessary years of labor to his art training, before taking up any special branch of art; second, the amateur, or semi-amateur, who desires to follow a fashionable craze, and has a real love for the work, or a desire to make a little money; and, finally, the photographic artist, who is content to copy photographs on ivory. Too often, alas! for the public credit of the art, the photograph is printed lightly, direct on to the ivory, and then colored, when the result is fraudulently termed a miniature."

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Mottoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Ferris, sculptress, twenty-two years old, daughter of a famous physician, had had many love affairs, but could not trust herself to marry. The most assiduous wooer was a lifelong friend, Wilmot Allen, who, when the story opens, has been thrown upon his own not very promising resources. These finally failing, he accepts a considerable loan from a legless man whose livelihood is apparently gained by the hand-organ species of begging. This man now makes subtle inquiries about Barbara which Allen resents but cannot, on account of his obligation, evade. Wilmot goes to Barbara's studio, where he finds her discouraged over a bust of Satan upon which she has been working. Still, what she chooses to call her career is stronger than his appeal for her to give it all up and marry him. She tells him to go away and amount to something, and he warns her that somehow he will make her love him, make her marry him. But upon him is the obligation to a street beggar who can lend various thousands in ready cash, who does not scruple at murder, who has a hat-manufactory manned with pretty girls, and who, for some reason, is interested in Barbara Ferris, daughter of the Avenue.

Walking to her studio on a May morning, Barbara comes upon the beggar. One glimpse of his face and she knows she has discovered her model for Satan. The artist in her overcoming her repugnance for the legless man, she asks him to pose for her, and he consents. At the studio she inquires of her studio-boy, Bubbles, about the beggar and learns that he is a wicked man, mysterious, a power on the East Side, and is held in general fear. Nevertheless she welcomes him to the studio. Bubbles is all solicitude and manages to have a young secret-service agent present in the guise of a workman while Blizzard is posing. The beggar gone, the young man warns Barbara against him, but she makes light of his fears and says it is her own affair anyway. At home she finds young Allen, who also warns her against Blizzard. Again she refuses to be alarmed, even when Wilmot insists that she carry an automatic pistol which he gives her. The perverse fates, abetted by a wilful girl, seem to be planning a heart-break for some one.

THE girls who plaited hats for Blizzard had just finished luncheon and were taking their places at the long work-table. The entrance door having clanged its bell, twenty heads bent earnestly over twenty hats in various stages of construction, and twenty pairs of hands leaped into skilful activity.

The master passed up and down on his crutches, observing progress and despatch with slow-moving, introspective eyes. Presently he came to a halt and clapped his hands sharply together. Twenty pairs of eyes, some cringing, some with vestiges of boldness, some favor-currying, sought his, and twenty pairs of hands ceased work as when power is shut off from as many machines. Blizzard's eyes passed slowly over the girls in a sort of appraising review, once, and a second time.

"Miss Rose."

"Yes, sir."

The speaker was one of those flowers of girlhood which bloom here and there in the slums. She might have been a princess in exile and disguise. Even her hands and feet were fine and delicate. And if in her expression there was a certain nervousness, there was none of fear.

"Stand up."

She rose in her place; the corners of her mouth trembled a little, but curled steadily upward.

"Stand out where I can see you."

She did so, with a certain defiant grace.

"Turn around, slowly."

She might have been one of those young ladies at a fashionable dressmaker's upon whom the effect of the latest Parisian models is continually tried. While she slowly gyrated, the legless man, looking up at her, spoke aloud.

"Muck! Muck!" he said. "And yet she's the pick of the bunch."

The girl kept on turning.

"Stand still."

She did as ordered, but it so happened that her back was squarely turned upon the master.

"No monkey business," he shouted. "Face me! Face me!"

She faced him, still scornful, but white now, and biting her lips.

"The rest of you," he said, "will have the rest of the day off. Get out."

Seventy-six chair-legs squeaked, and Miss Rose's nineteen companions, with murmurs and occasional nervous giggles, hurried off to the coat-room. A few minutes later the bell of the outer door clanged once—they were going; clanged a second time—they were gone.

Meanwhile the legless man had not taken

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his hard, calculating eyes off the girl who remained. Presently he spoke. "We're alone," he said. "I'm between you and the door." He spread his great arms, as if to emphasize the impassability of the barrier which confronted her. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes."

The legless man laughed. "Well said," he remarked, "and truthfully said. And why are you afraid?"

"Everybody's afraid of you."

He regarded her for some moments in silence. "You needn't be. Have I ever hurt you?"

"No."

"How long have you worked for me?"

"Five months."

"And you are the cleverest worker I have. You admit that?"

"I don't know."

Again he laughed. "Once," he said, "I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. But I've seen a prettier."

"I believe you."

"But you've got a certain spirit. You don't cringe."

"Don't I?"

"No!" he bellowed, "you don't." And when he saw that she didn't cringe, he laughed once more.

"You live with Minnie Bauer?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have no father—no mother?"

"No, sir."

"Burnt alive in a tenement fire, weren't they?"

She answered with a great effort, and seemed upon the verge of tears. "Yes, sir."

"You will leave Minnie, and come here to live."

"Why?"

"Because I make it my business to reward the skilful, the laborious, and the deserving."

She shook her head. "That's not good enough," she said.

"You will keep my house in order," he said; "you will learn to help me with the piano. You will have fine clothes to wear, and the spending of plenty of money."

"Not good enough," she repeated.

"I have read you these five months as if you were a book. You are loyal to your friends. You can keep secrets. I admire you. There are many things that I wish to talk about. But I cannot talk about them except to some one that I can trust. Will you stay?"

She shook her head, but the legless man smiled, as he might have smiled if she had nodded it.

"I am suffering," he said, "the tortures of the damned. I ask you for help and for comfort, and you refuse them."

A look curiously like tenderness swam into the girl's eyes. The beggar moved sideways upon his crutches.

"If you want to go," he said, "the way's open."

"Can I really go if I want to, and not come back?"

"You really can," he said. "Most things that I want I take, but a man can't take help and comfort unless they are freely given."

She moved slowly forward as if to discover the truth of his statement that the way was open. He made not the least gesture of interference. When she was between him and the outer door and rather nearer the latter, she turned about sharply.

"What's troubling you?" she asked.

"The fact," he said, and there was a something really charming in the expression of his mouth and eyes, "that though I can give orders to very many people, and be obeyed as a general is obeyed by his soldiers in war times, I have no friend. Fear attracts this person to me, self-interest attracts that person, but there's no one that's held to me by friendship."

"You're only asking me to be your friend?"

"You will be as safe in my house as in the rooms of the Gerry Society."

"If you want me for a friend why did you call me *muck* just now?"

"I don't want the others to know that we are friends. I want them to think—what they always think."

"How do I know you trust me?"

"Lock the street door," he said; "you're younger than I. It's easier for you to move about."

She locked the door and returned.

"Are you staying," he asked, "through curiosity or friendship?"

"Look here," she said, "it's neither. Can't you guess what ails me?"

"Tell me."

She took his strong, wicked face between her young hands, and bending over kissed him on the forehead. Then she drew back, flaming.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She might have been one of those young ladies at a fashionable dressmaker's upon whom the effect of the latest Parisian models is continually tried. While she slowly gyrated, the legless man, looking up at her, spoke aloud. "Muck! Muck!" he said. "And yet she's the pick of the bunch"

The legless man was touched. "Why?" he asked.

"I don't know. It just came to me," she said. "God knows I didn't want it to. I guess that's all."

Rose found it hard to control her jumping nerves. A curious thing had happened to her. Having at last wormed her way into the master's confidence, and brought a long piece of play-acting to a successful conclusion, a certain candor and frankness which were natural to her made the thought of divulging what she had already found out, and whatever he might confide to her in the future, exceedingly repugnant. And she acknowledged with a shiver of revolt that the creature's fascination for her was not altogether a matter of make-believe. She was going to find it very hard to keep a proper perspective and point of view; to continue to regard him as just another "case" and all in the day's work.

"In my house," he said, "you shall do as you please. You're a dear girl, Rose."

"I feel at home in your house," she said, "and happy."

A cloud gathered in Blizzard's face. "Happiness!" he exclaimed. "There is no such thing—neither for you, nor for me. The world is a torture-chamber, and remember, Rose, we are to be allies; we are to have no secrets from each other."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That was what you said," she complained. "But have you really shown me any confidence?"

He smiled as upon a wayward child. "You shall know everything that there is to know—when the time comes."

She pouted.

"And what, by the way," he went on, "have *you* told *me?*"

"I have told you," she answered with dignity, "my one secret."

"The way you feel about me?"

She nodded and blushed. It was going to be a hard lie to keep telling.

"And you've no other secret? Nothing else that you ought to tell me?"

There was more meaning in his voice than in his words, so that for a moment Rose was startled. Was it possible that the man suspected her, and was playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse?

"What else could I possibly have to tell you of any importance?"

"I was joking," said the beggar.

Rose sat at the window of her room looking upward into a night of stars. She could not sleep. Twice she had heard the legless man pass her door upon his crutches. Each time he had hesitated, and once, or so she thought, he had laid his hand upon the door-knob. She wondered how much of her wakefulness was due to fright, and how much to the excitement of being well launched upon a case of tremendous importance, for the secret service knew that Blizzard was engaged upon a colossal plot of some sort, and just what that was Rose had volunteered, at the risk of her life, and of her honor, to find out.

XII

THE next morning, at the appointed hour, Blizzard climbed the stairs to Barbara's studio, knocked, and was at once admitted. That he was welcome, if only for his head's sake, was at once evident.

"Something told me that *you* wouldn't fail me," said Barbara.

"You can be quite easy about that," said Blizzard. "I am in the habit of keeping my word."

He climbed to the model's platform and seated himself as upon previous mornings, with a kind of businesslike directness.

"Ready when you are," he said.

Barbara withdrew the damp cloths from the clay, looked critically from the bust to the original and back again. "My work," she said, "still looks right to me. But you don't."

Blizzard smiled.

"Yesterday," she said, "you looked as if you were suffering like," she laughed, "like the very devil. To-day you look well fed and contented. Now that won't do. Try to remember what you were thinking about when I first saw you."

At once, as a fresh slide is placed in a magic-lantern, the legless man's expression of well-being vanished, and that dark tortured look of Satan fallen which had so fired Barbara's imagination, once more possessed his features. Barbara's eyes flashed with satisfaction.

"It wasn't hard for you to remember what you were thinking about, was it?" she said.

"It was not," said Blizzard, and his voice was cold as a well-curb. "When I first saw you, I was thinking thoughts that can never be forgotten."

"Lift your chin, please," she said, "just a fraction. So. Turn your head a fraction more toward me. Good. And please don't think of anything pleasant until I tell you. Anybody can make an exact copy of a head. Expressions are the things that only lucky people can catch."

"I believe you are one of them," said Blizzard. "I believe you will catch mine—if you keep on wanting to."

"I must," she said simply.

And then for half an hour there was no sound in the studio but the long-drawn breathing of the legless man. Barbara worked in a kind of grim, exalted silence.

Meanwhile Bubbles was climbing the back stair to his bedroom, where he had left Harry, the secret-service agent, on guard over Barbara. The boy, all out of breath with haste, opened his right fist and disclosed a narrow slip of paper with writing on it.

"The minute *he* came out of his burrow and started up-town," said Bubbles, "and was out o' sight, I begun to spin my top up and down Marrow Lane. Rose she's moved up-stairs, like she said she would."

Harry's eyes sparkled with interest and approbation. "Good girl!" he said.

"I seen her," Bubbles went on, "at an upper window, and when she seed me, she winked both eyes, like as if the sun was too bright for 'em. I winked the same way, and then she lets the paper drop."

Harry took the paper out of the boy's hand, and read, "Nothing done, much doing."

"She's a grand one," said Bubbles. "If he ever gets wise to her, he'll tear her to pieces."

"I'm not worrying about Rose—yet," said Harry. "She knows what she's up against, and she can pull a gun quicker than I can. We used to play getting the drop on each other by the hour."

"What for?" asked Bubbles, always interested in the smallest details of sporting propositions.

"Poker-chips," said Harry, and Bubbles looked his disgust. There was a minute's silence, then,

"Harry," said Bubbles, "what do *you* think he's up to?"

"By George," said Harry, "I can't make out. What do *you* think?"

Bubbles' sensitive mouth quivered eagerly. "You tell me," he said, "what he's making hats for—he don't sell 'em—and I'll tell you what he's up to."

"Some of the labor leaders in the West are mixed up in it," said Harry; "we *know* that."

"Labor leaders, Harry!" The small boy's face was comic with scorn and facetiousness.

"You know the ones I mean, Bub. Not the men who lead labor—that's only what they call themselves; but the men who betray labor for their own pockets, the men who find dynamite for half-witted fanatics to set off. The men—" He broke short off, and listened. "Better butt in to the studio, Bub, and see what's doing."

"Did you think you heard something?"

"I know that I haven't heard anything for half an hour."

In a few minutes Bubbles returned. "He's just sitting there with a face like sin on him," he said, "and she's working like a dynamo."

And although Barbara actually was working with great speed and gratitude, the entrance of the small boy had seemed to disturb the train of her inspiration. Somewhere in the back of her head appeared to be some brain-cells quite detached from the important matter in hand, and to these was conveyed the fact that a door-knob had been turned, and at once they began to busy themselves upon the suggestion. Something like this: door-knobs—old door-knobs—new glass door-knobs—man to put on new glass door-knobs—wonderfully prepossessing man—name Harry—charming name. Harry—charming smile—wonder if anybody'll ever see him again.

Gradually other cells in Barbara's brain took up the business, until presently she was entirely occupied with unasked, and unwelcome, and altogether pleasant thoughts of the young secret-service agent. It was almost as if he laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, "You've worked long enough on this dreadful beggar—come with me for a holiday."

Twice, pausing, she endeavored to go on with her work, and could not. Something of the May-weather message, that all is futile except life, had filtered into her blood. Her hands dropped to her sides, and her face, very rosy, became so wonderfully beautiful that Blizzard almost groaned aloud. Something told him that his morning was over, his morning filled with the

happiness of propinquity and stolen looks, with the happiness that is half spiritual and half gloating.

"Thank you," said Barbara, "ever so much. I sha'n't do any more to-day. I'm not fit. But we have gotten on. Want to look?"

She turned the revolving-table so that Blizzard could look upon his likeness. And you may be sure that he did not lose the opportunity thus presented. He regarded the clay steadily, for a long time, without speaking. Then he drew one very long breath, and the expression upon his face softened.

"That man," he said, "has had a hard life, Miss Ferris. It is all written in his face. When he was a little boy, he was the victim of a mistake so atrocious, so wicked, that the blood in his body turned to gall, and all his powers of loving turned to hatred. Instead of facing disaster like a man, he turned from it, and fled—down—down—down, and fell down—down—grappling with all that he could reach that was good or beautiful, and dragging it down with him—to destruction—to the pit—to hell on earth. And then he lived a long time, pampering all that was base in him, prospering materially, recognizing no moral law. He was contented with his choice—happy as a well-fed dog is happy in a warm corner. And then the inevitable happened. An idea came to him, a dream of peace and beauty, of well-doing and happiness. But that chance was torture, since, if he was to live it, he must undo the evil that he had done, unthink the thoughts that had been meat and drink to him, and he must get back to where he was before he fell."

He paused, and extending his right forefinger pointed at the bust of himself and exclaimed:

"That man—there—that you've made in my image—line for line—torture for torture, must go on living in the hell which he has prepared with his own perverted mind. He can never get back. It is too late—too late—too late!"

His voice rose to a kind of restrained fury. The room shook with its strong vibrations.

Then he turned to Barbara, smiled, all of a sudden, gaily, almost genuinely, and said in a voice of humble gallantry:

"But I've done you a good turn. If you never proved it before, you're proving these days that you are a heaven-born genius."

A harder-headed girl than Barbara must have been pleased and beguiled. She blushed, and laughed. "I've only one thing to wish for," she said.

"What is that?"

"I wish," she said, "that you were the greatest art critic in the world."

He leaned forward, and in a confidential whisper, "A secret," said he, "between us two. I am."

Then they both laughed, and the beggar, not without reluctance, climbed down from the platform. Swift and easy as were his motions, he appeared to terrible disadvantage, and he knew it. So did Barbara, who a moment before had been on the point of really liking him. She steeled herself against the sudden disgust which she could not help feeling, and smiled at him in a steady, friendly way.

"To-morrow?" she said.

"To-morrow."

"At the same time, please. Good-by, and good luck to you."

"Good luck to *you*, Miss Ferris." And he was gone.

Barbara, opening the door into the next room, surprised a sound of voices. They ceased instantly. "Bubbles," she called.

He came, looking a trifle guilty.

"Who's that with you?"

"Harry," he said simply.

"The man who was here before?"

"Yes, Miss Barbara."

"What's he doing in my rooms?"

"He was just sitting, and chinning," said Bubbles.

Miss Ferris was displeased. "Tell him," she said, "that I can't have my apartment turned into a Young Men's Club."

"Yes, miss."

Bubbles retired, reluctantly, with the message, only to return in a moment.

"He says will you let him speak to you a moment, please."

She hesitated. And then, "Yes," she said. "I suppose he wishes to apologize."

He was even more charming looking than the memory of him. She made an effort to look a little displeased, and a little unfriendly. She failed, because the May-weather message had gotten into her blood, and because certain forces of which as yet she knew little had established connecting links between herself and the young secret-service agent.

"I am going to scold you," said Barbara. "Bubbles has his work to do."

"But I was helping him with it."

"He said you were just sitting and—and chinning."

"When we had finished working."

"Have you been here long?"

The young man looked her steadily in the face, and said gravely, "Ever since Blizzard came."

Barbara lifted her chin a little. "I am quite able to take care of myself," she said.

He shook his head sadly.

"Do you make it your business"—she had succeeded in making herself angry—"to keep an eye on all young women whom you fancy unable to take care of themselves?"

"I only wish to God I could," he said earnestly. "But of course it's impossible. So I just do the best I can."

"And why have you chosen me? Surely others are even *more* helpless than I am." She managed to convey a good deal of scorn. "Why," she continued, "must I be the particular creature singled out for your chivalrous notice?"

"I don't know," he said simply.

All the anger went out of Barbara, and a delicious little thrill passed through her from head to foot, leaving in its wake a clear rosy glory.

"Bubbles," said the young man, "would die for you; but he is only a little boy. I am very strong."

Barbara refused to rise at the implication that the strong young man was also ready and even eager to die for her. "Tell me more about Blizzard," she said.

"He's one of the half-dozen men in the city that we would like to have an eye on night and day. We want him."

"Oh," she said, "then you are not here entirely on my account? It is also your business to be here?"

He nodded, not altogether pleased with the turn the matter had taken.

"In that case," she said, "I have no wish to stand in your way. But—I don't propose to be a cat's-paw. You may sit in Bubbles's room if you like, but I won't have you on your hands and knees at the studio door listening at the keyhole. That must be understood."

The young man flushed with righteous anger. "You don't *look*," he said, "as if you could say a thing like that to a fellow."

Instantly, and almost humbly, she begged his pardon.

"Then I may come to-morrow?" he asked.

"And the next day," said Barbara. "And, by the way, what is your name?"

"Harry," he said.

"Harry what?"

A look very much like pathos came into his handsome eyes. "I want to be honest with you," he said. "I don't own any other name. I call myself West. But I've no right to it. I don't know who my father was or what he was."

"You don't have to explain," said Barbara. "I think you would have been quite within your rights in saying that your name was West and letting it go at that."

It was not her intention to receive Mr. West's confidences at either this time or any other. And so, of course, ten minutes later, as she drove up-town, she was "dying" to know all that there was to be known about him. He had gone down-stairs with her, and put her into her cab. He might have been a prince with a passion for good manners. He seemed to her wonderfully graceful and at ease, in all that he did.

XIII

Dr. Ferris smiled tolerantly, and said to the footman who had brought the card, "I shall be very glad to see Mr. Allen." And he kept on smiling after the footman had gone. The interview which he foresaw was of that kind which not only did him honor but amused him. Wilmot Allen would not be the first young man to whom the rich surgeon had had the pleasure of putting embarrassing questions: "What can you tell me of your past life and habits?" "Can you support my daughter in the way to which she has always been accustomed?" etc., etc.

But Wilmot Allen did not at once ask permission to address Barbara. He entered with that good-natured air of easy laziness which was rather attractive in him, and without looking in the least troubled announced that what he had come to say embarrassed him greatly.

"And furthermore," he said, "if Barbara hears of it, she'll be furious. She would take the natural and even correct point of view that it's none of my business, and she would select one of the thousand ruthless and brutal methods which young women have at their disposition for the disciplining of young men. So, please, will you consider my visit professional and, if



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Harry broke short off, and listened at the door. "Better butt in to the studio, Bub, and see what's doing." for half an hour." In a few minutes Bubbles returned. "He's just sitting



he said. "Did you think you heard something?" asked Bubbles. "I know that I haven't heard anything there with a face like sin on him," he said, "and she's working like a dynamo"

you like," he grinned mischievously, "charge me the regular fee for consultation?"

Dr. Ferris laughed. "I shall be delighted to play father confessor," he said, "if you'll sit down, and smoke a cigar."

Mr. Allen would. He lighted one of Dr. Ferris's cigars with the care due to a thing of value, settled himself in a deep chair, and appeared by slightly pausing to be gathering scattered thoughts into a focus.

"Yes," he said at last, "there's no doubt about it. I am about to be very impertinent. If you like you shall turn me out of your house, with or without kicks, as seems best to you. Barbara needs a nurse, and it seems to me you ought to know it; because in a way it's a reflection on you."

"Quite so," said Dr. Ferris. "I am not at all pleased with Barbara. What has she done?"

"Do you suppose it would be possible to get her interested in anything besides this sculpture business—before it's too late?"

"Too late?"

"Before she gets a taste of success."

"But will she—ever?"

Wilmot Allen nodded eagerly. "She will," he said. "She is doing a head. It's far from finished; but even now, in the rough state, it's quite the most exceptional inspired thing you ever saw. She will exhibit it and become famous overnight. I can't bet much—as you may perhaps suspect—but I'll bet all I've got. And of course, once she gets recognition and everybody begins to kow-tow to her—why, good-by, Barbara."

"Still," said Dr. Ferris, "if she's developing a real talent, I don't know that I ought to stand in her way. And, besides, we've fought that all out, and," he laughed grimly, "I took my licking like a man."

"Of course," said Allen. "When a girl that ought to go in for marriage and that sort of thing takes to being talented—I call it a tragedy. But, passing that, the model for the head she's doing isn't a proper person. That's what I'm driving at. He's one of the wickedest and most unscrupulous persons in the world. Barbara ought not to speak to him, let alone give him the run of her studio and hobnob with him same as with one of her friends. He's a man too busy with villainy to sit as a model for the fun of sitting. The pay doesn't interest him. And if he shows up every morning at nine and stays all morning, it's only because he's got an ax to grind. He talks. He lays down the law. He appeals to Barbara's mind and imagination; and it's all rather horrible—one of those poison snakes that look like an old rubber boot, and a bird all prettiness, bright colors, innocence, and admiration of how the world is made. Look at it in this way. She makes a great hit with the bust. Who's responsible? Well, the creature that supplied the inspiration, largely. She'll feel gratitude. He'll take advantage of anything that comes his way. And frankly, Dr. Ferris, I may be making a mountain out of a mole-hill, but I'm worried to death. Suppose I told you that, say, Duane Carter spent hours every day in Barbara's studio?"

Dr. Ferris jumped to his feet, white with anger. "Do you mean to tell me that my daughter is friendly with that person?"

"Oh, no," said Allen calmly. "I think Barbara's new friend is a very much more dangerous person for her to know. Whatever Duane Carter is he wouldn't dare. This other man—"

"Look here, Wilmot"—Dr. Ferris began to pace the room in considerable agitation—"you're an old friend of Barbara's. Is friendliness at the root of your worry, or is it some other feeling, not so disinterested as friendship?"

Wilmot Allen rose to his full height, and Dr. Ferris paused in his pacings. They faced each other.

"If I was any good," said the young man slowly, "if I had any money, if Barbara would have me, I'd marry her to-morrow. But I'm not any good—never was. I haven't any money, hardly ever have had, and Barbara would no more have me of her own free will than she'd take a hammer and smash the bust she's making. So much for motives. Have I disposed of jealousy?"

Dr. Ferris nodded.

"The man," said Allen, "isn't a man. He's a gutter dog, a gargoyle, half a man. And his position in the city—in the whole country, I think—is so fortified that with the best will in the world the law cannot touch him. Duane Carter—well, he's been a gay boy with the ladies—a bad man if you like—but at least he is not accused by gossip of murder, arson, abduction, and crimes infinitely worse than these. He may have beguiled women, but at least his worst enemy would never suppose that he had trafficked

in them. Barbara's model is all the things that you can imagine. And all of them are written in his horrible face. To see them together, friendly, reparteeing, chummy, would turn your stomach—Barbara so exquisite and high born, and the man, his eyes full of evil fires, sitting like a great toad on the model's chair. And at that—good God, you might stand it, if he was a whole man! But he isn't. It's horrible! He has no legs —and you want to stamp on him till he's dead."

Dr. Ferris had turned white as a sheet. "To me," he said quietly, "that is the most horrible form of mutilation. I can't tell you why. It is so. And you will believe that in my practice I have encountered all sorts. But who is he?"

"He's a man named Blizzard—he passes for a beggar, grinds an organ, sells shoelaces and that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, he's very well off, if not rich. Why don't you visit Barbara's studio to-morrow, look things over, and put a stop to it? You can say things to Barbara that I can't, that no young man can say to a girl. Go as far as you like. Whatever you tell her about him will be true even if you can't prove it. You can make her see what thin ice she's skating on. Or if you can't nobody can."

"I'll go to the studio to-morrow," said the surgeon. "I am very much disturbed by what you have told me: the more so because as a physician I have learned how many impossible things are true. Have you told me all you wish to? Or is there more? Do you think," he spoke very steadily, "that Barbara *cares* for this beast? Such things happen in the world, I know."

"God forbid," said Allen, "but I think he has a sort of fascination for her, and that she doesn't realize it. You'll let your visit appear casual and accidental, won't you? You won't let Barbara suspect that I had anything to do with it?"

Dr. Ferris promised, and the two parted with mutual good-will; but neither the next morning, nor the morning after that, was Dr. Ferris at liberty to pay a visit to Barbara in her studio. Nominally retired from active practice, and devoting whatever of life should remain to surgical experimentation and theory, the sudden and acute jeopardy of an old friend caused him to put all other considerations aside for the time being, and once more to don the white harness of his profession. For two days Dr. Ferris hardly left his friend's side; on the morning of the third day, quite worn out, his jumping nerves soothed by a small dose of morphine, he called a taxicab, gave Barbara's number in McBurney Place, leaned back against the leather cushions, relaxed his muscles, and fell asleep.

The taxicab and the legless man reached the curb in front of Barbara's studio at the same moment. The driver of the cab lifted one finger to his hat. The legless man nodded, and peering into the cab recognized the handsome features of the sleeping doctor. He smiled, and said to the driver,

"Take him back to his house."

The driver said, "If I do he'll enter a complaint."

"No," said the legless man; "you will tell him when he wakes that he gave you the order himself. He won't know whether he did or not. So-long."

The driver once more lifted one finger to his hat and obediently drove off.

It was very silent in McBurney Place; the double row of ancient stables made over into studio-buildings appeared deserted. The legless man could not but flatter himself that his actions had been unobserved. He chuckled, and with even more than his usual deft alacrity climbed the stairs to Barbara's studio.

Meanwhile, however, a young man and a small boy, looking through the curtains of the latter's bedroom window, had been witnesses of all that passed.

"That was Miss Barbara's father in the taxi," said Harry West.

"Looks like he'd been out all night," said Bubbles.

"He may have been drugged."

"Doubt it. The taxi turned north at the corner. If the old 'un had had the doctor drugged o' purpose he'd 'a' sent him south where he could use him. I guess he's sent him home."

"He doesn't want his morning with Miss Barbara interrupted."

Harry West sighed and said: "I don't smoke, Bub. Give me a cigarette."

Bubbles accommodated his friend with eagerness.

"And now," said West, "the road's clear to Marrow Lane; better slip down and see if Rose has any word for us. I'll keep a good ear on Blizzard."

Bubbles changed from his buttons to his street-jacket, and departed by the back

stairs. Harry West took a small automatic pistol from his breast pocket and played with it, but in the expression of the young man's face was nothing bellicose or threatening; only a kind of gentle, patient misery.

He passed fifteen minutes in taking quick aims with the little automatic pistol at the roses on the wall-paper. Short of actual target-practice, he knew by experience that this was the best way to keep the hand and eye in touch with each other. He let his thoughts run as they would. And presently he heard the sound of Bubbles's feet upon the back stairs.

"All serene here," said West.

"All serene there," said Bubbles, and he produced a slip of paper upon which Rose had written:

"Don't come so often. You've been noticed. He'll tell me things before long—or wring my neck."

"She worked her hands some," said Bubbles, and he made letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet upon his fingers. "She said O'Hagan's in the city. They had him to eat with them last night. He's growed a beard, and trained off twenty pounds, so's not to be knowed."

The air of revery had left Harry West. "O'Hagan in the East!" he exclaimed, rather with exhilaration than excitement. "Things are coming to a head."

"Yep," said Bubbles, "and we don't know what things is—"

"Bubbles! Oh, Bubbles!"

The boy disappeared in the direction of the studio.

"Mr. Blizzard has gone," said Barbara. "Ask Mr. West if he will speak to me a moment."

Mr. West would; and he, the athlete, the man of trained poise, actually overturned a chair in his willingness.

"Mr. West," she said, "you know all sorts of things about people, don't you? And if you don't know them, you can find them out, can't you?"

"Sometimes, Miss Barbara."

"I want to know about the man who comes here to pose—not vague things, but facts; who his people were, what turned him against the world."

"You're troubled, Miss Barbara?"

"I am terribly troubled. He has told me a terrible story. But how do I know if it's true or not? If it's true, he ought not to be hounded and hunted, Mr. West; he ought to be pitied."

"Then I'm sure it's not true," West smiled quietly. "What did he tell you?"

"No matter. But will you find out what you can about him?"

"Why, yes, of course. But believe me, it's not his beginnings that are of importance. It's his subsequent achievements and his schemes for the future."

"Another thing," she said, "I'm sure he means no harm where I'm concerned. He has never known that I have a protector within call, and yet his whole attitude toward me has been gentle, humorous, and even chivalrous. I think," and the color came into her cheeks, "that he feels a fatherly sort of affection for me. So thank you for all the trouble you've taken."

"I, too, have reason to think that he means no harm," said West, "and if that is true, I am wasting my time."

There was a look of bitterness in his eyes that was not lost upon Barbara. And she was troubled.

"Of course," she said, "if you *like* to waste your time—"

He looked her straight in the eyes. "I do," he said, "I love to. No man's life would ever be complete if he didn't waste the best part of it—throw it away on something or other—on an ambition—on an ideal—on a woman."

Barbara returned his glance. "Just what, Mr. West," she said, "is the idea?"

And here, Mr. Harry West might have found the sudden courage to speak out what was in his heart, had he not remembered that to all intents and purposes he had no father, and consequently in the eyes of the great world to which Barbara belonged could not be considered to have any existence.

"Oh," he said, "I was just talking through my hat."

Barbara, who, you may say, had been unconsciously putting out tentacles of affection toward Harry West, at once withdrew them, and said coolly, "So I supposed."

"May I look at the bust?"

"Certainly."

She removed the damp cloths from her work, and Harry found himself looking into the legless man's face. The features at once attracted and repelled him, and these mingled with them feelings of wonder. Some subconscious knowledge told the

young man authoritatively that he was looking on a master work. Barbara noticed this, and her heart warmed, and her pride was gratified.

"I'm going to hurt your feelings," she said.

"Mine? Don't. Please don't."

"If you," she said, "devoted the next twenty years of your life to wickedness and vengeful thoughts you would get to look like my friend, Mr. Blizzard."

Now that same thought had occurred, and not for the first time, to Harry West, but he did not care to admit it. So he laughed gently, and said,

"In that case I shall devote the next twenty years of my life to philanthropy and —loving thoughts."

He turned toward her, all smiling. And she avoided his eyes without appearing to do so.

XIV

THE next morning Blizzard was fifteen minutes late to his appointment with Barbara. He had sat up all night with O'Hagan, talking energetically, and for once in his life he felt tired. To this feeling was added the fear—almost ridiculous under the circumstances—that Barbara would scold him for being late. Unscrupulous brute that he was, his infatuation for her was humanizing him. And in the whole world he dreaded nothing so much, at this time, as a look of displeasure in a girl's face.

He had left off the threadbare clothes in which he usually went begging, and had attired himself in clean linen and immaculate gray broadcloth. His face was exquisitely shaved; his nails trimmed and clean. And there hung about him a faint odor of violets. In short, the male of the species had begun to change his plumage, as is customary in the spring of the year.

His mouth full of apology he hurried up the stairs to the studio, only to find that Barbara herself had not yet arrived. Upon the seat of the chair in which he always posed, the legless man perceived an envelope addressed to himself. This contained a short note:

Dear Mr. Blizzard:

I can't be at the studio till eleven. Please find somewhere about you the kindness to wait, or at least to come again at that time. You will greatly oblige,

Yours sincerely,
BARBARA FERRIS.

Blizzard read his note three times; it was very friendly. The "Yours sincerely" touched his imagination. Especially the "Yours."

"Yours," he said, "mine," and with a sudden idiocy of passion he crushed the note to his lips. And then, as if with remorse at having been rough with a helpless thing, he smoothed out the crumpled sheet, and placed it, together with its envelope, in that pocket which was nearest to his heart. Then he seated himself on the edge of the model's platform, laid his crutches aside, closed his eyes, and for perhaps five minutes slept, motionless as a statue, except that now and then his ears twitched. At the end of five minutes, he waked, greatly refreshed, and ready, if the need should arise, to sit up the whole of the following night.

There was a sound of a man's steps mounting the stairs. And then a brisk knocking on the studio door.

"Come in," said Blizzard.

Dr. Ferris entered, hesitated, and then closed the door behind him.

"You'll pardon me," said Blizzard coolly, "if I don't get up?"

"Yes—yes," said Dr. Ferris, and in his handsome eyes was a look of pain and pity.

"It isn't easy for me to get up," Blizzard continued in the same cool, emotionless voice, "you can see for yourself. I can't spring to my feet—like other men. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," said Dr. Ferris, "I'm afraid I do. But they told me the name of the man who has been posing for Miss Ferris was Blizzard. Your name—"

"My name," said Blizzard, "is forgotten."

Dr. Ferris bowed gravely. "Quite so, Mr. Blizzard," he said.

"Miss Barbara," said Blizzard, watching closely the effect upon the older man of the familiarity, "will not be here till eleven. And as you and I cannot possibly have anything pleasant to say to each other, and as you, although the older man, are far better off than I am for means of locomotion, and as even *thinking* of you has something the effect upon my stomach that mustard and warm water would have—"

"If you have any mercy in your heart," said Dr. Ferris, his mouth distorted with emotion, "don't talk to me that way. What made a hell of your life has made a hell of mine."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Barbara flushed slightly, remembering a former and very disagreeable conversation. "Your memory is much
know what's best for you, but if I could instil in you a proper distaste for your friend.



too good," she said. Dr. Ferris frowned. "I'm not trying to interfere," he said; "you're old enough to Mr. Blizzard, I should be delighted. Beauty and the beast do *not* go well together"

The look of cold hatred in Blizzard's face changed at once to curiosity. "Really?" he said; "you mean that?"

"It is the truth."

Blizzard considered, and then shook his head. "No," he said, "it couldn't be the same. It may have stretched you on the hot grid now and then, but between times of remorse you've had long, long stretches of success and happiness. I haven't. I have burned in hell fires from that day to this."

"I told you on that day," said the surgeon, "that if there was ever anything under heaven that I could do for you, I would do it. You've never called upon me for anything—money—or service."

"I've not forgotten," said Blizzard, "and some day I may hold you to your word. Right here and now I will ask something of you—an absolutely truthful answer to a question. Do you hate me?"

Dr. Ferris turned the question over in his conscience, and presently said: "I am sorry. Yes."

"Thank you," said Blizzard, who was not in the least disturbed. "I've often wondered, and even, putting a hypothetical case, thrashed the matter out with my friends. You *would* hate me. It's thoroughly human. With me, for instance—I feel noncommittal about a man. I decide to injure him. I do so. *And then* I hate him. Now, if you have any message for Miss Barbara—or perhaps you came to see the bust. I will call Bubbles. He and Miss Barbara are the only persons allowed to touch the cloths. I think she'd let me uncover the thing, but, as you and I know so well, I am not tall enough."

"My business with my daughter," said Dr. Ferris, "concerned you."

Blizzard chuckled. "Her friends," said he, "have been at you to interfere. They have persuaded you that her model should be *persona non grata* in the best studios. They have, in short, begged you to take me by the scruff of the neck and kick me out into the gutter where I belong. Well, kick me. You know as well as I do, that I can't kick back."

"You hurt me very much," said Dr. Ferris simply, "if that is any pleasure to you."

"It is," said Blizzard.

"What your intuition has told you," continued Barbara's father, "is the truth. I had made up my mind to interfere."

"Well, why should you?"

"I have heard terrible things about you, Mr. Blizzard."

"That I have done things which the world regards as terrible is true," returned the legless man imperturbably. "What of it? Haven't you?"

Dr. Ferris turned away and slowly paced the length of the studio and back. "I owe you," he then said, "anything you choose to ask. But that is not the whole of my obligation to this world as I see it."

"You will oblige me," said Blizzard, "by cutting out the moral homily into which you are trying to get your teeth. It is very simple. I do not wish to be sent away. I ask you not to send me. If your statement that you owe me anything I choose to ask amounts to two pins' worth, I think that I shall continue to pose for your daughter as long as she needs me."

"Oh, I'm quite helpless," said Dr. Ferris; "I realize that."

"Spoken like a man," said Blizzard. "And to show that my nature isn't entirely cruel, I'll tell you for your comfort that in Miss Barbara's presence the bad man is a very decent sort. We are almost friends, Doctor, she and I. She talks to me as if I were her equal. As for me, in this studio I have learned the habit of innocent thought. Only yesterday I took pleasure in the idea that in the world there are birds, and flowers, and green fields."

The beggar's eyes glittered with a sardonic look. He watched the surgeon as a tiger might watch a stag. There was quite a long silence. Dr. Ferris broke it.

"For God's sake," he said with great energy, "tell me one truth. Is it part of your scheme of life to revenge yourself on me through my daughter?"

Blizzard raised a soothing hand. "Dr. Ferris," he said, "what would cause you suffering would cause her suffering. So, you see, I am tied hand and— Pardon me! I shouldn't now think of hurting you through her unless it might be for her own happiness."

"I don't understand."

"Then you don't understand the hearts of women. Then you know nothing of the heights to which even fallen men can raise their eyes."

"What are you telling me?"

"Very little—very much. Perhaps I love your daughter."

Horror and loathing swept into the surgeon's eyes, but he controlled himself.

"Mr. Blizzard," said he presently, "I find it hard to take you seriously. *Are* you joking? Whether you are or not, the thing is a joke. If you really care for my daughter, I am very, very sorry for you. I can't say more. If nothing worse threatens her than the possibility of her heart being touched by you, there is no need for me to be anxious about her. As for telling her the truth about you and me, why not?"

"*You* tell her."

"I will. To-night."

"Won't you be playing into my hands?"

"No," said the surgeon curtly, "she has too much common sense."

"But you won't tell her what I've said?" The beggar was suddenly anxious.

"No," and Dr. Ferris smiled, "I may safely leave that to you."

"Damnation," cried Blizzard, "you are laughing at me."

Dr. Ferris's face became serious at once. "God forbid that!" he said. "If you have spoken sincerely I feel only sorrow for you and pity—more sorrow and pity for you even than I ever felt before."

"S-s-s-s-t," exclaimed the beggar, and his ears twitched. "She's coming."

"I shall wait," said Dr. Ferris, "and take her up-town, when she has finished working."

"Well," said Blizzard, with a kind of humorous resignation, "I'd kick you out if I could; but I can't." And he added, "You haven't got an extra pair of legs about you, have you?"

"Why!" said Barbara when she saw her father. "Art *is* looking up. *You* in a studio!"

Secretly his presence pleased her immensely. She had always hoped that some day he would take enough interest in her work to come to see it uninvited. And she now felt that this had happened. And she thanked Blizzard with sincerity for having waited.

"Mr. Blizzard and I," she told her father, "are doing a bust. And whatever anybody else thinks, we think it's an affair of great importance. Mr. Blizzard even gives me his time and his judgment for nothing."

"Well," Dr. Ferris smiled, "I am willing to give you the latter, on the same terms. May I see what you've done?"

Barbara removed the cloths from the bust, and so lifelike and tragic was the face which suddenly confronted him that Dr. Ferris, instead of stepping forward to examine it closely, stepped backward as if he had been struck. And then,

"My dear," he said gravely, "the thing's alive."

He looked from the bust to his daughter, and felt as if he was meeting some very gifted and important person for the first time. Barbara laughed for sheer pleasure.

"What do you think of it?"

"I will buy it as it stands," said her father, "on your own terms."

"If you think it's good now," said Blizzard quietly, "wait till it's finished."

"If I had done it," said Dr. Ferris, "I wouldn't dare touch it."

"Yes, you would," said Barbara, "if you knew that you could make it better. It's still a beginning."

"When do you expect to finish?"

"I'm going to keep on working until I know that I've done the best I can. We may be months on it."

Blizzard smiled secretly, and Dr. Ferris managed to conceal his annoyance.

"I wish, my dear," he said, "that I had taken you more seriously in the beginning. But it is not too late to get some advantage by studying in Paris and Rome."

"I don't believe it's ever too late for that," said Barbara, "and of course I've always been crazy for the chance, but knowing how you felt—"

"Say the word," said her father, "and you shall go to-morrow."

Blizzard's face was like stone; he felt that his high hopes were on a more precarious footing than ever. If she had the whim, Barbara would go abroad, far beyond the reach of even his long arms.

"You could finish your bust any time," said Dr. Ferris persuasively.

But Barbara shook her head with complete decision. "A bird in the hand," she said, "is worth two in the bush. And—I hope I'm wrong—but I have the conviction that this head is going to be the best thing I shall ever do. I can look at it quite impersonally, because half the time it seems to model itself. *I* think it's going to be good. If it is good, it will be one of those lucky series of accidents that sometimes happen to undeserving but lucky people."

Dr. Ferris sighed inwardly, but the expression of his face did not change. "Do you mind if I stay?" he asked. "I think

it's time I knew what you look like when you are at work, don't you?"

"*High* time!" exclaimed Barbara. "I'll just get into my apron." She went into the next room and closed the door.

"Your innocents abroad," said the legless man, "wasn't a success." His face was a jeer.

XV

"BARBARA," said her father when they had finished dinner, "I made a threat this morning, and I'm going to keep it. If you have no especial objection, will you come into the library?"

Her face was radiant; he had been praising her work for the tenth time. "It sounds," she said, "as if I was going to be whipped. That wasn't what you threatened to do, was it?"

"No," said he. "*I'm* to be punished. I'm going to tell you about a mistake of judgment I once made. But not as a warning, or a moral lesson—merely, my dear, that you and I may learn to know each other better. First, though, I want to talk to you about your model."

"He's rather fascinating, don't you think?"

"He is very clever," said her father, "and when he chooses he can talk very well. He proved that this morning. To me, personally, he is most repugnant, but I admit that when he once launched out, I listened as a schoolboy listens to stories of treasure and pirates. He's lived and observed and suffered. There is no doubt about that. But I shall be greatly relieved to hear that your bust is finished. I don't like the idea of such a man being in the same block with you. I hope that you will not feel inspired to do another head of him."

"He's a splendid model," said Barbara. "Of course this morning he didn't keep still—and he did talk. But then I wasn't really working. When I wish he keeps almost as still as the clay I work with."

"Doesn't looking at him ever give you—oh, a disagreeable creepy feeling?"

"Not any more. I'm so used to him now. No, I feel a genuine friendliness for him."

"I thought," said her father, "that to you artists, models were absolutely impersonal—just planes and angles and—what was it you used to say?"

Barbara flushed slightly, remembering a former and very disagreeable conversation. "Your memory is much too good," she said.

Dr. Ferris frowned. "I'm not trying to interfere," he said; "you're old enough to know what's best for you, but if I could instil in you a proper distaste for your friend, Mr. Blizzard, I should be delighted. Beauty and the beast do *not* go well together."

"*Please*," said Barbara, "don't bother your head about me. When the bust is finished, you and I go abroad for to look, for to see, for to learn. That's agreed. We shall not invite Mr. Blizzard to go with us, and all will be well. There's my hand on it!"

She laughed rosily, and they shook hands.

"Until recently," said Dr. Ferris, "I have taken, as you know, very little interest in your career as a sculptor. Haven't you thought that rather an unnatural attitude?"

"Why, yes," said Barbara, "I have."

She took a box of safety matches from a cigar-table, and kneeling, lighted the fire in the big chimneypiece.

"I hope you don't mind," she said; "I'm shivering."

She knelt on, watching the little flames grow into big flames, and spreading her hands to the warmth. Her face, arms, throat, and the front of her white dress became golden. She looked more like some lovely vestal of fire-worship than an ambitious American girl, determined to achieve fame in the battle-ground of the world.

"Why, yes," she repeated, "it has seemed strange to me. When I've thought that I wanted to do things, you always took a lot of interest and trouble, but when I *knew* that I wanted to do one thing, you gave me a dreadfully cold shoulder." She smiled whimsically. "I shall do an allegory in bluish white marble—The Cold Shoulder."

She retreated a little from the fire, and sat at her father's feet. He laid his hand on her many-colored hair.

From childhood Barbara had resented parental caresses. On the present occasion, she felt a sudden tenderness for her father, and leaned a little against him, in answer to the touch of his hand.

"Did it ever," said he, "strike you as strange that you never took any interest in *my* career?"

"I've always been tremendously proud of you," she said. "You know that."

"You liked my results," he said, "the



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Some unknown person," said Barbara, "has formed the habit of sending me flowers." She smiled. "I shall ask my friend, Mr. Harry West," she said, "to find out who it is"

show pieces—newspaper notoriety—speech-making—the races in special trains against death. But you don't even know what has chiefly interested me during the last thirty years; nor the goal which I have felt I must reach before I could be resigned to parting with this life."

"No," she said gently, "I don't. Tell me. I *want* to be interested."

"You know, of course, that I experiment with animals."

"Yes. I have seen crates of guinea-pigs and monkeys at the laboratory door. I'm afraid it always made me a little unhappy. But I suppose it's the only way to get certain results. And you always give them something, don't you?"

"Always. They don't suffer more than a man would while healing a deep clean cut. In other words, they don't suffer at all. And they're not unhappy, and they don't bear malice. And still I wouldn't do it, if I could help myself. I think, my dear, that I have been chosen for my sins to introduce a great benefit to mankind. It seems now only a question of perfecting the technique. I've already had extraordinary results."

"What's the idea?"

"You know, of course, that a piece of skin from one man can be successfully grafted on another man. Well, so can a liver, a finger, a hand, a foot, an arm, a leg. I have two monkeys now; a black and a gray. The black monkey has the gray hands and forearms, the gray monkey has the black. I made the exchange eighteen months ago. And they have developed the same strength and skill with the grafted members that they had with their own. I have a monkey who had only one eye when he came. Now he has two—they aren't a good color match, but he sees as well with one as the other. When these ideas are perfected it will be possible, perhaps, to make old people young. The secret is absolute cleanliness and the accuracy in joining of a Chippendale or an Adams. So you see," he smiled, "that in a way you and I are chasing the same ambition—how to express the thing imagined through perfection of technique."

"Are you the only man working along these lines?"

"Heavens, no! Aristotle probably believed in animal grafting. But I think that, owing to a natural talent for doing close and accurate work with my hands, I have gone farther than anybody else. What gave you the impulse to be a sculptor, Barbs?"

She laughed gaily. "The statues in the Metropolitan that have lost their arms and heads and legs. I felt very sorry for them. I was very young and foolish, and I invented a game to play. I'd select a statue that needed an arm, say, and then I'd hunt among the other statues for an arm that would fit, or for a head or whatever else was missing. Through playing that game I got the idea of making whole statues from the beginning and not bothering with fragments."

"And to think," said Dr. Ferris, "that we have failed to understand each other. Why, Barbs, your ambition is a direct lineal descendant of mine. It was a maimed marble that showed you your life's work. It was a maimed child that showed me mine. It seems that at heart we are both menders."

"I began on dolls," said Barbara.

"And I began on guinea-pigs."

A footman entered with whiskey and soda on a tray. Barbara rose.

"Shall I pour you a drink?"

"A very little one, please."

She poured him his drink, and once more seated herself at his feet.

"After I graduated from the P. & S.," said Dr. Ferris, "I did ambulance work for two years, accidents, births, fires. I was ambitious to learn, and worked myself sick. One morning, after I'd been all night bringing a most reluctant young Polack into the world, I was called to the house of a world-famous man in East Thirty-fourth Street. The house was full of servants mad with grief and fright. The man and his wife had gone out of town, and their son, a beautiful boy about ten years old, had got himself run over by a truck. His governess, I gathered, a German fool, had been in some way directly responsible. But that is the small end of the matter. The boy's legs were horribly crushed and mangled. It seemed to me that if his life was to be saved, they must come off at once. The family's physician was the famous old Doctor Watson Bell. I sent for him. He didn't come at once, and when I had waited as long as I dared, I took upon my own shoulders the very heavy responsibility of operating. I put the child under ether, and took his legs off just below the hip-joints. Then Doctor Bell came. He was a very old friend of my

father's, and he had always been very good to me. First he looked to see that what had been done had been well done. Then he examined the legs that I had taken off. Then he sent the nurse out of the room. Then he turned and looked at me, and his face was gray and cold as a stone. He said: 'You fool! You imbecile!' And he showed me, clear as a flash of lightning, that the legs never should have been amputated. Then he said, more gently: 'For your father's sake I will save your face, young man. I shall set my approval to this catastrophe. For your father's sake, and for your mother's. I have always looked on you as an adopted son. Are you drunk?' I told him that I had been up all night, and had had no sleep since five o'clock the morning before. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'In your right mind, you couldn't have done it,' and I knew that I couldn't. 'Horrible!' he said, 'Horrible! This poor baby to be a wreck of a thing all his life, because a healthy and hearty young man cannot get along on a little sleep. But, thank God, the child will never know that the operation wasn't necessary.'

"By common accord, we turned to look at the little boy. His eyes were open. He had come out of the ether with miraculous suddenness. And we saw by the expression of his face that he had heard—and that he had understood."

Barbara took her father's hand in both hers and pressed it hard. "Poor old dad," she said.

"Of course," Dr. Ferris went on, "the child told his parents. But Doctor Bell lied up and down to save my face. He said that what the child thought he had heard was part of an ether dream. And I lied. And nobody believed the little boy. I had told him, before Doctor Bell could stop me—I was hysterical and crazy—that if there was ever anything under heaven that I could do for him, I would do it—no matter what it was. And the boy told his parents that I had said that, but it was only taken by them as evidence that I felt terribly sorry for what I had had to do, and that I had a tender heart."

"Poor old dad!" said Barbara. "And what became of the little boy?"

"He grew vicious," said Dr. Ferris. "I don't blame him. Quarreled fearfully with his father, dropped into all sorts of evil ways and companionship—all my fault, every bit of it—and finally disappeared completely out of the station to which he had been born. I had reason until the other day to believe that he was dead. Then I saw him."

There was quite a long silence. The fire burned brightly. Dr. Ferris, greatly agitated by tragic memories, closed his eyes very tightly, as if to shut them out.

"And of course," said Barbara at last, "the small boy is my Mr. Blizzard. Well, what can we do for him?"

"*You* owe him nothing," said her father sharply.

"Oh, yes," said Barbara gently, "oh, yes. Your obligations are mine. I shall tell him. It's like owing a frightful sum of money. We can't be happy till we've paid up, can we? You and I?"

"It seems," said Dr. Ferris, "that I have made two terrible mistakes. And the second is having told you about the first. My God, but this life is hard to bear!"

"But—why—what have I said? If there is *anything* we can do for him, we ought to do it."

"Are you going to say that to him?"

"Of course," she said.

"Suppose," said her father, "that in all this world he wanted only one thing—you?"

This suggestion was most unexpected to Barbara and odious. And she said coldly, "I hope he is not quite such a fool."

"But if he is?"

"My dear father," said Barbara, "I have been told that somewhere along the Milky Way there is a bridge between stars. Let's cross that when we come to it."

A footman entered carrying a large pasteboard box on which, in gilt letters, was the name of a Third Avenue florist. But the jonquils in the box were very fresh and lovely. They were, however, unaccompanied by a card.

"Some unknown person," said Barbara, "has formed the habit of sending me flowers." She smiled. "I shall ask my friend, Mr. Harry West," she said, "to find out who it is."

And then, suddenly, she turned away, so that her father should not see that she was blushing. The thought, not in the least disagreeable, had occurred to her for the first time, that perhaps Mr. Harry West himself was anonymously going down into his pocket for her sweet sake.

The next instalment of ***"The Penalty"*** will appear in the November issue.

La Petite

By Ralph



HER name is Adelaide, and she is so petite that she has no surname but this one which she wears in front of her Christian cognomen —La Petite Adelaide. She hasn't even a married name; for, if the gossips of "the profession" are to be credited, the divorce court canceled her claim to such title a few years ago, when the little American danseuse stood with reluctant but already famous feet where womanhood and childhood meet. The romance, as well as the reality of her life, so far as the public is concerned, is guarded and bounded by the stage footlights.

It was in the late nineties that La Petite Adelaide was first presented to amusement-loving New York as a toy danseuse. She was really and truly a "kiddie" then, and when the Gerry Society inquired as to her age, was wont to add on a few years—reversing the customary practice of theatrical stars. She was a stocky, heavy-limbed midget, but as full of elasticity as a rubber ball. One of her specialties was a contortion-like backward kick which made her left toe whisper into her right ear. In a fantasy called "The Babes and the Baron," she was brought on in a box as a doll, and had to stand still for ten minutes or more at a stretch, without moving a muscle or an eyelid. The strain of this immobility was too great, and Adelaide must have something easier, with action in it. So, when the Hippodrome opened, she tried a real startler, by doing a toe-dance on a bare-back horse as it cantered around a circus ring.

This was but one demonstration of the versatility of La Petite. She was in all the Casino reviews, flitted like a hummingbird around "The Orchid," helped out "Lady Slavey," and was glimpsed once in "A Blue Moon." Society's smart set took her up. She was the dessert at one of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dinner-dances at The Crossways. She did a cake-walk with Harry Lehr.

La Petite Adelaide, première danseuse of "The Passing Show of 1912," and scenes with her dancing partner, J. J. Hughes

Adelaide

H. Craig

It got to be said, and without much exaggeration, that there was nothing in the dancing line that Adelaide could not do. New York had already seen her in nine-tenths of everything.

So she went abroad in search of novelties, and where she would be a novelty. Both these conditions were fulfilled, in a measure—especially at Berlin, Brussels, and Paris. There she gave them Western dancing, more or less wild and woolly. In return she absorbed the languorous, poetic pantomimic art of the ripened—perhaps over-ripened—East, as exemplified in the so-called Russian ballet which Nijinsky, Mordkin, Pavlowa, and Lopoukowa illumine with garish brilliancy.



"In former days, Adelaide danced solo. Now she has all her own graces, plus the effective support of Hughes"

Now, after an absence of several seasons, she comes back to New York as a special feature of the Winter Garden's summer review, "The Passing Show of 1912." It is freely acknowledged that La Petite Adelaide has gathered unto her diminutive self the chief terpsichorean honors of the show, and surprised her old admirers. She is still a "half-portion" as to size. Her face is always infantile, with its big dark eyes and frame of raven-black hair. Her figure has developed gracefully and symmetrically, though she is not tall enough to converse with an ordinary-sized person without standing on the points of her toes and throwing back her head to gaze upward. Her slightness is more apparent than real, for she weighs as much as Pavlowa—that is to say, about one hundred pounds.

But her art has broadened out and become cosmopolitanized, so to speak. For one thing, she now has a male dancing partner, *à la* Pavlowa-Mordkin. This is an intelligent and able-bodied young man, also

an American, named Hughes. In former days, Adelaide danced solo, or with no more company than her own double reflection in a pair of mirrors, in a pretty conceit called "The Three Graces." Now she has all her own graces, plus the effective support of Hughes; and the pair "write their own stuff," as the stage folk say, giving a very acceptable imitation of the prevailing European *ballet d'action*, or descriptive story-dancing, in which physical "lines," curves, and rhythmic movements supply the place of words in opera.

"My ideal is Pavlowa," says Adelaide, "and I am ambitious to do nothing but descriptive dances, as she does. But there is not yet a demand here for nothing but artistic things, so we have to be careful, and hold back some of our best bits, the true dance art of the future, for the present."

Adelaide's most convincing eloquence is in her quick, graceful, and sinuous movements, which actually seem to give utterance to the accompanying music, rather than to have their pace set by it. Technically, her training has been American from the start, and that fact accounts for the zest with which presumably blasé Europeans have viewed her performance.



"I don't know what my future will be, but I guess it is still quite some ways ahead"

"I remember, as a little tot, dancing on the sidewalks of Troy, to the music of a hand-organ," she tells us. "They sent me to dancing-school early, and it was there the idea of going on the stage was first put into my head. Mrs. Jacques Kruger took me in hand at the beginning, and then I went on to Fransioli. It wasn't so much talent that made a dancer of me, as it was holding a pole above my head at arm's length, and in this strained position crossing the floor on the tips of my toes—practising this sort of thing for months together, until I must either die from fatigue or else be able to do the pirouette. Then come the high kicks, the back bend, the split, the double twirl of the feet in the air, and a lot of other hard things—and then you are only a step dancer, with the ballet still to learn. And as compared with the ballet, all the rest is simply A B C. . . . No, I don't know what my future will be, but I guess it is still quite some ways ahead."

All the same, she is even now a great Little Adelaide.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

Adelaide and Hughes in their "specialty" at the Winter Garden, where they were the chief attraction of the summer

Painting the "Mind the Paint Girl"





AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS MARIE LOHR, WHO CREATED IN LONDON THE PART IN "MIND THE PAINT GIRL" WHICH BILLIE BURKE IS NOW PLAYING IN NEW YORK

By Richard Fletcher



I WISH I had the voice, the verse and the assurance of a spring poet. Then I could describe adequately Miss Marie Lohr—at Home. Poor prose is too cramped to paint the scene, too mute to sing of the lyric atmosphere which envelops this sweet young actress. In a lofty flat in the Adelphi I found, one sunlit morning, Miss Lohr, fortune's best beloved daughter. "After 'Mind the Paint Girl' I don't know," she began. "I think my visit to America is off. I'm not sorry. I don't want to leave London." Then I asked her to discuss herself, her earlier days; and what do you suppose she did? She fetched for me the "Who's Who on the Stage" volume and turned to her name.

Marie Lohr as Lily Paradell

"There you have it: Born in Australia—didn't know I was a kangaroo! Didn't know I was in the chorus of Daly's. I was a chorus-girl in 'The Little Michus,' and oh, so thin! My first appearance in London was in 'Shock-headed Peter,' and my first success was as Trixie in 'My Wife.' That established me, and after that I played with Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.



"Don't think my life has been all roses and honey. I have worked hard. I have had blows"



What a lot I learned from dear, clever Mrs. Kendal!

"Don't think my life has been all roses and honey. I have worked hard. I am working hard now. I have had blows. Only as recently as the opening night of 'Mind the the Paint Girl,' I faced the ordeal of a shouting, booing gallery and pit. It's over now, but unless one has played in the face of such hostility one cannot understand what it means. Oh! the shame of it!"

Miss Lohr's voice took on that mellow, tender note which is so effective in the theater. I gazed with admiration at the brave slip of a girl who held that play together against such fearful odds. "It's comedy that I want to play. I would much rather see the audience laugh than in the throes of a harrowing thrill. The only two of Shakespeare's heroines that appeal to me are Portia and Rosalind, and both are merry, gay creatures. The woe-begone, sobbing heroine and I must never meet. Is that very indiscreet? Because most actresses love to do the emotional rôles. One part I was fond of was Hannele—I only did it for a few matinées."



It seemed only a minute since I entered the cosy flat and was greeted by its charming mistress, but Miss Lohr muttered something about an appointment at the office of Mr. Frohman, who is going to take the play to America, and in two minutes I was again amid the turmoil of the Strand.

A Nymph of the Dance

By George Lloyd



VIOLET ROMER (that is her real name) is a Californian nymph of the dance who looks surprisingly blonde and youthful for one who has carried an important rôle in "Kismet" through a brilliant metropolitan season, to say nothing of having won both popular and critical approval in a series of solo dance concerts in San Francisco, New York, London, and Paris. In all these places, her success was unequivocal.

As for the secret of her youthful appearance, that accounted *is* young she is not easily for: she her teens. —in fact, yet out of Her début on the professional stage was made in San Francisco, less than two years ago. She never took dancing lessons, nor acquired the conventional steps and posturings of the regulation French and Italian ballets. These, indeed, would scarcely serve her purpose, in the interpretation of music never intended by the composers for such extra illustration, and selected by her for that very reason.

So here we have the clue to Miss Romer's startling originality, which oftentimes in itself catches a clue to the imagination of the composer. A critic seeing her for the first time in the pantomimic illustration of unfamiliar music, may nevertheless declare with perfect truth that "she has a rare gift for melodic poetry, with an instinctive feeling for its rhythms and a comprehending spirit for its soul."

But while this "interpretative" and "inspirational" sort

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

Violet Romer, whose path to success is strewn with shattered traditions. She is under twenty, never took dancing lessons, never learned the conventional ballet steps and posturings—and has been "on Broadway" for two seasons

of thing may be all right for a "Dance of the Young Hamadryad," that is only an airy, fairy myth to start with, or for a highly poetic-pastoral "Shepherd's Dance" for which there are no standards of comparison at hand, it is rather obvious that permanence cannot be won in the terpsichorean or any other art without a certain amount of systematic study along the regular and disciplinary lines.

"But how about that Egyptian *pas seul* in 'Kismet'?" I asked. "Surely that did not 'just come' to you, when you first heard the wild barbaric strains of the Oriental music?"

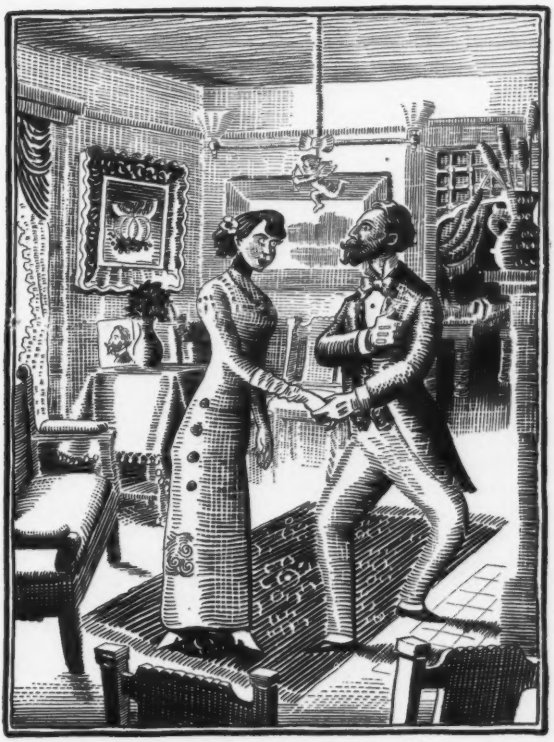
"Indeed, no!" was the frank response. "Well, I practised my dance under the direction of the composer himself, as well as of the stage manager, of course! And to get the right pictorial spirit of the thing, beforehand, I studied the posturings of lots of those real Egyptian dancers that you see in profile processions on sculptured friezes and mummy-cases in the museums. But then, you see, in that instance I was engaged to take part in the representation of the author's idea, already elaborately worked out. It was wholly different from amusing myself in an amateur way by dressing and acting out the images that came into my mind when listening to striking and characteristic music."

After all, it was this same fancy-free amateur work that got Miss Romer her first professional engagement and subsequent large opportunities. When the Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented the girl-phenomenon to the local public in a first experimental dance concert, it happened that Mr. Marc Klaw, of New York, was visiting the Pacific Coast. He saw the act, and was duly impressed with the little dancer's personality. Later, in the spring of 1911, when Mr. Klaw became associated in the "Kismet" production with Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the latter was about to cable to London for a "character danseuse." Suddenly Mr. Klaw remembered Violet Romer, and suggested giving her a trial. Well she is still in the cast.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

As the Egyptian Dancer in "Kismet"



He had sketched a little synopsis of the Future. After waiting 8 years, until she had unpetaled into the perfect bloom of Womanhood and he was wearing a Full Beard, he would take her by the Long Glove and lead her off into Dreamland

George Ade's New Fables

Illustrated by
John T. Mc Cutcheon

ONCE a grammar-school Rabbit, struggling from long trousers toward his first brier-wood Pipe, had Growing Pains which he diagnosed as the pangs of True Love.

The Target was a dry-seasoned Fannie old enough to be his Godmother.

She was a Post-Graduate who was keeping herself on Earth by running to the Drug-Store every few minutes.

The Eye-Brows were neatly blocked out by some Process unknown to the Writer, and she had a Shape that could be revised *ad lib.*

An Expert would have Made her at a glance, but the Cub fell for the Scenery and Mechanical Effects.

He had sketched a little synopsis of the Future. After waiting 8 years, until she had unpetaled into the perfect bloom of Womanhood and he was wearing a Full Beard, he would take her by the Long Glove and lead her off into Dreamland.

Just to show how one of those pinfeather

Passions may be shunted onto a Siding and left among the Dog-Fennel, when the Subject of this Sketch was *ætat 22*, he was picking them out of the Air in the Left Garden at the State University. Fannie (she of the purchased Pallor) was thoroughly married to a Veterinary with the Drug Habit.

Soon after recovering from the Pip, known in Medical Parlance as the *Spooney Infantum*, he began to glory in the friendship of an incipient Amazon who wore a Blazer and walked like a Policeman.

She did not hamper her fibrous Physique with any excess Harness that might pinch when she essayed a full St. Andrew's Swipe with a wooden Club. And she had one lower octave of Pipes like a Brakeman on the Erie.

There comes a brief Period in the Veal Epoch of every Sentimental Tommy when the only real Cutie is one who can propel a Canoe and throw Overhand.

So Walter, such being the baptismal Handicap, often thought it would be Sweet Billiards to keep house with the she-Acrobat for 30 or 40 years, because when they were tired of sitting in the House they could go into the Front Yard and play Ketch.

He was just at the rickety Age when the Gams refuse to coordinate. Every time he sauntered carelessly across the porch at a Summer Hotel, he gave a correct Imitation of a troop of Cavalry going over a Wooden Bridge at full Gallop.

He had a way of backing into Potted Plants.

Each Morning was clouded by the task of picking out a Cravat that would be of the same Radio-Activity as the Socks. And all through the waking hours he carried with him a faint and sickly Realization that his Parents did not understand him.

One day he stood before a kind-faced Registrar and matriculated. Branded as a regular Freshman, he went back to his little Den and put a news-stand Photo of Lillian Russell between two Pennants.

The whalebone Divinity in the Home Town passed out of his Life. He told himself that he would be true to Miss Russell and all the other Members of her sprightly Profession.

The emotional side of his unfolding Nature began to nourish itself on Song Hits, and he slept each night with his Banjo folded tightly to his Bosom.

He became acquainted with a Sophomore who once sat near Trixie Friganza in a Parlor Car. One night Alice Nielsen looked directly at the Box in which he was seated with the other Fraters of the Ippy Ki Yi. In fact, his Life became crowded with tingling Experiences.

The collection of Cigarette Pictures made him acquainted with many Celebrities. His intimacy with them grew apace as he developed a bookish appetite for Sunday Newspapers.

He danced with the local Chickadees, but all the time his Heart was far away, in the Dramatic Column.

Suddenly he found that he was an Upper Classman, to whom each Neophyte touched the Leaf of Lettuce balanced on top of the Head, ostensibly as a Cap.

He became endowed with the divine Right to hit himself on the Leg with a Walking Stick and sit on a hallowed Fence.

Simultaneous-like, he became conscious of the fact that the Footlight Favorites were no longer worthy of him. He began to hold long and serious Conversaziones with the Sister of a Prof.

She was an aerial Performer who wore powerful Spectacles, in which anyone standing before her could see an Image of himself, greatly reduced.

She looked as if she had been sitting up all night, writing a History of Civilization.

Walter found himself uplifted every time they were left together in the Library. Sometimes she took him up so high that he became dizzy.

He now began to prog as follows: He and the Lady Emerson would be legally welded just after Commencement and spend the Honeymoon at some lively Chautauqua.

The grinding Wheels and raucous buying and selling of the Marts of Trade seemed faint and far away when he roamed through the Cloisters with Elfreda. He was in the molting Stage, and it seemed to him that Success in Life would consist of going about reeking of Culture.

A Degree looked bigger than a Dividend.

He never had heard tell of such a thing as a Coal-Bill or a Special Assessment for a Sewer.

The vision of Elfreda floated out through a Transom three days after he drew a Desk in the extensive Works owned by the Governor.

He was too busy keeping his Head above the Churning Waves to bother with Speculative Philosophy or write Letters studded



DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

He was just at the rickety Age when the Gams refuse to coordinate. Every time he sauntered carelessly across the porch at a Summer Hotel, he gave a correct Imitation of a troop of Cavalry going over a Wooden Bridge at full Gallop

with Latin Phrases, like Currants in an English Cake.

All the cringing Peons in the big Stockade hated him because he had a Drag. It was up to him to deliver the Merchandise and demonstrate that he was a Human Being rather than a College Graduate.

In the meantime, the Spectators were hoping that he would Skid and go into the Fence.

He began to wear his Frat pin on his undershirt, and he had no time to frivol away on the fluffy Gender, because he expected to be sitting in the Directors' Room in a couple of years, talking it over with Henry C. Frick.

So he waved aside the Square Envelopes and allowed himself to be billed all over the Macaroon Circuit as a Woman-Hater.

Of course he girled in a conservative way, but he merely trailed. He did not buzz, or throw himself at the fallen Handkerchief, or run to get the Wraps, or do any of the Stuff that marks the true and bounden Captive.

When he found himself in the cushioned Lair of a Feline, he would lean back in perfect Security, knowing that even if she exercised her entire repertoire of Wiles, she could not warm the Dead Heart nor stir into life the fallen Rose Leaves of Romance.

All the time she was spilling her familiar line of Chatter, he would look at her with an arid and patronizing Smile, such as the Harvard Man produces when he finds himself in immediate juxtaposition to some human Caterpillar from west of Pittsburgh.

Very often, when the registered Dolly Grays got together for a Bon-Bon Orgy, some one would say, "Oh, Crickey, ain't he the regular Cynic?"

Another might suggest that he was hiding a Great Sorrow, his whole Existence having been embittered by the faithlessness of some Creature.

Then they would take a Vote and decide that he was a plain Mutt.

The Chauncey who refuses to reciprocate will excite more Conversation than a regular Union Lover, but it is lucky for him that he does not hear all the Conversation.

Walter at the age of twenty-five thought he was too old and sedate to be a Diner-Out and a Dancing Devil.

When he was 28, however, he had become Hep to the large and luminous Truth that the man who sits in his Lodgings reading Dumas may overlook many a Bet.

He noted on every Hand the nice-looking Boys who turned in about 10.40 and avoided the Pitfalls of Society, and most of them were pulling down as much as $14 a week.

He recalled what this humble Chronicler had said away back in 1899: "Early to Bed and Early to Rise and you will meet very few of our Best People."

He looked over the Lay-Out and decided that it was just as easy to mingle with the Face Cards as to sleep in the Discards.

He saw many a Light Weight with a gilt sign exposed on Main Street and no Assets except a Suit with a Velvet Collar, a pair of indestructible dancing Legs, and just enough intellectual Acumen to stir Tea without spilling it.

So he decided to take a hack at the Gay Life and worm his way into the Safety Deposit Vaults via the Parlor Route.

A worthy Resolve and one often taken.

If a Friend of the People can capitalize his Vocal Chords, why should not the little Brother of the Rich put his undying Nerve into the Market and get what he can on it?

The Captain of Finance is usually owned, Body and Soul, by the other Half of the Sketch. She may be a head bell-ringer in the D. A. R. or the blue-pencil Queen of the Golden Pheasants, but in a vast majority of cases she has not the Looks to back up the Title.

Even the Buckingham Palace manner and the Arctic Front cannot buffalo the idle Spectator into overlooking the fact that she belongs to the genus Quince.

She may not be a Beaut, but it is She who stands at the main entrance to the Big Tent and applies the Acid Test.

Walter knew that if he wished to be mentioned all over town as a Sure-Enough, his passport to the Inner Circle of Hot Potatoes would have to be viséd by Patroness No. 1.

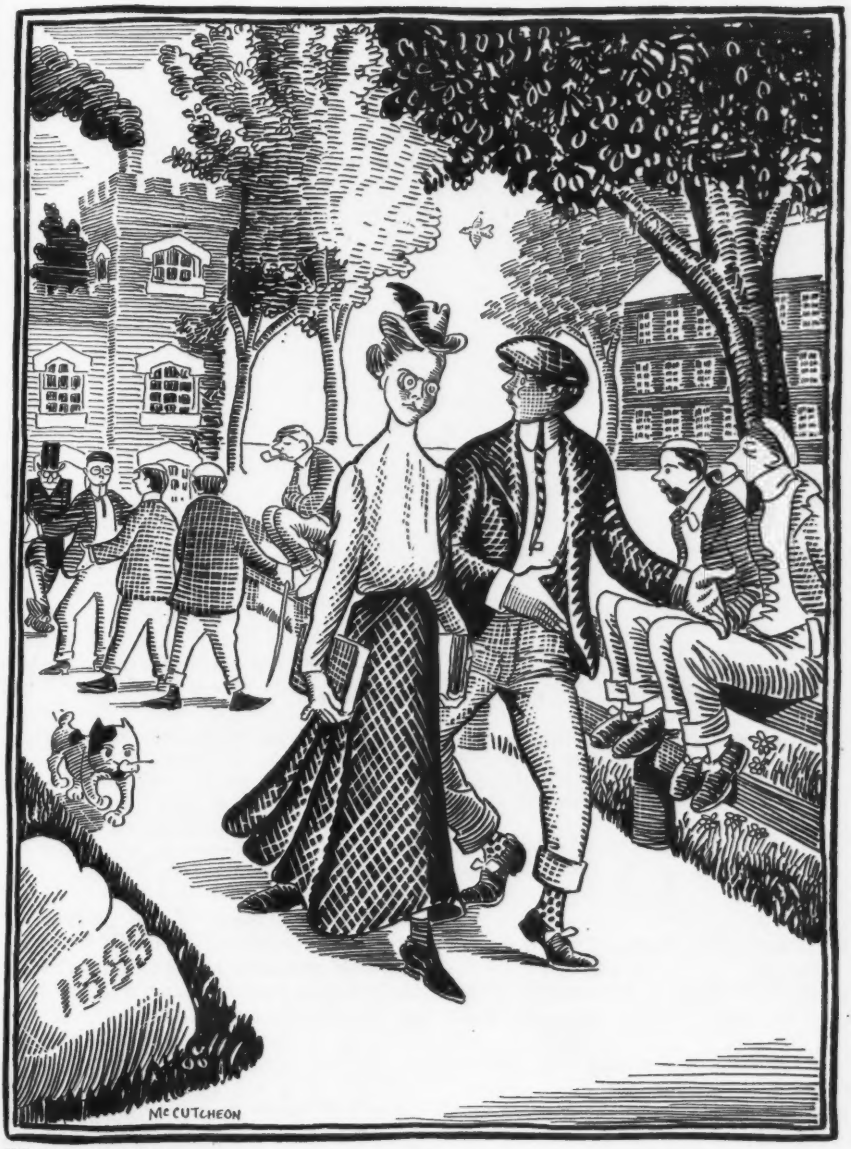
He began to work in the Secret Service of the Chosen Few and was First Aid to the Chaperons.

A hard Life, say you? Not a tall—not a tall.

He was entirely surrounded by Fairy Lamps and sweet-smelling Flowers.

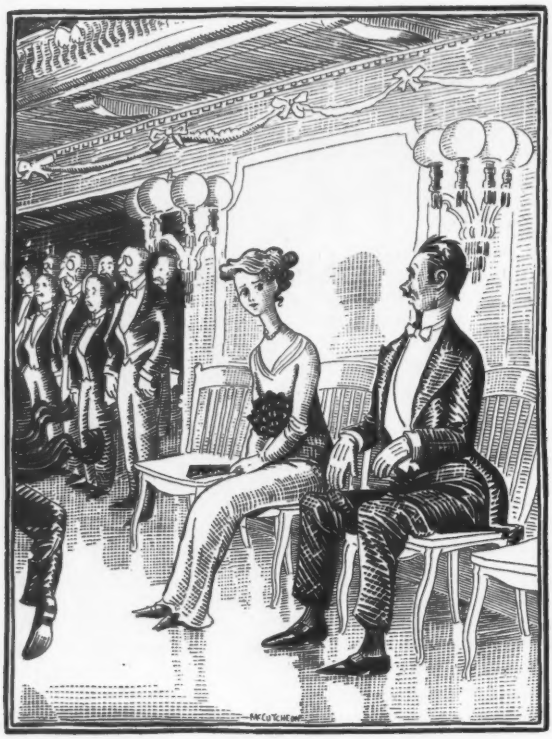
Life became a kaleidoscopic Aurora Borealis.

When the first Crash of Music came through the hothouse Palms, Walter would be out on the Waxen Foor with his hair in a Braid.



DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

Simultaneous-like, he became conscious of the fact that the Footlight Favorites were no longer worthy of him. He began to hold long and serious Conversaziones with the Sister of a Prof



Her name was Violet, and she looked the Part. She didn't know who was running for President or what Miss Pankhurst said about Suffrage, but she had large, belladonna Orbs, with Danger lurking in their limpid depths

Through the long watches of the night he played Blonde against Brunette and then went home with his Time-Card bearing the official O. K.

He swam among the floating Hooks and side-stepped the Maternal Traps, until the compilers of Marital Statistics had his name in the list marked "Nothing Doing."

The Dope on him seemed to be that he was Immune and Jinx-Proof.

After he led one of them back to a Divan and fed her an Ice, it was a case of "Good Night, Miss Mitchell."

Truly, a Bachelor flown with Insolence and Pride is the favorite Mark for the Bow-and-Arrow Kid.

For every weather-beaten Beau and Ball-room Veteran there is waiting somewhere in Ambuscade a keen little Diana with the right kind of Ammunition.

One night he went to a Small Dance in his regular Henry Miller suit and wearing a tired look around the Eyes. He counted these minor Functions a dreadful Bore.

Over in a corner sat a half-portion Damosel who had come to town on a Visit. Her name was Violet, and she looked the Part.

She didn't know who was running for President or what Miss Pankhurst said about Suffrage, but she had large, belladonna Orbs, with Danger lurking in their limpid depths.

She was just at the Age when any Girl who is not actually Deformed looks fair to middling, while the real Dinger, with the Tresses and the Complexion and the gleaming white Shoulders and the Parisian Figure, is right there with a full equipment for breaking up Families.

Old Dare-Devil Dick, the Hero of 1000 Flirtations, was sitting out one of the Dances recently condemned by Press and Pulpit.

He became aware of the presence of something Feminine at his immediate right. He took a cautious Look and beheld a timid Débutante, sparkling with the Dew and waiting to be plucked.

She gave him a frightened Smile and lamped him very slowly.

Suddenly he felt himself wafted away on a cloud of Purple Perfumery.

She had put the Sign on him without lifting a Finger.

As she circled away, clutched by a rude Collegian, he lay back helpless, tied in a True Lovers' Knot.

Later in the evening he met her. He sat alongside of her in an agony of confused

Bliss, with a Temperature of 104 and the Vocal Chords entirely paralyzed. And yet, as a rule, he was just as reliable as a Phonograph.

All the way home that night he was Bleeding freely.

At 8 the next Morning he began sending Flowers.

It was a terrible Case. The old ones seem to suffer more.

He followed her like a Boston Terrier.

When she seemed cold and distant, he would hurry to his Room and pull a private Brain-Storm. For many Hours thereafter the Map of the World would have a Black Border around it.

Next day she would relent, and accept his Jack Roses, and he would run around and around in a Circle, gurgling and clapping his Hands.

He was on the waiting list for the Nut Club. Our Old Friend was flooey in the Filbert. The Love Bacilli swarmed in every part of his Being.

When she found that she had him sure enough Lariated, she eased up on her part of the Work and began a public demonstration of Woman's Power and Dominion over the Brute Creation. He was trained like a Federal Office-Holder.

Any time she snapped her Fingers, he sat up and Begged.

Then she used to carry on with certain Men against whom he had warned her. It amused her to know that he was walking up and down outside, chewing the White Gloves.

His friends tried to save him. They demonstrated, with a Pencil and a Piece of Paper, that she was just an ordinary, every-day Baby Doll with a Second Reader intelligence and the Spiritual Caliber of a Humming Bird. They proved that exactly the same kind were scattered through every Department Store, working for $6 a week.

When they got through knocking, he hurried over and told her everything and promised her that if she would marry him, not one of these Snakes would ever be permitted to enter the House.

He writhed on the Rug and said that if she didn't whisper that One Little Word, it would be a case of Satin Lining and Silver Handles for little Wallie.

She looked out the Window and yawned slightly and then said, "Oh, very well."

He rode home standing up in a Taxicab, while she was showing the Maids a lozenge-shaped Ring that set him back 450 Bucks.

MORAL: The higher they fly the harder they fall.

The next instalment of ***George Ade's New Fables*** will appear in the November issue.

Your Choice of Fisher's Girls

Harrison Fisher's latest creation is the charming cover picture for this month's Cosmopolitan.

You may have one—free of advertising—for the mere cost of packing it in a damage-proof mailing-tube and postage—fifteen cents in all. This handsome facsimile of the artist's work is reproduced in full color direct from the original painting and retains all the beauties of the harmonious color combinations used by Fisher.

Then there are a very few similar reproductions left of "Alva," "Sue," "Diana," and "Motherhood," which appeared on the June, July, August, and September Cosmopolitans. These cover paintings are printed—without advertising—on heavy plate paper made by a special new process of pebbling the paper surface, which gives tone-life and richness to the picture. The size is eleven inches by fourteen inches; and the price is the usual fifteen cents each. Take your choice quickly of

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Cosmopolitan Print Department, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

Prescott eyed him keenly for an instant through his thick glasses. Craig had shifted his gaze from the bit of mineral in his own hand, but was not looking at the light. He seemed to be indifferently contemplating Prescott's hand as it rested on the switch

The Invisible Ray

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Poisoned Pen," "The Forger," "The Unofficial Spy," "The Smuggler," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

What makes you mad quickest? Isn't it to be slighted by some one who you have every reason to believe holds you in esteem? And if you thought the esteem was worth dollars and cents to you—why, of course, the "cut" goes deeper. That's human nature—which leads back to a former statement of ours that these Craig Kennedy stories are just as every-day as life itself. For instance, in this story a man learns that he isn't mentioned in a certain will that he has been banking on, and he doesn't like it. Fortunately the case hasn't reached the probate judge's jurisdiction yet, so he gets busy, calls in Craig Kennedy, and—well, you know how small is the chance for a crooked will to get by him

"I WON'T deny that I had some expectations from the old man, myself."

Kennedy's client was speaking with some emotion, and so low that I had entered the room without being aware that anyone was there until it was too late to retreat.

"As his physician for over twelve years," the man pursued, "I certainly had been led to hope to be remembered in his will. But, Professor Kennedy, I can't put it too strongly when I say that there is no selfish motive in my coming to you about the case. There is something wrong, depend on that."

Craig had glanced up as I entered. "Dr. Burnham, I should like to have you know Mr. Jameson," he said. "You can talk as freely before him as you have to me alone. We always work together."

I shook hands with the visitor, who I could see in an instant was a practitioner of a type that is rapidly passing away, the old-fashioned family doctor.

"The doctor has succeeded in interesting me greatly in a case which has some unique features," Kennedy explained. "It has to do with Stephen Haswell, the eccentric old millionaire of Brooklyn. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, recalling an occasional article which had appeared in the newspapers regarding a dusty and dirty old house in that part of the Heights in Brooklyn whence all that is fashionable had not yet taken flight, a house of mystery, yet not more mysterious than its owner in his secretive comings and goings in the affairs of men of a generation beyond his time. Further than the facts that he was reputed to be very wealthy and led, in the heart of a great city, what was as nearly like the life of a hermit as possible, I knew little or nothing. "What has he been doing now?" I asked.

"About a week ago," repeated the doctor in answer to a nod of encouragement from Kennedy, "I was summoned in the middle of the night to attend Mr. Haswell, who, as I have been telling Professor Kennedy, had been a patient of mine for over twelve years. He had been suddenly stricken with total blindness. Since then he appears to be failing fast; that is, he appeared so the last time I saw him, a few days ago, after I had been superseded by a younger man. It is a curious case, and I have thought about it a great deal. But I didn't like to speak to the authorities; there wasn't enough to warrant that, and I should have been laughed out of court for my pains. The more I have thought about it, however, the more I have felt it my duty to say something to somebody, and so, having heard of Professor Kennedy, I decided to consult him. The fact of the matter is, I very much fear that there are circumstances which will bear sharp looking into, perhaps a scheme to get control of the old man's fortune."

The doctor paused, and Craig inclined his head, as much as to signify his appreciation of the delicate position in which Burnham stood in the case. Before the doctor could proceed further, Kennedy handed me a letter which had been lying before him on the table. It had evidently been torn into

Prescott eyed him keenly for an instant through his thick glasses. Craig had shifted his gaze from the bit of mineral in his own hand, but was not looking at the light. He seemed to be indifferently contemplating Prescott's hand as it rested on the switch

DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

small pieces and then carefully pasted together.

The superscription gave a small town in Ohio and a date about a fortnight previous. It read:

DEAR FATHER:

I hope you will pardon me for writing, but I cannot let the occasion of your seventy-fifth birthday pass without a word of affection and congratulation. I am alive and well. Time has dealt leniently with me in that respect, if not in money matters. I do not say this in the hope of reconciling you to me. I know that is impossible after all these cruel years. But I do wish that I could see you again. Remember, I am your only child, and even if you still think I have been a foolish one, please let me come to see you once before it is too late. We are constantly traveling from place to place, but shall be here for a few days.

Your loving daughter,
GRACE HASWELL MARTIN.

"Some fourteen or fifteen years ago," explained the doctor as I looked up from reading the note, "Mr. Haswell's only daughter eloped with an artist named Martin. He had been engaged to paint a portrait of the late Mrs. Haswell from a photograph. It was the first time that Grace Haswell had ever been able to find expression for the artistic yearning which had always been repressed by the cold, practical sense of her father. She remembered her mother perfectly, and naturally she watched and helped the artist eagerly.

"Haswell saw the growing intimacy of his daughter and the artist. His bent of mind was solely toward money and material things, and he at once conceived a bitter and unreasoning hatred for Martin, who, he believed, had 'schemed' to capture his daughter and an easy living. Art was as foreign to his nature as possible. Nevertheless they went ahead and married, and—well, it resulted in the old man's disinheriting the girl. The young couple disappeared, bravely to make their way by their chosen profession and, as far as I know, have never been heard from since until now. Haswell made a new will, and I have always understood that practically all his fortune was to be devoted to founding the technology department in a projected University of Brooklyn."

"You have never seen this Mrs. Martin or her husband?" asked Kennedy.

"No, never. But in some way she must have learned that I had some influence with her father, for she wrote to me not long ago, enclosing a note for him and asking me to intercede for her. I did so. I took the letter to him as diplomatically as I could. The old man flew into a towering rage, refused even to look at the letter, tore it into bits, and ordered me never to mention the subject to him again. That is her note, which I saved. However, it is the sequel about which I wish your help."

The physician carefully folded up the patched letter before he continued. "Mr. Haswell, as you perhaps know, has for many years been a prominent figure in various curious speculations, or rather in loaning money to many curious speculators. It is not necessary to go into the different schemes which he has helped to finance. Even though most of them have been unknown to the public they have certainly given him such a reputation that he is much sought after by inventors.

"Not long ago Haswell became interested in the work of an obscure chemist over in Brooklyn, Morgan Prescott. Prescott claims, as I understand, to be able to transmute copper into gold. Whatever you think of it offhand, you should visit his laboratory yourselves, gentlemen. I am told it is wonderful, though I have never seen it and can't explain it. I have met Prescott several times while he was trying to persuade Mr. Haswell to back him in his scheme, but he was never disposed to talk to me, for I had no money to invest. The thing sounds scientific and plausible enough. I leave you to judge of that. It is only an incident in my story, and I will pass over it quickly. Prescott, then, believes that the elements are merely progressive variations of an original substance or base called 'protyle,' from which everything is derived. But he goes much farther than any of the former theorists. He does not stop with matter. He believes that he has the secret of life also; that he can make the transition from the inorganic to the organic, from inert matter to living protoplasm and thence from living protoplasm to mind and what we call soul, whatever that may be."

"And here is where the weird and uncanny part of it comes in," commented Craig, turning from the doctor to me to call my attention particularly to what was about to follow.

"Having arrived at the point where he asserts that he can create and destroy matter, life, and mind," continued the doctor as if himself fascinated by the idea, "Prescott very naturally does not have to go far before

he also claims a control over telepathy and even a communication with the dead. He even calls the messages which he receives by a word which he has coined himself, 'telepagrams.' Thus he says he has unified the physical, the physiological, and the psychical—a system of absolute scientific monism."

The doctor paused again, then resumed. "One afternoon, about a week ago, apparently, as far as I am able to piece together the story, Prescott was demonstrating his marvelous discovery of the unity of nature. Suddenly he faced Mr. Haswell.

"'Shall I tell you a fact, sir, about yourself?' he asked quickly. 'The truth as I see it by means of my wonderful invention? If it is the truth, will you believe in me? Will you put money into my invention? Will you share in becoming fabulously rich?'

"Haswell made some non-committal answer, but Prescott seemed to look into the machine through a very thick plate-glass window, with Haswell placed directly before it. He gave a cry. 'Mr. Haswell,' he exclaimed, 'I regret to tell you what I see. You have disinherited your daughter; she has passed out of your life, and at the present moment you do not know where she is.'

"'That's true,' replied the old man bitterly, 'and, more than that, I don't care. Is that all you see? That's nothing new.'"

"'No, unfortunately, that is not all I see. Can you bear something further? I think you ought to know it. I have here a most mysterious telepagram.'

"'Yes. What is it? Is she dead?'"

"'No, it is not about her. It is about yourself. To-night at midnight or perhaps a little later,' repeated Prescott solemnly, 'you will lose your sight as a punishment for your action.'

"'Pouf!' exclaimed the old man in a dudgeon, 'if that is all your invention can tell me, good-by. You told me you were able to make gold. Instead, you make foolish prophesies. I'll put no money into such tomfoolery. I'm a practical man,' and with that he stamped out of the laboratory.

"Well, that night, about one o'clock, the aged caretaker, Jane, whom he had hired after he banished his daughter from his life, heard wild shouts of 'Help! Help!' Haswell, alone in his room on the second floor, was groping about in the dark.

"'Jane,' he ordered, 'a light—a light.'

"'I have lighted the gas, Mr. Haswell,' she cried.

"A groan followed. He had himself found a match, had struck it, had even burned his fingers with it, yet he saw nothing.

"The blow had fallen. At almost the very hour which Prescott had predicted, old Haswell was stricken.

"'I'm blind,' he gasped. 'Send for Dr. Burnham.'

"I went to him immediately, but there was nothing I could do.

"The next morning, with his own hand, trembling and scrawling in his blindness, he wrote the following on a piece of paper:

"'MRS. GRACE MARTIN.—Information wanted about the present whereabouts of Mrs. Grace Martin, formerly Grace Haswell of Brooklyn.

"'STEPHEN HASWELL,
"'Pierrepont St., Brooklyn.'

"This advertisement he caused to be placed in all the New York papers and to be wired to the leading Western papers. Haswell himself was a changed man after his experience. He spoke bitterly of Prescott, yet his attitude toward his daughter was completely reversed. Whether he admitted to himself a belief in the prediction of the inventor, I do not know. Certainly he scouted such an idea in telling me about it.

"A day or two after the advertisements appeared, a telegram came to the old man from a little town in Indiana. It read simply:

"'DEAR FATHER: Am starting for Brooklyn today.
"'GRACE.'

"The upshot was that Grace Haswell, or rather Grace Martin, appeared the next day, forgave and was forgiven with much weeping, although the old man still refused resolutely to be reconciled with and receive her husband. Mrs. Martin started in to clean up the old house. A vacuum-cleaner sucked a ton or two of dust from it. Everything was changed. Jane grumbled a great deal, but there was no doubt a great improvement. Meals were served regularly. The old man was taken care of as never before. Nothing was too good for him. Everywhere the touch of a woman was evident in the house. The change was complete. It even extended to me. Some friend had told her of an eye-and-ear specialist, a Dr. Scott, who was engaged. Since then, I understand, a new will has

been made, much to the chagrin of the trustees of the projected school. Of course I am cut out of the new will, and that with the knowledge at least of the woman who once appealed to me, but it does not influence me in coming to you."

"But what has happened since to arouse suspicion?" asked Kennedy, watching the doctor furtively.

"Why, the fact is that in spite of all this added care, the old man is failing more rapidly than ever. He never goes out except attended, and not much even then. The other day I happened to meet Jane on the street. The faithful old soul poured forth a long story about his growing dependence on others and ended by mentioning a curious red discoloration that seems to have broken out over his face and hands. More from the way she said it than from what she said I gained the impression that something was going on which should be looked into."

"Would it be possible, do you think, for us to see Mr. Haswell?" asked Kennedy. "I should like to see this Dr. Scott, but first I should like to get into the old house without exciting hostility."

The doctor was thoughtful. "You'll have to arrange that yourself," he answered. "It is worth trying, anyway. It is still early. Suppose you ride over to Brooklyn with me. I can direct you to the house, and you try to see him."

It was still light when we mounted the high steps of the house of mystery. Mrs. Martin, who met us in the parlor, proved to be a stunning-looking woman with brown hair and beautiful dark eyes.

It took only a few minutes for Kennedy in his most engaging and plausible manner to state the hypothetical reason of our call, and, though it was perfectly self-evident from the start that Mrs. Martin would throw cold water on anything requiring an outlay of money, Craig bore up amazingly, inasmuch as he accomplished his full purpose of an interview with Mr. Haswell. The invalid lay propped up in bed, and as we entered he heard us and turned his sightless eyes in our direction, almost as if he saw.

Kennedy had hardly begun to repeat and elaborate the story which he had already told regarding his mythical friend who had at last a commercial wireless "televue," as he called it on the spur of the moment, when Jane announced Dr. Scott. The new doctor was a youthfully dressed man, clean shaven, but with an indefinable air of being much older than his smooth face led one to suppose. As he had a large practice, he said, he would beg our pardon for interrupting, but would not take long.

It needed no great powers of observation to see that the old man placed great reliance on his new doctor and that the visit partook of a social as well as a professional nature. Although they talked low, we could catch now and then a word or phrase. Dr. Scott bent down and examined the eyes of his patient casually. It was difficult to believe that they saw nothing, so bright was the blue of the iris.

"Perfect rest for the present," the doctor directed, talking more to Mrs. Martin than to the old man. "Perfect rest, and then when his health is good, we shall see what can be done with that cataract."

He was about to leave, when the old man reached up and restrained him, taking hold of his wrist tightly, as if to pull him nearer in order to whisper to him without being overheard. Kennedy was sitting in a chair near the head of the bed, some feet away, as the doctor leaned down. Haswell, still holding his wrist, pulled him closer. I could not hear what was said, though somehow I had an impression that they were talking about Prescott, for it would not have been at all strange if the old man had been greatly impressed by the alchemist.

Kennedy, I noticed, had pulled an old envelope from his pocket and was apparently engaged in jotting down some notes, glancing now and then from his writing to the doctor and Mr. Haswell.

The doctor stood erect in a few moments and rubbed his wrist thoughtfully with the other hand, as if it hurt. At the same time he smiled on Mrs. Martin. "Your father has a good deal of strength yet, Mrs. Martin," he remarked. "He has a wonderful constitution. I feel sure that we can pull him out of this and that he has many, many years to live."

Mr. Haswell, who caught the words eagerly, brightened visibly, and the doctor passed out. Kennedy resumed his description of the supposed wireless picture-apparatus which was to revolutionize the newspaper, the theater, and daily life in general. The old man did not seem enthusiastic and turned to his daughter with some remark.

"Just at present," commented the daughter with an air of finality, "the only thing my father is much interested in is a way in which to recover his sight without an operation. He has just had a rather unpleasant experience with one inventor. I think it will be some time before he cares to embark in any other such schemes."

Kennedy and I excused ourselves with appropriate remarks of disappointment. From his preoccupied manner it was impossible for me to guess whether Craig had accomplished his purpose or not.

"Let us drop in on Dr. Burnham, since we are over here," he said, when we had reached the street. "I have some questions to ask him."

The former physician of Mr. Haswell lived not very far from the house we had just left. He appeared a little surprised to see us so soon, but very interested in what had taken place.

"Who is this Dr. Scott?" asked Craig.

"Really, I know no more about him as a professional man than you do," replied Burnham. I thought I detected a little of professional jealousy in his tone, though he went on frankly enough: "I have made inquiries, and I can find out nothing except that he is supposed to be a graduate of some Western medical school and came to this city only a short time ago. He has hired a small office in a new building devoted entirely to doctors, and they tell me that he is an eye-and-ear specialist, though I cannot see that he has any practice. Beyond that I know nothing about him."



The aged caretaker met us at the door. She was in tears

"Your friend Prescott interests me, too," remarked Kennedy.

"Oh, he is no friend of mine," returned the doctor, fumbling in a drawer of his desk. "But I think I have one of his cards here which he gave me when we were introduced some time ago at Mr. Haswell's. I should think it would be worth while to see him. Although he has no use for me, because I have neither money nor influence, still you might take this card. Tell him you are from the university, that I have interested you in him, that you know a trustee with money to invest—anything you like that is plausible."

As we approached Prescott's laboratory the following morning Kennedy paused and pulled out two pairs of glasses, those huge round tortoise-shell affairs. "You needn't mind these, Walter," he explained. "They are only plain glass, that is, not ground. You can see through them as well as through air. We must be careful not to excite suspicion. Perhaps a disguise might have been better, but I think this will do. Remember, let me do the talking and do just as I do."

We now entered the shop, stumbled up the dark stairs, and presented Dr. Burnham's card with a word of explanation along the lines which he had suggested. Prescott, surrounded by his retorts, crucibles, burettes, and condensers, received us much more graciously than I had had any reason to anticipate. He was a man in the late forties, his face covered with a thick beard,

and his eyes, which seemed a little weak, were helped out with glasses almost as scholarly as ours.

I could not help thinking that we three bespectacled figures lacked only the flowing robes to be taken for a group of medieval alchemists set down a few centuries out of our time in the murky light of Prescott's sanctum. Yet, though he accepted us at our face value, and began to talk of his strange discoveries, there was none of the old familiar prating about matrix and flux, elixir, magisterium, magnum opus, the mastery and the quintessence, those alternate names for the philosopher's stone which Paracelsus, Simon Forman, Jerome Cardan, and the other medieval worthies indulged in. This experience at least was as up-to-date as the Curies, Becquerel, Ramsay, and the rest.

"Transmutation," remarked Prescott, "was, as you know, declared to be a scientific absurdity in the eighteenth century. But I may say that it is no longer so regarded. I do not ask you to believe anything until you have seen; all I ask is that you maintain the same open mind which the most progressive scientists of to-day exhibit."

Kennedy had seated himself some distance from a curious collection of apparatus over which Prescott was working. It consisted of numerous coils and tubes.

He turned a switch and a part of the collection of apparatus began to vibrate. "You are undoubtedly acquainted with the modern theories of matter," he began, plunging into the explanation of his process. "Starting with the atom, we no longer believe that it is indivisible. Atoms are composed of thousands of ions, as they are called—really little electric charges. Again, you know that we have found that all the elements fall into groups. Each group has certain related atomic weights and properties which can be and have been predicted in advance of the discovery of missing elements in the group. I started with the reasonable assumption that the atom of one element in a group could be modified so as to become the atom of another element in the group, that one group could perhaps be transformed into another, and so on, if only I knew the force that would change the number or modify the vibrations of these ions composing the various atoms.

"Now for years I have been seeking that force or combination of forces that would enable me to produce this change in the elements—raising or lowering them in the scale, so to speak. I have found it. I am not going to tell you, or any other man whom you may interest, the secret of how it is done until I find some one I can trust as I trust myself. But I am none the less willing that you should see the results. If they are not convincing, then nothing can be."

He appeared to be debating whether to explain further and finally resumed: "Matter thus being in reality a manifestation of force or ether in motion, it is necessary to change and control that force and motion. This assemblage of machines here is for that purpose. Now a few words as to my theory."

He took a pencil and struck a sharp blow on the table. "There you have a single blow," he said, "just one isolated noise. Now if I strike this tuning-fork you have a vibrating note. In other words, a succession of blows or wave-vibrations of a certain kind affects the ear, and we call it sound, just as a succession of other wave-vibrations affects the retina and we have sight. If a moving picture moves slower than a certain number of pictures a minute you see the separate pictures; faster it is one moving picture.

"Now as we increase the rapidity of wave-vibration and decrease the wave-length we pass from sound-waves to heat-waves or what are known as the infra-red waves, those which lie below the red in the spectrum of light. Next we come to light, which is composed of the seven colors, as you know from seeing them resolved in a prism. After that are what are known as the ultra-violet rays, which lie beyond the violet of white light. We also have electric waves, the waves of the alternating current, and shorter still we find the Hertzian waves which are used in wireless. We have only begun to know of X-rays and the alpha, beta, and gamma rays from them, of radium, radioactivity, and finally of this new force which I have discovered and call 'protodyne,' the original force.

"In short, we find in the universe, matter, force, and ether. Matter is simply ether in motion, is composed of corpuscles, electrically charged ions, or electrons, moving units of negative electricity about one one-thousandth part of the hydrogen atom. Matter is made up of electricity and nothing but electricity. Let us see what that leads to.

You are acquainted with Mendeléeff's periodic table?"

He drew forth a huge chart on which all the eighty or so elements were arranged in eight groups or octaves and twelve series. Selecting one, he placed his finger on the letters "Au" under which was written the number "197.2." I wondered what the mystic letters and figures meant.

"That," he explained, "is the scientific name for the element gold, and the figure is its atomic weight. You will see," he added, pointing down the second vertical column on the chart, "that gold belongs to the hydrogen group—hydrogen, lithium, sodium, potassium, copper, rubidium, silver, caesium, then two blank spaces for elements yet to be discovered to science, gold, and then another unknown element."

Running his finger along the eleventh horizontal series he continued: "The gold series—not the group—reads gold, mercury, thallium, lead, bismuth, and other elements known only to myself. For the known elements, however, these groups and series are now perfectly recognized by all scientists; they are determined by the fixed weight of the atom, and there is a close approximation to regularity.

"This twelfth series is interesting. So far only radium, thorium, and uranium are generally known. We know that the radio-active elements are constantly breaking down, and one often hears uranium, for instance, called the 'parent' of radium. Radium also gives off an emanation, and among its products is helium, quite another element. Thus the transmutation of matter is, within certain bounds, well known to-day to all scientists like yourself, Professor Kennedy. It has even been rumored but never proved that copper has been transformed into lithium—both members of the hydrogen-gold group, you will observe. Copper to lithium is going backward, so to speak. It has remained for me to devise this protodyne apparatus by which I can reverse that process of decay and go forward in the table, —can change lithium into copper and copper into gold. I can create and destroy matter by protodyne."

He had been fingering a switch as he spoke. Now he turned it on triumphantly. A curious snapping and crackling noise followed, becoming more rapid, and as it mounted in intensity I could smell a pungent odor of ozone which told of an electric discharge. On went the machine until we could feel heat radiating from it. Then came a piercing burst of greenish-blue light from a long tube which looked like a curious mercury vapor-lamp.

After a few minutes of this Prescott took a small crucible of black lead. "Now we are ready to try it," he cried in great excitement. "Here I have a crucible containing some copper. Any substance in the group would do, even hydrogen, if there was any way I could handle the gas. I place it in the machine—so. Now if you could watch inside you would see it change; it is now rubidium, now silver, now caesium. Now it is a hitherto unknown element which I have named after myself, presium, now a second unknown element, cottium—ah!—there we have gold."

He drew forth the crucible, and there glowed in it a little bead or globule of molten gold.

"I could have taken lead or mercury and by varying the process done the same thing with the gold series as well as the gold group," he said, regarding the globule with obvious pride. "And I can put this gold back and bring it out copper or hydrogen, or, better yet, can advance it, instead of cause it to decay, and can get a radio-active element which I have named morganium—after my first name, Morgan. Morganium is a radio-active element next in the series to radium and much more active. Come closer and examine the gold."

Kennedy shook his head as if perfectly satisfied to accept the result. As for me I knew not what to think. It was all so plausible and there was the bead of gold, too, that I turned to Craig for enlightenment. Was he convinced? His face was inscrutable. But as I looked I could see that Kennedy had been holding concealed in the palm of his hand a bit of what might be a mineral. From my position I could see the bit of mineral glowing, but Prescott could not.

"Might I ask," said Kennedy, "what that curious greenish or bluish light from the tube is composed of?"

Prescott eyed him keenly for an instant through his thick glasses. Craig had shifted his gaze from the bit of mineral in his own hand, but was not looking at the light. He seemed to be indifferently contemplating Prescott's hand as it rested on the switch.

"That, sir," replied Prescott slowly, "is

an emanation due to this new force, protodyne, which I use. It is a manifestation of energy, sir, that may run changes not only through the whole gamut of the elements, but is capable of transforming the ether itself into matter, matter into life, and life into mind. It is the outward sign of the unity of nature, the—"

A knock at the door cut him short. Prescott opened it, and a messenger-boy stood there. "Is Professor Kennedy here?" he inquired.

Craig motioned to the boy, signed for the message, and tore it open. "It is from Dr. Burnham," he exclaimed, handing the message to me.

"Mr. Haswell is dead," I read. "Looks to me like asphyxiation by gas or some other poison. Come immediately to his house. Burnham."

"You will pardon me," said Craig, turning to Prescott, who was regarding us without the slightest trace of emotion, "but Mr. Haswell is dead, and Dr. Burnham wishes to see me immediately. It was only yesterday that I saw Mr. Haswell, and he seemed in pretty good health and spirits. Prescott, I would esteem it a great favor if you would accompany me to the house. You need not take any responsibility unless you desire."

His words were courteous enough, but Craig spoke in a tone of quiet authority which Prescott found it impossible to deny. Kennedy had already started to telephone to his own laboratory, describing a certain suit-case to one of his students and giving his directions. It was only a moment later that we were panting up the sloping street that led from the river front. In the excitement I scarcely noticed where we were going until we hurried up the steps to the Haswell house.

The aged care-taker met us at the door. She was in tears. Up-stairs in the front room where we had first met the old man we found Dr. Burnham working frantically over him. It took only a minute to learn what had happened. The faithful Jane had noticed an odor of gas in the hall, had traced it to Mr. Haswell's room, had found him unconscious, and instinctively, forgetting the new Dr. Scott, had rushed forth for Dr. Burnham. Near the bed stood Grace Martin, pale, but anxiously watching the efforts of the doctor to resuscitate the blue-faced man on the bed.

Dr. Burnham paused in his efforts as we entered. "He is dead, all right," he whispered, aside. "I have tried everything I know to bring him back, but he is beyond help."

There was still a sickening odor of illuminating-gas in the room, although the windows were now all open.

Kennedy, with provoking calmness in the excitement, turned from and ignored Dr. Burnham. "Have you summoned Dr. Scott?" he asked Mrs. Martin.

"No," she replied, surprised. "Should I have done so?"

"Yes. Send Jane immediately. Mr. Prescott, will you kindly be seated for a few moments."

Taking off his coat, Kennedy advanced to the bed where the emaciated figure lay, cold and motionless. He knelt down at Mr. Haswell's head and took the inert arms, raising them up until they were extended straight. Then he brought them down, folded upward at the elbow. Again and again he tried this Sylvester method of inducing respiration, but with no more result than Dr. Burnham had secured. He turned the body over on its face and tried the new Schaefer method. There seemed to be not a spark of life left.

"Dr. Scott is out," reported the maid breathlessly, "but they are trying to locate him from his office, and if they do they will send him around immediately."

A ring at the door-bell caused us to think that he had been found, but it proved to be the student to whom Kennedy had telephoned at his own laboratory. He was carrying a heavy suit-case and a small tank.

Kennedy opened the suit-case hastily and disclosed a little motor, some long tubes of rubber fitting into a small rubber cap, forceps, and other paraphernalia. The student quickly attached one tube to the little tank, while Kennedy grasped the tongue of the dead man with the forceps, pulled it up off the soft palate, and fitted the rubber cap snugly over his mouth and nose.

"This is the Draeger pulmotor," he explained as he worked, "devised to resuscitate persons who have died of electric shock, but actually found to be of more value in cases of asphyxiation. Start the motor."

The pulmotor began to pump. One could see the dead man's chest rise as it was inflated with oxygen forced by the accordion bellows from the tank through one of the

tubes into the lungs. Then it fell as the oxygen and the poisonous gas were slowly sucked out through the other tube. Again and again the process was repeated, about ten times a minute.

Dr. Burnham looked on in undisguised amazement. He had long since given up all hope. The man was dead, medically dead, as dead as ever was any gas-victim on whom all the usual methods of resuscitation had been tried and had failed.

Still, minute after minute, Kennedy worked faithfully on, trying to discover some spark of life and to fan it into flame. At last, after what seemed to be a half-hour of unremitting effort, when the oxygen had long since been exhausted and only fresh air was being pumped into the lungs and out of them, there was a first faint glimmer of life in the heart and a touch of color in the cheeks. Haswell was coming to. Another half-hour found him muttering and rambling weakly.

"The letter—the letter," he moaned, rolling his glazed eyes about. "Where is the letter? Send for Grace."

The moan was so audible that it was startling. It was like a voice from the grave. What did it all mean? Mrs. Martin was at his side in a moment.

"Father, father, here I am—Grace. What do you want?"

The old man moved restlessly, feverishly, and pressed his trembling hand to his forehead as if trying to collect his thoughts. He was weak, but it was evident that he had been saved.

The pulmotor had been stopped. Craig threw the cap to his student to be packed up and as he did so he remarked quietly: "I could wish that Dr. Scott had been found. There are some matters here that might interest him."

He paused and looked slowly from the rescued man lying dazed on the bed toward Mrs. Martin. It was quite apparent even to me that she did not share the desire to see Dr. Scott, at least not just then. She was flushed and trembling with emotion. Crossing the room hurriedly, she flung open the door into the hall.

"I am sure," she cried, controlling herself with difficulty and catching at a straw, as it were, "that you gentlemen, even if you have saved my father, are no friends of either his or mine. You have merely come here in response to Dr. Burnham, and he came because Jane lost her head in the excitement and forgot that Dr. Scott is now our physician."

"But Dr. Scott could not have been found in time, madam," interposed Dr. Burnham with evident triumph.

She ignored the remark and continued to hold the door open.

"Now leave us," she implored, "you, Dr. Burnham, you, Mr. Prescott, you, Professor Kennedy, and your friend Mr. Jameson, whoever you may be."

She was now cold and calm. In the bewildering change of events we had forgotten the wan figure on the bed still gasping for the breath of life. I could not help wondering at the woman's apparent lack of gratitude, and a thought flashed over my mind. Had the affair come to a contest between various parties fighting by fair means or foul for the old man's money—Scott and Mrs. Martin, perhaps, against Prescott and Dr. Burnham? No one moved. We seemed to be waiting on Kennedy. Prescott and Mrs. Martin were now glaring at each other implacably.

The old man moved restlessly on the bed, and over my shoulder I could hear him gasp faintly: "Where's Grace. Send for Grace."

Mrs. Martin paid no attention, seemed not to hear, but stood facing us imperiously as if waiting for us to obey her orders and leave the house. Burnham moved toward the door, but Prescott stood his ground with a peculiar air of defiance. Then he took my arm and started rather precipitately, I thought, to leave.

"Come, come," said somebody behind us, "enough of the dramatics."

It was Kennedy, who had been bending down listening to the muttering of the old man.

"Look at those eyes of Mr. Haswell," he said. "What color are they?"

We looked. They were blue.

"Down in the parlor," continued Kennedy leisurely, "you will find a portrait of the long-deceased Mrs. Haswell. If you will examine that painting you will see that her eyes are also a peculiarly limpid blue. No couple with blue eyes ever had a black-eyed child. At least, if this is such a case, the Carnegie Institution investigators would be glad to hear of it, for it is contrary to all that they have discovered on the subject after years of study of eugenics. Dark-eyed couples may have light-eyed children,

but the reverse, never. What do you say to that, madam?"

"You lie," screamed the woman, rushing frantically past us. "I *am* his daughter. No interlopers shall separate us. Father!"

The old man moved feebly away from her.

"Send for Dr. Scott again," she demanded. "See if he cannot be found. He must be found. You are all enemies, villains." She addressed Kennedy, but included all of us in her denunciation.

"Not all," broke in Kennedy remorselessly. "Yes, madam, send for Dr. Scott, Why is he not here?"

Prescott with one hand on my arm and the other on Dr. Burnham's was moving toward the door.

"One moment, Prescott," interrupted Kennedy, detaining him with a look. "There was something I was about to say when Dr. Burnham's urgent message prevented it. I did not take the trouble even to find out how you obtained that little globule of molten gold from the crucible of alleged copper. There are so many tricks by which the gold could have been 'salted' and brought forth at the right moment that it was hardly worth while. Besides, I had satisfied myself that my first suspicions were correct. See that?

He held out the little piece of mineral I had already seen in his hand in the alchemist's laboratory.

"That is a piece of willemite. It has the property of glowing or fluorescing under a certain kind of rays which are themselves invisible to the human eye. Prescott, your story of the transmutation of elements is very clever, but not more clever than your real story. Let us piece it together. I had already heard from Dr. Burnham how Mr. Haswell was induced by his desire for gain to visit you, and how you had most mysteriously predicted his blindness. Now, there is no such thing as telepathy, at least in this case. How, then, was I to explain it? What could cause such a catastrophe naturally? Why, only those rays invisible to the human eye, but which make this piece of willemite glow—the ultra-violet rays."

Kennedy was speaking rapidly and was careful not to pause long enough to give Prescott an opportunity to interrupt him.

"These ultra-violet rays," he continued, "are always present in an electric arc-light, though not to a great degree unless the carbons have metal cores. They extend for two octaves above the violet of the spectrum and are too short to affect the eye as light, although they affect photographic plates. They are the friend of man when he uses them in moderation, as Finsen did in the famous blue-light treatment. But they tolerate no familiarity. To let them—particularly the shorter of the rays—enter the eye is to invite trouble. There is no warning sense of discomfort, but from six to eighteen hours after exposure to them the victim experiences violent pains in the eyes and headache. Sight may be seriously impaired, and it may take years to recover. Often prolonged exposure results in blindness, though a moderate exposure acts like a tonic. The rays may be compared in this double effect to drugs such as strychnin. Too much of them may be destructive even to life itself."

Prescott was now regarding Kennedy contemptuously. Kennedy paid no attention, but continued: "Perhaps these mysterious rays may shed some light on our minds, however. Now, for one thing, ultra-violet light passes readily through quartz, but is cut off by ordinary glass, especially if it is coated with chromium. Old Mr. Haswell did not wear glasses. Therefore he was subject to the rays—the more so as he is a blond, and I think it has been demonstrated by investigators that blonds are more affected by them than are brunettes.

"You have, as a part of your machine, a peculiarly shaped quartz-mercury vapor-lamp, and a mercury vapor-lamp of a design such as that I saw has been invented for the especial purpose of producing ultra-violet rays in large quantity. There are also in your machine induction-coils for the purpose of making an impressive noise and a small electric furnace to heat the salted gold. I don't know what other ingenious fakes you have added. The visible bluish light from the tube is designed, I suppose, to hoodwink the credulous, but the dangerous thing about it is the invisible ray that accompanies that light. Mr. Haswell sat under those invisible rays, Prescott, never knowing how deadly they might be to him, an old man.

"You knew that they would not take effect for hours, and hence you ventured the prediction that he would be stricken at about midnight. Even if it was partial or temporary, still you would be safe in your prophecy. You succeeded better than you



"Send for Dr. Scott again," she demanded. "See if he cannot be found. He must be found. You are all enemies, villains." She addressed Kennedy, but included all of us in her denunciation

hoped in that part of your scheme. You had already prepared the way by means of a letter sent to Mr. Haswell through Dr. Burnham. But Mr. Haswell's credulity and fear worked the wrong way. Instead of appealing to you he hated you. In his predicament he thought only of his banished daughter and turned instinctively to her for help. That made necessary a quick change of plans."

Prescott, far from losing his nerve, turned on us bitterly. "I knew you two were spies, the moment I saw you," he shouted. "It seemed as if in some way I knew you for what you were, as if I knew you had seen Mr. Haswell before you came to me. You, too, would have robbed an inventor as I am sure he would. But have a care, both of you. You may be punished also by blindness for your duplicity. Who knows?"

A shudder passed over me at the horrible thought contained in his mocking laugh.

Were we doomed to blindness, too? I looked at the sightless man on the bed in alarm.

"I knew that you would know us," retorted Kennedy calmly. "Therefore we came provided with spectacles of Euphos glass, precisely like those you wear. No, Prescott, we are safe, though perhaps we may have some burns like those red blotches on Mr. Haswell, light burns."

Prescott had fallen back a step, and Mrs. Martin was making an effort to appear stately and end the interview.

"No," continued Craig, suddenly wheeling and startling us by the abruptness of his next exposure, "it is you and your wife here—Mrs. Prescott, not Mrs. Martin—who must have a care. Stop glaring at each other. It is no use playing at enemies longer and trying to get rid of us. You overdo it. The game is up."

Prescott made a rush at Kennedy, who seized him by the wrist and held him tightly in a grasp of steel that caused the veins on the back of his hand to stand out like whip-cords.

"This is a deep-laid plot," he went on calmly, still holding Prescott while I backed up against the door and cut off his wife; "but it is not so difficult to see it, after all. Your part was to destroy the eyesight of the old man, to make it necessary for him to call on his daughter. Your wife's part was to play the rôle of Mrs. Martin, whom he had not seen for years and could not see now. She was to persuade him with her filial affection to make her the beneficiary of his will, to see that his money was kept readily convertible into cash.

"Then, when the old man was at last out of the way, you two could decamp with what you could realize before the real daughter, cut-off somewhere across the continent, could hear of the death of her father. It was an excellent scheme. But Haswell's plain, material newspaper advertisement reached the right person, after all. You didn't get away quickly enough.

"You were not expecting that the real daughter would see it and turn up so soon. But she has. She lives in California. Mr. Haswell in his delirium has just told of receiving a telegram which I suppose you, Mrs. Prescott, read, destroyed, and acted upon. It hurried your plans, but you were equal to the emergency. Besides, possession is nine points in the law. You tried the gas, making it look like a suicide. Jane, in her excitement, spoiled that, and Dr. Burnham, knowing where I was, as it happened, was able to summon me immediately. Circumstances have been against you from the first, Prescott."

Craig was slowly twisting up the hand of the inventor which he still held. With his other hand he pulled a paper from his pocket. It was the old envelope on which he had written upon the occasion of our first visit to Mr. Haswell when we had been so unceremoniously interrupted by Dr. Scott.

"I sat here yesterday by this bed," continued Craig, motioning toward the chair he had occupied, as I remembered. "Mr. Haswell was telling Dr. Scott something in an undertone. I could not hear it. But the old man grasped the doctor by the wrist to pull him closer to whisper to him. The doctor's hand was toward me, and I noticed the peculiar markings of the veins.

"You perhaps are not acquainted with the fact, but the markings of the veins in the back of the hand are peculiar to each individual—as infallible, indestructible, and ineffaceable as finger-prints or the shape of the ear. It is a system invented and developed by Professor Tamassia of the University of Padua, Italy. A superficial observer would say that all vein patterns were essentially similar and many have said so, but Tamassia has found each to be characteristic and all subject to almost incredible diversities. There are six general classes—in this case before us, two large veins crossed by a few secondary veins forming a V with its base near the wrist.

"Already my suspicions had been aroused. I sketched the arrangement of the veins standing out on that hand. I noted the same thing just now on the hand that manipulated the fake apparatus in the laboratory. Despite the difference in make-up Scott and Prescott are the same.

"The invisible rays of the ultra-violet light may have blinded Mr. Haswell, even to the recognition of his own daughter, but you can rest assured, Prescott, that the very cleverness of your scheme will penetrate the eyes of the blindfolded Goddess of Justice. Burnham, if you will have the kindness to summon the police, I will take all the responsibility for the arrest of these people."

The next story by Arthur B. Reeve, ***"The Campaign Grafter,"*** will appear in the November issue.

Progress and Politics

By John Temple Graves

THE newest thing in the politics of this country is the New Party. It is here, and it seems to be here to stay.

The immense repute of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as a strenuous fighter and consummate politician has had abundant vindication in his Bull Moose convention at Chicago. He left the convention that renominated President Taft thoroughly beaten and in the judgment of the American public completely "flattened out" as a political entity by the thoroughness with which the Taft steam-roller did its work. Debilitated in prestige, discredited by defeat, he was deserted by scores and hundreds of the ablest and most influential friends who had fought with him and with Hadley to the last ditch of the organization battle. Even Hadley, the most popular, if not the ablest, of his leaders, drew away. It is safe to say that on the day of the adjournment of the regular Republican convention not one of Colonel Roosevelt's opponents and scarcely a handful of his loyal followers believed that it would be possible for him to inaugurate a new party under any condition of dignity or hope. That he, within the space of six weeks, was able to rally his followers and to hold a convention so imposing in numbers, so eminently respectable in its personnel, so eloquent in utterance, and so remarkable in sustained enthusiasm, must certainly argue either an immense and enduring popularity for the man, or a tremendous underlying vitality in the movement of which he stands the acknowledged and preeminent leader. At any rate, the new party is formally launched, and it would be untruthful and unfair not to say that it has been launched under impressive conditions.

THE NEW PARTY'S APPEAL

The platform of the new party has discarded many of the shibboleths and principles which its leader carried to the Taft convention, and Colonel Roosevelt has reconstructed all over a series of issues and of battle-cries which are either new or so newly projected as to carry the impression of freshness and of vigor. There are at least four suggestions in the platform and pronouncement of the new party which are likely to win votes and to make a sensation. They are carefully calculated for a new and impressive appeal to the great body of American voters.

First of all, the appeal for a new party will undoubtedly have force and effect. For a full decade the suggestion of a new party has been ripe in the mind of the American voter. Party lines have relaxed year by year their vigorous hold upon the loyalty of the American electorate. Independence has grown apace. All the elements of publicity have cooperated to destroy the blind partisan loyalty which has clung to the old organizations because of their names and without regard to their rectitude or their direct application to current affairs. And thousands of men throughout the republic have come to believe that it is time for a new party, that the only possibility of a square deal in American politics is in a new deal, and that in this way only will the republic get rid of the hypocrisy and graft and prejudice which enshrine the old parties and enter into a new political life behind fixed creeds and definite policies led by definite and fearless leaders. So that in the hands even of an ordinary man the plea for honesty and courage in politics as illustrated in a third party would be powerful and attractive. In the hands of a politician like Colonel Roosevelt it is certain to gather enormous value.

FLIRTING WITH THE WOMEN

Colonel Roosevelt has been exceedingly politic and skilful in the use which he has made of the woman's-suffrage question. He has attracted universal attention to his new party by taking up woman's suffrage as a direct issue of his campaign. It is safe to say that the new party will not lose a ballot in any state because of this advocacy. It is equally safe to predict that the definiteness and vigor of this second distinctly new plank in the third party platform will rally thousands of votes among the eager and

almost fanatical advocates of woman's suffrage.

With even greater daring and strategy Colonel Roosevelt has made his new party the only White Man's party that the republic has known in a quarter of a century. This is what his negro plank means, and it is most distinctly what it was intended to mean. It was not impulsive, and it was not forced as an issue by circumstances; it was carefully and deliberately calculated, and the tremendous effect of it is not yet understood by the thoughtless or the casual observer.

THE COLOR LINE DRAWN

Whatever local application to the South or to the Southern negro may be superficially expressed in this new-party idea, the fact stands that the white-man issue is a part of a great national policy with a profounder and far more comprehensive following than most men understand. It is a mistake to suppose that this white man's party will make its chief appeal to the South. The negro question is largely quiescent in the South, and as a burning issue the Roosevelt idea would probably not exercise a controlling influence there; but the lingering prejudice of race, and the spirit of the old idea and of the old bitterness of reconstruction, will undoubtedly have some effect upon the South. Tom Watson in Georgia has fifteen thousand devoted followers who hang upon his opinions in everything, and for years this negro question has been so absorbing a plank in the Watson platform that Mr. Roosevelt ought to find at least a powerful nucleus here for his white man's party. Those who are under the tent of the chief in the councils of the third party express the belief that the white man's party will make its most powerful appeal to the Eastern and Central and far Western states, and that it means more votes than any other plank in the platform of the new organization. The philosophers of politics are freely quoted by the new-party leaders in the belief that the effect of this white-man's party plea upon the ballot-box will be amazing to the country, and tremendously satisfying to the third party.

Colonel Roosevelt's new party has also the greater or less distinction of getting nearer to the Socialist party than any other political organization of the quarter-century. And he and his lieutenants fully expect to enlist the support of thousands of Socialists who have no expectation of winning under their own Presidential candidate, but hope to enact into legislation some essential elements of their creed by supporting the third party.

Here, then, are four distinct lines upon which Colonel Roosevelt and his party alone appeal to the American electorate. These issues, new, startling, and suggestive, will provoke comment and interest from the beginning. It is not likely that there will be a dull moment in the third-party campaign, and with such vigor and consummate skill as its famous leader holds in reserve, and with such vitality and influence as its eminent and distinguished followers and its many able and influential newspapers and magazines will afford, the Progressive party may be recognized in the beginning as important. It will be distinctly formidable with the ballots of November.

THE BULL MOOSE'S OPPONENTS

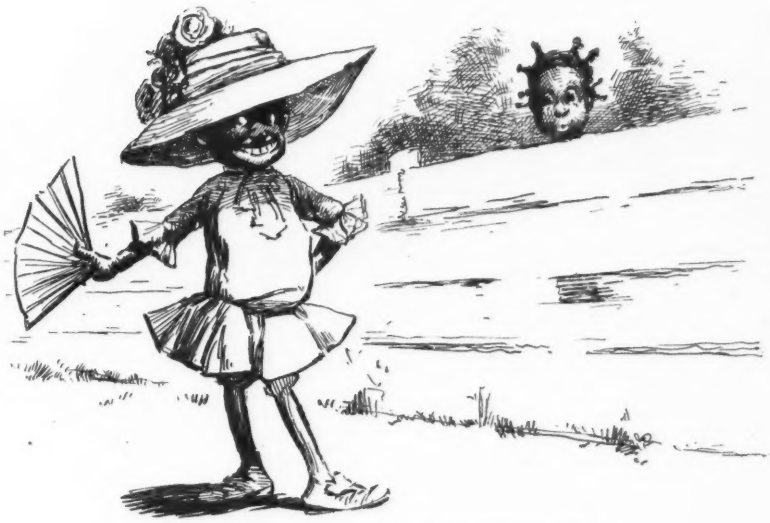
President Taft, as a distinct antithesis to the progressive idea, will rally the conservative forces of politics, the friends and advocates of the old constitution of the fathers, and with the concession of absolute personal honesty in his administration, will endeavor to counteract his faults of tact, of diplomacy, and of consistency, and to overcome his great present personal unpopularity. The chances are all against him at the present time, and nothing short of a revolution in American sentiment appears to promise him anything more than a third place in the Presidential race.

Woodrow Wilson, in the estimate of his thousands of enthusiastic friends—and with much sound judgment to sustain the view—will come in as the golden mean between the almost Socialistic radicalism of Roosevelt and the reactionary conservatism of Taft. The Democratic nominee appears to be sufficiently progressive for all those who are rarely and sanely progressive, and sufficiently sound to satisfy the business apprehension of the country.

At this time it is the general judgment of the republic that the Democratic nominee, profiting by the divisions of the Republican party, and able and accomplished beyond any other man of the generation in presenting the issues and arguments of his party, will be returned an easy winner of the Presidency on election day.

Style in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



"Reckon dis rig 'll done dazzle dat common trash."



"Dat gal ain't dressed up lak dis book says."



"Mammy, kin Ah hab dis yer ole piece ob paw's pants-laig an' dis no-'count baskit?"



"Dar now, Miss Stuck-up, jes' gaze at what am de berry latest!"